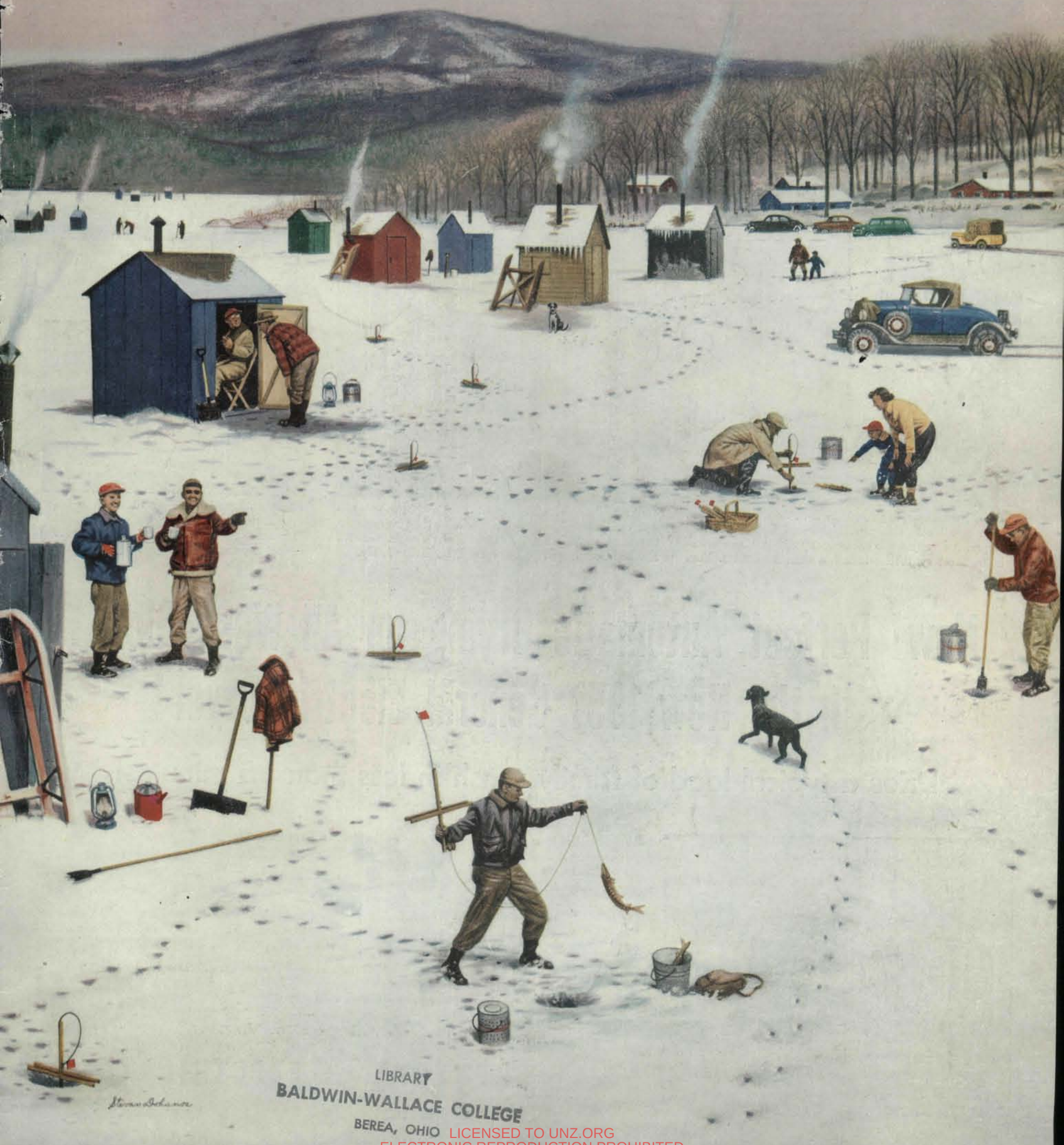
The Saturday Evening
POST
January 12, 1957 – 15¢

A Young Married Couple's 20,000-Mile Adventure in a Seagoing Automobile:

WE MADE THE "IMPOSSIBLE" TOUR



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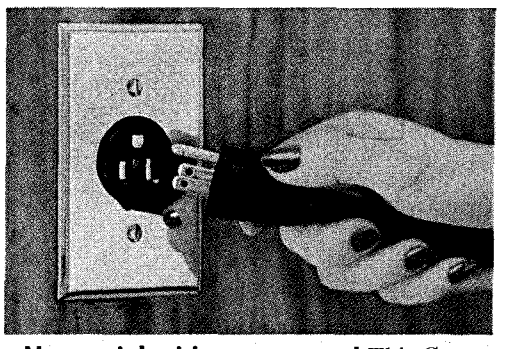
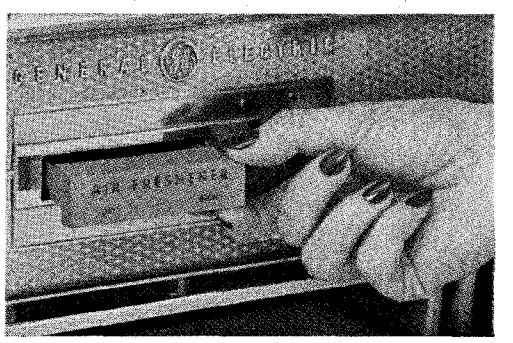
Fast, perfect drying . . . indoors . . . can be yours any time at all with this new, high-speed General Electric Dryer. A family wash can actually dry in about a half hour. Most synthetics take less than 8 minutes. Your clothes will smell fresh . . . feel soft . . . and be so wrinkle-free you'll actually save hours of ironing time every week! See it at your General Electric dealer's soon. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.



No special wiring necessary! This General Electric Dryer is completely automatic on either 115-volt or 230-volt circuit. Takes slightly longer on 115-volt.

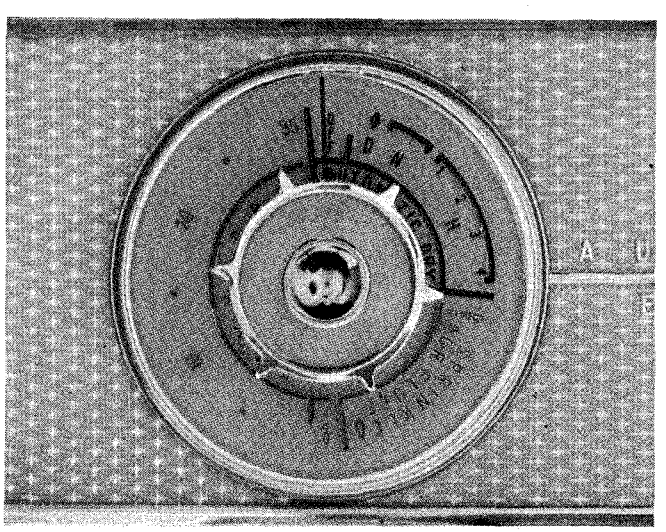
No more tedious hand sprinkling! Whenever you're ready to iron, put in this Automatic Sprinkler . . . add clothes to be dampened and turn the dial to SPRINKLE!



Clothes smell fresh as all outdoors because this Air Freshener releases a gentle fragrance into the air stream. Adjustable . . . select any amount of fragrance you want.

Now! Perfect, Automatic Drying for All Washables . . . with the New 1957 General Electric Dryer!

Dries a typical load of family wash in less than 35 minutes!



Just one dial to set for perfect results every time! No guessing at correct time and temperature—just set control to

D . . . . for delicate silks and synthetics
N . . . . for normal loads of cottons and linens
H . . . . for heavy loads of bedspreads, rugs, etc.

The control automatically adjusts drying time and temperature to suit every load—every fabric.

- **Foot Pedal** opens full-width, magnetic door.
- **Smooth Porcelain Basket** prevents snagging of buttons or fabrics.
- **Lint Guard** of nylon catches and holds all lint.
- **Four colors plus white!** Petal Pink, Turquoise Green, Canary Yellow and Woodtone Brown available at slight extra cost.

New General Electric Dryer with Automatic Control as low as $2.70* per week after small down payment. Other high-speed General Electric Dryers as low as $149.95.

**Based on distributor's recommended retail price. Prices subject to local variation.*

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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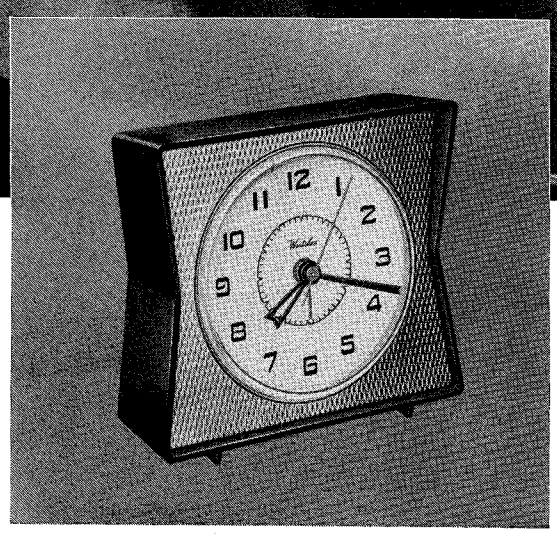
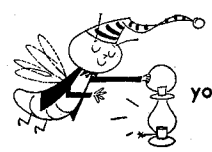
More bread-winners "get going" by Westclox time than by any other



Dandy way to start the day—with a clock as modern as tomorrow. The FORTUNE electric alarm is luxurious-looking with its slim case in gray tone plastic, high-styled 3-dimensional dial, gold color trim. Yet its insistent call is certainly practical! And with its sweep hand, you know the time to the second. Dial is luminous—an extra help on dark mornings. Here's a clock you'll be proud to own or give, modestly priced at $6.95.

No "mad" morning dash! Much more pleasant—the snappy DASH electric alarm gets workers up and off on time. Has smart original lines in black plastic, with recessed front of gold-color metal. Perfect for your home, or a gift. $5.95. Luminous, a dollar more.



Remember
you can read a luminous dial in the dark.

Electric or Spring **WESTCLOX*** ...dependable as the day is long

Made by the makers of **BIG BEN***

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WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois • *In Canada:* Western Clock Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario. *Prices quoted for U.S.A. only, do not include tax and are subject to change. *Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office.*

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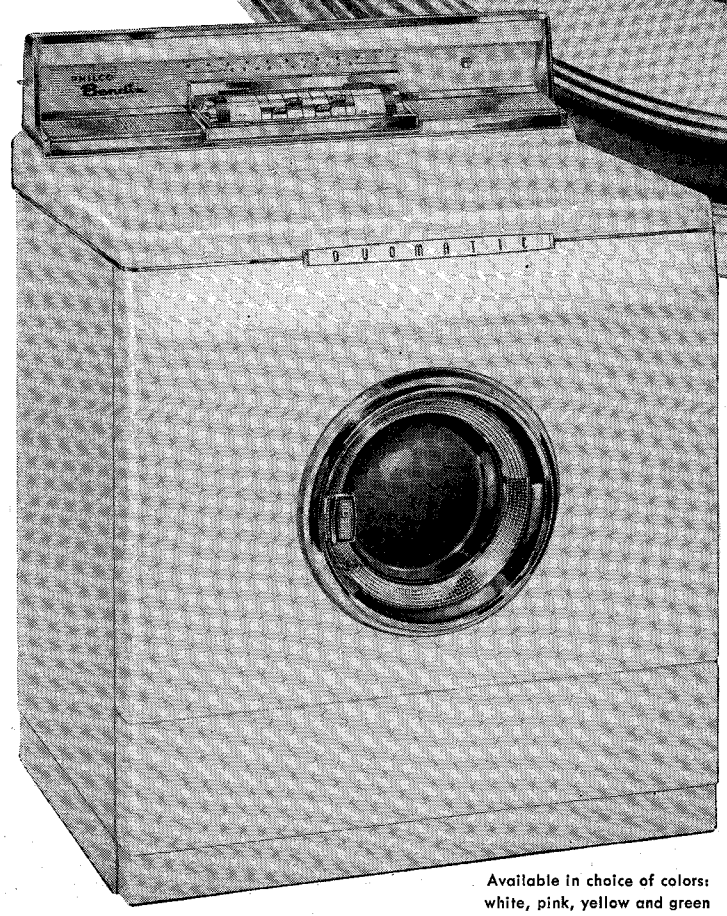
IT'S A WASHER...
IT'S A DRYER...
IT'S
TWO
IN ONE!



Available in choice of colors: white, pink, yellow and green

'57 PHILCO-BENDIX
DUOMATIC

It has happened in your lifetime . . . a magic hamper!

Just toss your soiled clothes into the Philco-Bendix DUOMATIC washer-dryer combination. When you come back, they are ready to be worn, ironed or put away. For the DUOMATIC is a washer and a dryer – it's two in one.

This "miracle" machine actually washes cleaner than any other washer, dries *faster* than any other combination. Think of it! With one setting of the dials, you get clothes that are washed clean, completely dry, sweet-smelling and *sanitized*.

See this beauty at your dealer's. For, if you look ahead, you can't help but choose this wonderful DUOMATIC for your complete home laundry.

Philco-Bendix Home Laundry Appliances are brought to you by the Philco Corporation

LOOK AHEAD . . . *and you'll choose* PHILCO

PHILCO Bendix PHILCO CORPORATION

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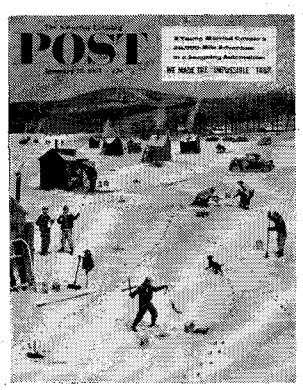

THE COVER

Some fellers can't get enough fishing in spring, summer and fall; so here they are on ice. Their shacks, which sit over fishing holes and overlook other holes outside, are as cozy as living rooms, though less roomy, and they smell deliciously of coffee with occasional whiffs of kerosene. The anglers are warm, whereas downstairs in the frostbitten water the fish *think* they're warm, proving that temperature is entirely a matter of the imagination. When a little red tip-up flag springs up, an angler knows that a fish has made the mistake of investigating his hook; then, if the delighted man pulls up the line and finds nothing on it, he knows the fish has corrected its mistake. Up front on the Dohanos cover is one man whose delight has not thus been turned to bitterness.

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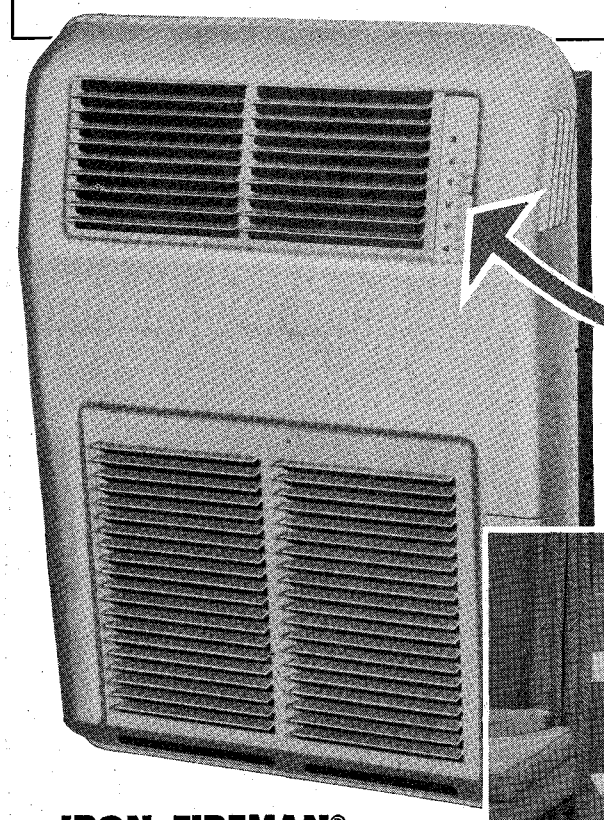

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SelecTemp offers low-cost central heating with individual temperature control never possible before. A thermostat in each unit regulates the temperature in each room. Heating units are recessed into the wall and can be painted to match.

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Low initial cost. For modernization and new construction. Small copper tubing, corrosion resistant and with long life, carries steam to individual room heater units. Boiler can be located anywhere desired.

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Filtered circulated air. Clean—no smudged walls.

Automatically balanced. System automatically compensates, in each room, for changes in outdoor temperature, sun or fireplace heat.

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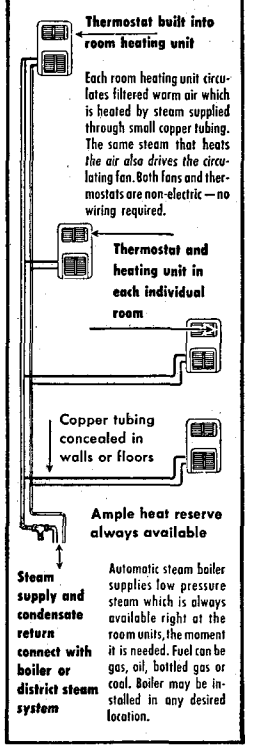
Thermostat built into room heating unit
Each room heating unit circulates filtered warm air which is heated by steam supplied through small copper tubing. The same steam that heats the air also drives the circulating fan. Both fans and thermostats are non-electric—no wiring required.
Thermostat and heating unit in each individual room
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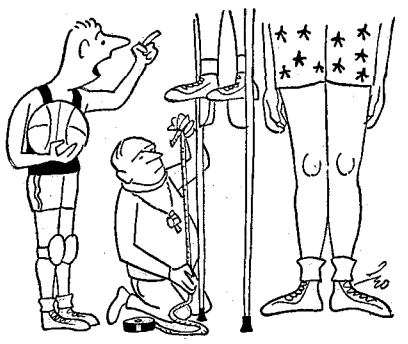
Letters

How Tall is Illegal?

Dear Sirs:

Basketball was designed to be played by normal young men and women, not freaks [CAN BASKETBALL SURVIVE CHAMBERLAIN?, by Jimmy Breslin, Dec. 1].

Why not restore it to them, by a rule that no team should have more than thirty lineal feet of players on the floor



at any game: any combination of heights that would not total over thirty feet for five men.

For the freak teams, put the baskets ten feet higher and ten feet back.

C. B. FORD
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The only test of Wilt's ability will come when Oklahoma A.&M. and Kansas meet Feb. 12 and 21. If Wilt scores 40 points either of those nights with three 6-foot-8-inch men against him, I'll be ready to say he's the best.

DAVE MUELLER
Milton, N.Y.

Rebel in Concrete

Dear Sirs:

I wish to congratulate you on Ernest Hauser's brilliant and informative article on the great architect and artist, Le Corbusier [REBEL IN CONCRETE, Dec. 8]. I am bringing this article to the attention of all my classes at the Massachusetts School of Art; and in fact, reading sections of it to certain of my classes. I feel that Mr. Hauser has dramatized Le Corbusier's ideas in a very understandable way. I am happy that this article brings to the general public some examples of this extraordinary artist's prodigious talent.

LAWRENCE KUPFERMAN
Associate Professor in Painting
Boston, Mass.

The Hindenburg Disaster

Dear Sirs:

My hat is certainly off to John Toland for writing the most stirring and emotional story I have ever read: TERROR IN THE TWILIGHT, in the December 8th issue.

MRS. JAMES H. WASSON
Valley Station, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

In reading Keeping Posted in the December 8th issue of your magazine I see that John Toland says *sadly* that Capt. Max Pruss is still championing the dirigible as a practical aircraft. As an engineering student I wonder why author Toland is sad about this. . . .

It would seem to me that a Zeppelin's long range and ability to carry large payloads make it a very practical aircraft. As for safety, the use of helium as a lifting gas could have prevented most of the Zeppelin disasters.

ROBERT LUCKEY
Connellsville, Pa.

● *The U. S. Navy still uses small dirigibles—"blimps"—filled with helium.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . is a monument to the eternal disgrace of Harold Ickes who, as Secretary of the Interior, refused to furnish helium gas to the German Zeppelin Transport Company for the inflation of dirigibles such as the Hindenburg and Graf Zeppelin.

What did it matter if the company belonged to the Nazi Government? It was a commercial organization engaged in carrying peacetime international passenger traffic, including Americans, and human lives were at stake. The United States, as the only country producing helium, could have furnished a limited quantity of this nonflammable gas for the inflation of these dirigibles, as requested by the German company. If such had been done that ever-horrible disaster would not have occurred.

RICHARD R. MURRAY, *Major, USA-Ret.*
Arlington, Va.

● *By 1937 the Nazi regime was firmly entrenched, so the United States refused to release helium for fear Hitler might use it for military purposes.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Toland . . . makes a misleading statement when he states:

"They used a crude oil with a flash point so low that it wouldn't burn even if a flaming match was tossed into the tank."

By definition, flash point is the temperature at which a flammable substance, such as fuel oil, gives off enough vapor to support combustion. Therefore, a material with a low flash point would be less safe than one flashing at a higher temperature.

CHARLES C. NELSON
Cuyahoga Falls, O.

● *Reader Nelson is right.*—ED.

Jazz Has Charms for Some

Dear Sirs:

Roman Frankowski's letter in the December 8th Post, which denounces jazz as "monstrous and horrible," is . . . exasperating. . . .

I, for one, get equal pleasure from all types—from classical to modern to progressive jazz to pops to Dixieland to rock and roll. Each in its own way is thoroughly enjoyable. If prejudiced persons like Mr. Frankowski would only allow themselves to recognize this, the world of music would not only be happier but also far advanced.

ROBERT A. MCEWEN
Maumee, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I dig jazz. I am unable to see how anyone with human feelings can listen to it without developing a liking for it. . . .

(Continued on Page 6)

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Live in gracious comfort the whole year 'round

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the windowpane with insulation built in

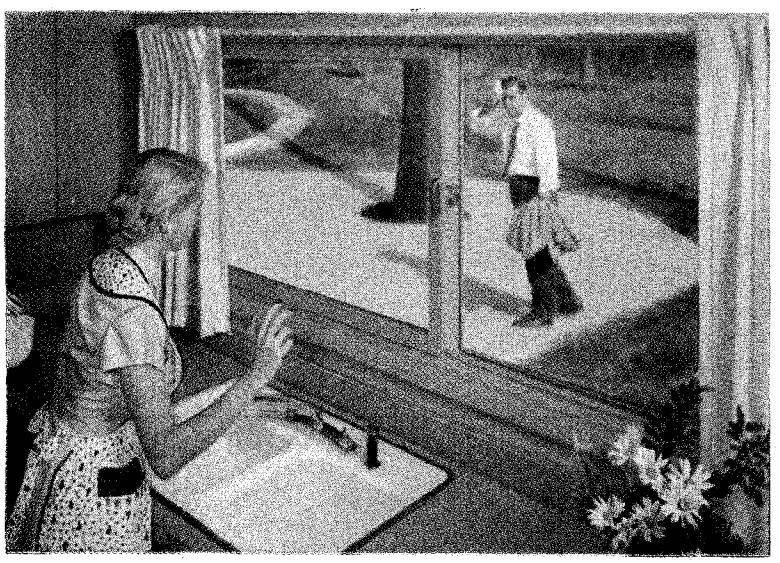
WINTER OR SUMMER—Twindow, the world's finest insulating glass, keeps the interior of your home more comfortable . . . adds to the attractiveness of your rooms . . . opens wider views for enjoyment all year through. *Photo courtesy Place Homes, South Bend, Indiana*

- **Rooms are warmer in winter, cooler in summer**
- **Heating and cooling costs are lower**
- **Windows are clearer —less fogging and icing**
- **Outside noises are reduced**
- **Gives you a "storm window" in permanent form**
- **Two types and many standard sizes available**

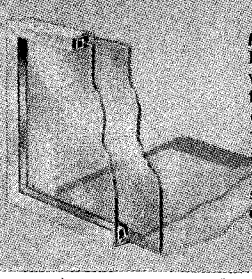
Winter's icy grip or summer's enervating heat holds less terror when your home is equipped with Twindow. For this twin-glass windowpane —a product of Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company—has insulation built in. This means that your rooms are kept warmer in winter . . . cooler in summer.

You will enjoy your home even more . . . actually be dollars ahead . . . if you insist that your new or remodeled home be equipped with Twindow in every room. For example, heating costs will be less in winter. Air-conditioning bills will show a decrease in summer. Your family's health will be safeguarded against window drafts which so often are the cause of colds and other illnesses. Twindow reduces window steaming and icing, and the bother and expense of storm windows are eliminated.

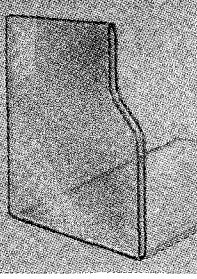
Why not make sure that your home has all these advantages? They are yours at a cost that is no more than that of single-pane windows plus storm sash. Whether you are building or remodeling, why not get specific information on Twindow from your architect or builder.



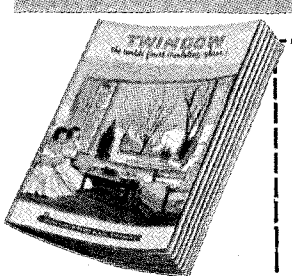
TWO TYPES OF TWINDOW®



METAL EDGE. Ideal for large window areas and where maximum insulation is needed most. Made of two panes of ¼" clear-vision Plate Glass, with a ½" sealed air-space between. Exclusive stainless steel frame protects glass edges against chipping. Exceptionally sturdy.



GLASS EDGE. Constructed of two panes of ⅛" Pennvernon® Window Glass, with a 3/16" air-space between them. The high insulating value makes these units ideal for modern window wall construction. Available in popular sizes for a variety of window styles.



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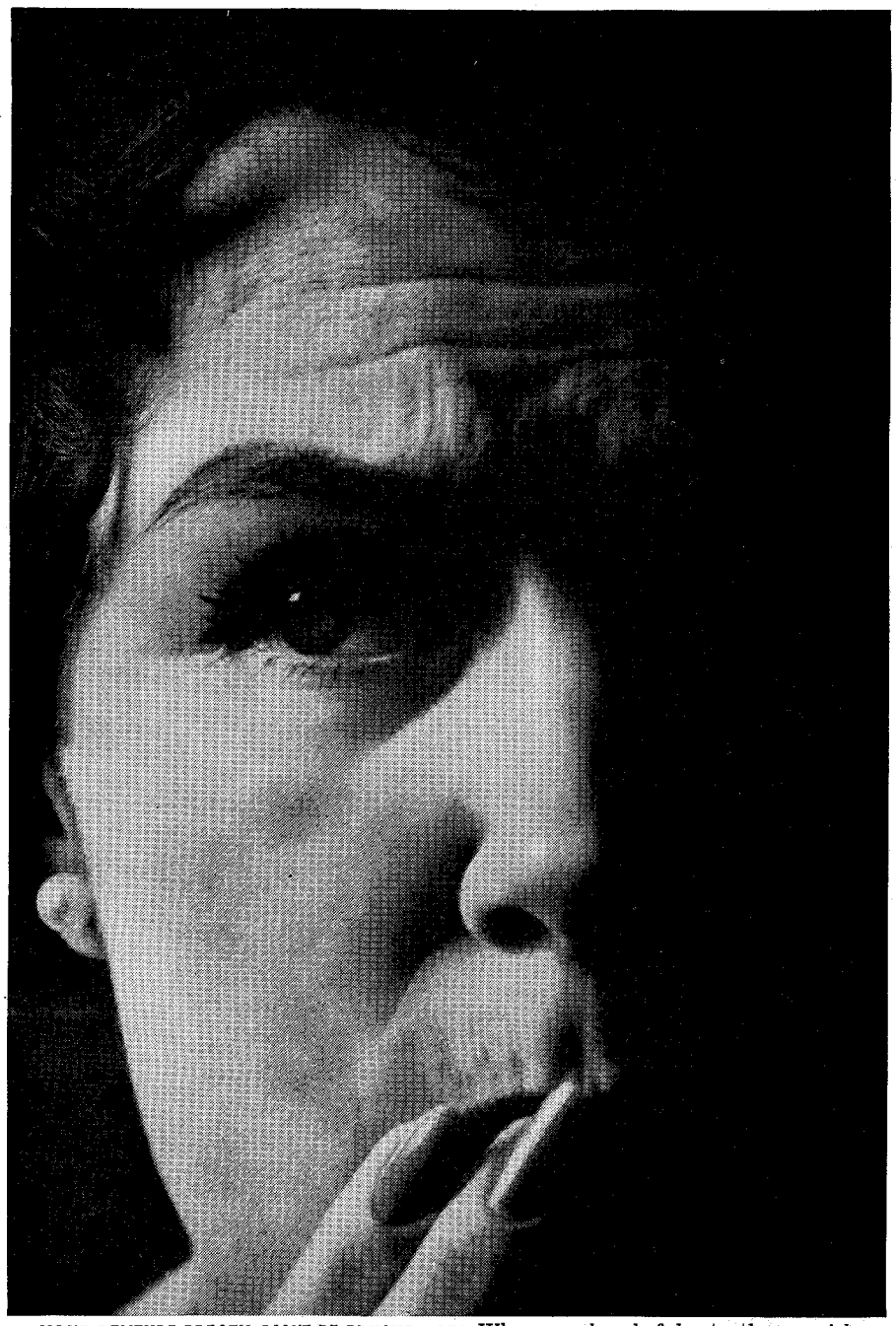

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With Polident it's a soak, a rinse, a clean fresh mouth. No wonder thousands of dentists recommend it.

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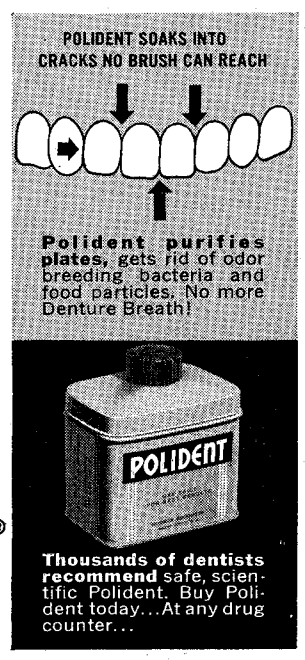
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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

I'd bet my Elvis button that my opinion is shared by a lot of others.

JERRY NUSBAUM
Elkhart, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Jazz musicians in America are playing something which they and other Americans feel, and not something that a European composer alone felt two hundred years ago.

Whether Mr. Frankowski likes it or not, jazz, born and bred in America, is here to stay. It adds happy lines to "The Face of America."

BRODIE SNYDER
Montreal, P.Q., Canada

Dear Sirs:

The person who wrote this letter is, to me, a musical snob! Jazz is as much a part of the U.S. as bacon and eggs.

POLLY CALKIN
Cincinnati, Ohio

Headache in Guam

Dear Sirs:

In describing his tribulations and triumphs as Governor of Guam (I RULED UNCLE SAM'S PROBLEM CHILD, 1 December issue), Mr. Ford Q. Elvidge seems to give more credit to himself than to the Guamanian people or to his military and civilian predecessors in solving a backlog of economic, social and political problems on that island. . . .

During two enjoyable years on Guam with the Navy I observed that the people generally were ambitious, adaptable; also more optimistic about their future and their ability to handle their own problems than is their former governor.

CHARLES E. DUNSTON
Dana Point, Cal.

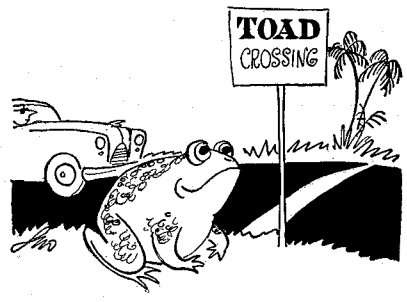
Dear Sirs:

The people of Guam do not hate Caucasians or any other race. It may very well be a deep-seated grudge, as the Governor had stated. . . . I firmly believe the resentment is largely due to the sudden surge of migration to the island by other American citizens. The Guamanians had never before experienced the transcendent immigration which is happening at the present, and no doubt they feel overwhelmed by the tremendous number of people who surround them.

JOHN B. CRUZ
F.P.O. New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Former Guam Governor Ford Q. Elvidge's article on solving the "buffo-toad" problem on that island reminds me that the toads were originally introduced about 1930, to stop a scorpion plague. Only a dozen *buffo buffos* from the Louisiana swamps were brought in. By 1940 they were so numerous that, during migration season, thousands of them were flattened daily by motor traffic. . . .



And they most certainly destroyed the scorpions. I saw only one of the latter in 21 months on the island.

R. F. ARMKNECHT, *Comdr. USN, Ret.*
Brookline, Mass.

McCarthy vs. Pearson

Dear Sirs:

In glancing through the first article entitled CONFESSIONS OF AN S.O.B. [by Drew Pearson, Nov. 3] I find that Pearson, in explaining an encounter which he had with me at the Sulgrave Club, said that I had sidled up to him and pinned his arms to his sides and kneed him in the groin. . . .

What actually happened was that I attended one of the few social affairs that I attend in Washington. I did it at the request of another Senator. I did not know that Pearson was going to be present. I had previously requested the Senate floor for the following day so that I might expose Pearson. This was carried in the papers and, of course, Pearson knew about it. During the course of the evening he insisted upon voicing veiled threats as to what he would do to me in his column if I were to expose him.

I ignored him until he followed me down to the cloakroom, at which time he made a statement to the effect that if I dared to make a speech against him, he would "get me," and boasted that he had never failed to get anyone he went after. I told him to be quiet and keep away from me; that he had done everything he could do during my fight to expose communism. As he continued his threats, he started to place his right hand in his coat pocket. I had heard that he carried a gun, which I frankly did not believe, but I could not take any chance, so I grabbed his right arm with my left and pinned it to his side so he could not reach any further into his coat pocket. I slapped him on the side of the face until he withdrew his hand from his coat pocket. I checked his pocket and found he did not have a gun—that he was bluffing as usual.

JOE MC CARTHY
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

● *Drew Pearson, sticking to his story, says, "The only thing that's true about Senator McCarthy's version of the incident is that we were both at the same party." The debate is hereby closed.* —ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

15 through 19–Frank and Helen Schreider. • 20, 21–Arthur Lidov. • 22, 23–Ollie Atkins. 24–Fred Zuckerburg. • 25–Ollie Atkins. • 26–European, Wallace Litwin, Paris Match (Pix). • 27–Epoca (Gilloon), Paris Match (Pix). • 28, 29–James R. Bingham. • 30–Bill Shrout. • 31–Lynn Buckham. • 32, 33–Frank Ross. • 34, 35–Photographs by Frank Ross, cartoons by Charles Schulz. • 36, 37–Robert Meyers. • 41–William A. Smith. • 80–Frank and Helen Schreider. • 83–Peter F. Petraglia. • 92–Two anonymous; Gene Lester.

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They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. He never got past the seventh grade. Before he was 13, he had to quit school to support his family. But he never gave up his dream of becoming an artist.

Although he was working 12 hours a day, he began to study art at home in his spare time. Soon he discovered that people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 19 he was well launched in the field of commercial art. By 22 he was earning $500 a week. Dorne rose higher and higher—until he became probably the most fabulous money-maker in the history of advertising art.

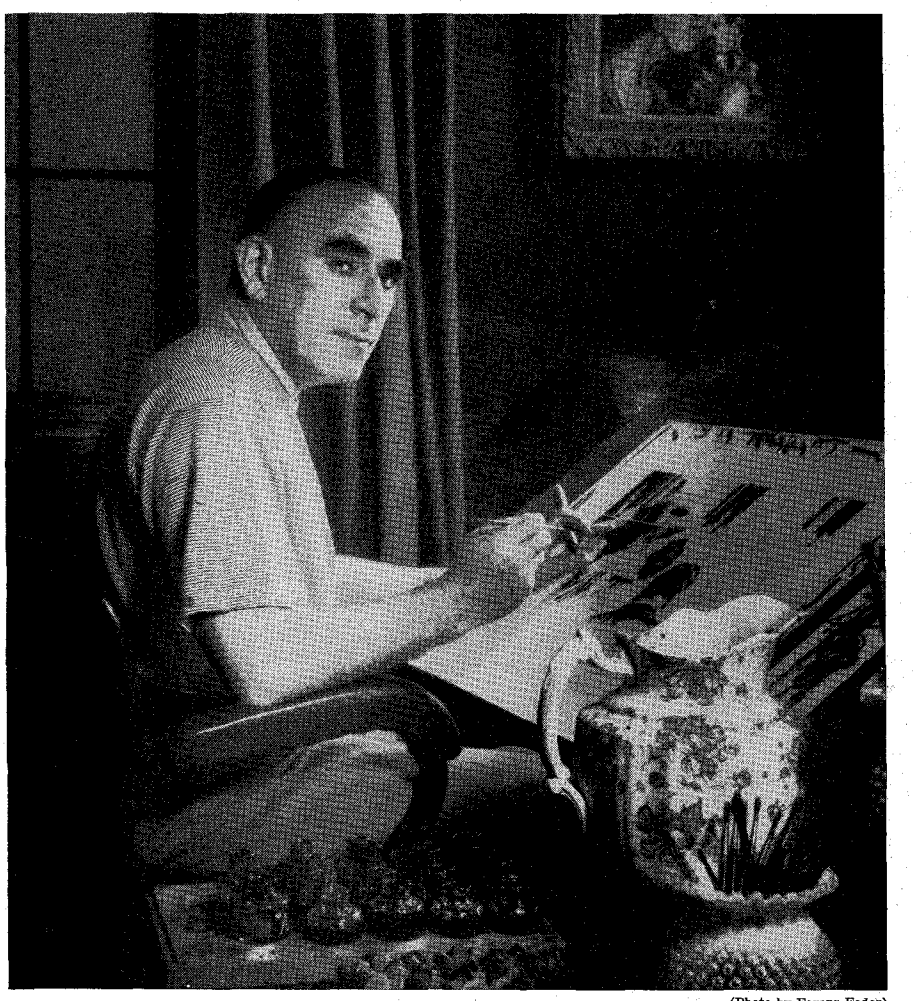
Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school when he was 15. Steven Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck and worked in a mill before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, known as the "illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who struggled to support his family in a cold-water flat when he first broke into art, today lives in a magnificent contemporary home, over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others: Nearly ten years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists — Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags to riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a plan for sharing their good fortune with others. Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

(Photo by Roy Stevens)

NORMAN ROCKWELL—this best-loved American artist left school at 15.



(Photo by Ferenz Fedor)

ALBERT DORNE—one of the greatest money-makers in commercial art. From the window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slum tenement where he once lived.

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the war-born methods of modern visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over 5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw the "glamour girls" for which he is world-famous. Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually *draw*, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

School is launched; students quickly succeed: Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools — whose campus is the U. S. mail, whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in the history of art teaching. The school's activities started in a converted old barn in Westport, Conn. It grew rapidly. Today it occupies its own modern building and has 5,000 active students in 32 countries. The twelve famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Don Smith is a good example. When he became a student three years ago, Don knew nothing about art, even doubted if he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in New Orleans.

Lilian Ashby—Canadian student—reports: "I'm losing count but believe I have painted 57 and sold 41 pictures since beginning your wonderful training."

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

Elizabeth Merris — busy housewife and mother—now adds to her family's income by designing gift wrappings and greeting cards, and illustrating children's books.

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk when he enrolled. Two years later, he won a national cartooning contest. Recently he signed a contract to do a daily cartoon feature for a group of newspapers.

"Where are the famous artists of tomorrow?" Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U.S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them *do* have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art . . . if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test: To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged $1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it *might* lead you to become one of the "famous artists of tomorrow."

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Studio 39, Westport, Conn.

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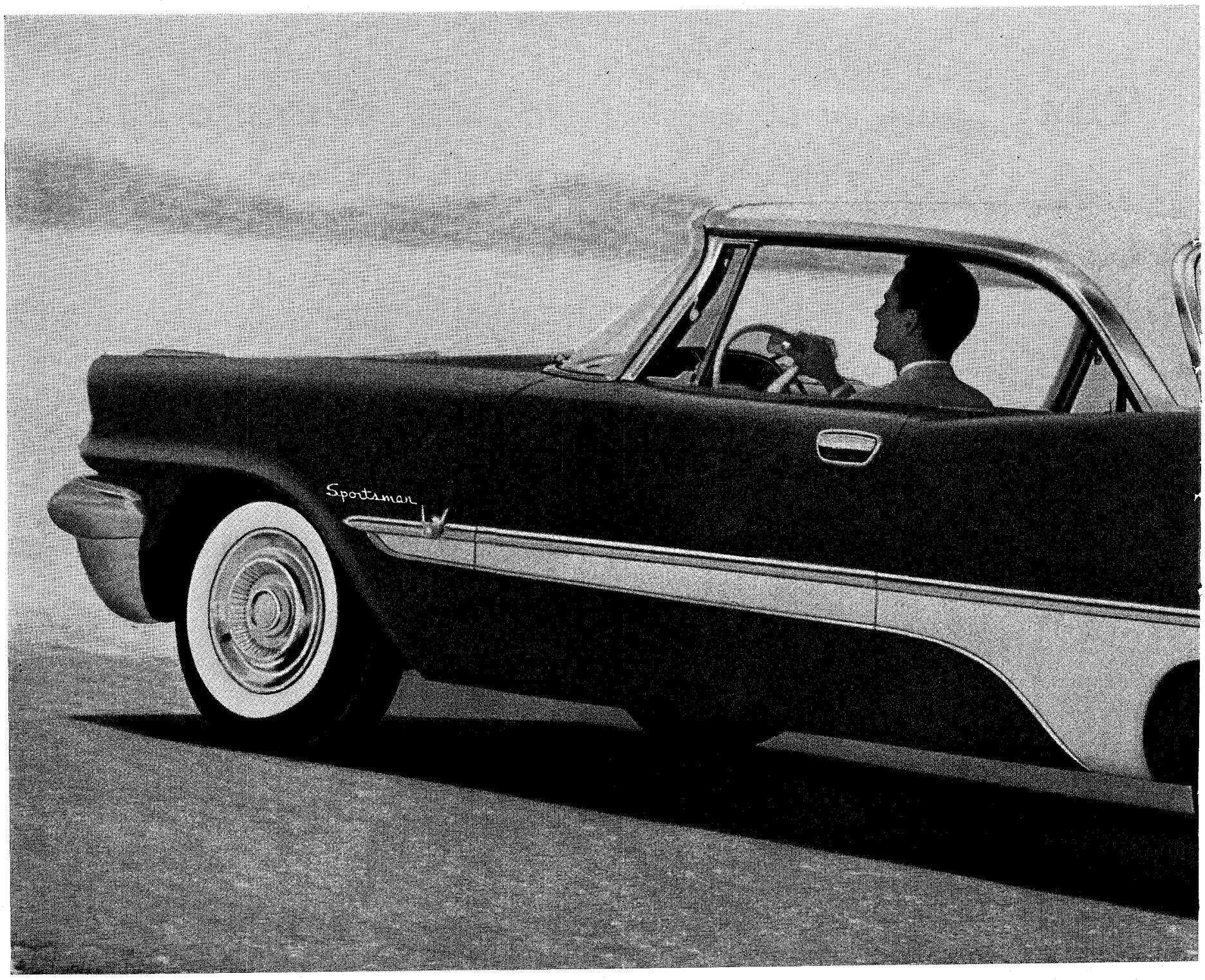

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New *TorqueFlite* transmission! De Soto introduces the most advanced transmission ever built. New Torque Flite gives you exciting take-off and a smooth, continuous flow of power at every speed.

New *Triple-Range* push-button control! Simply touch a button of De Soto's new Triple-Range push-button control—and you're on your way! There are three driving ranges—one for normal use, two for steep mountain grades.

New *Flight Sweep* styling! This year De Soto gives you the new shape of motion—long, upswept tail fins; sleek, lower-than-ever lines; 32% more windshield area! It's only knee-high to a parking meter, yet has plenty of head room.

New super-powered V-8 engines! '57 De Soto engines are powerful, efficient, and rugged! These deep-breathing giants loaf quietly at superhighway speeds, and respond instantly for safer passing. Choice of three mighty V-8's!

New *4-Season* air conditioner! This advanced and compact unit—mounted out of the way under the dash—keeps you cool in summer, snug in winter. You flick one simple set of controls and the car interior stays just the way you like it!

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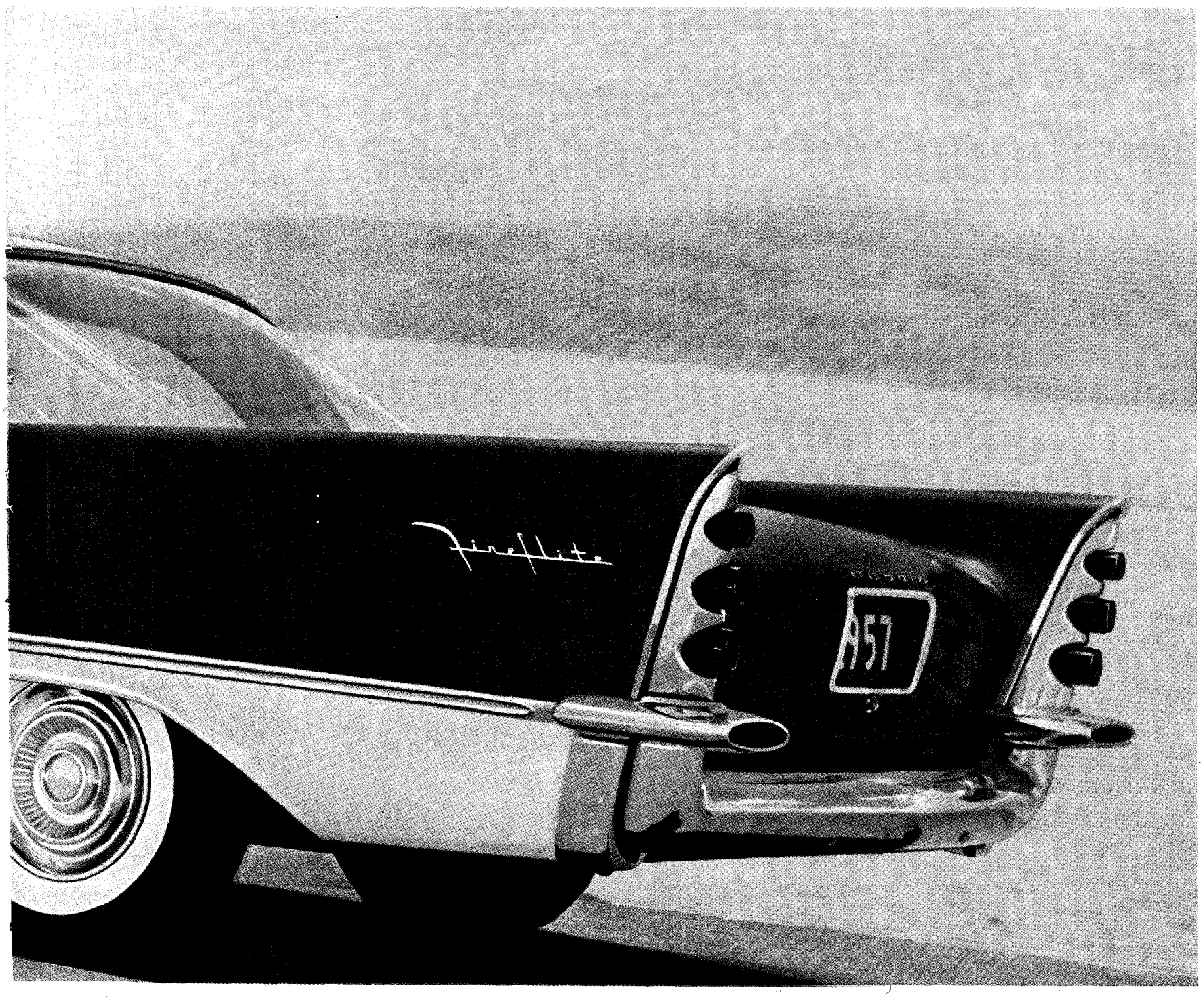

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Editorials

There are Good Reasons for Free Senate Debate

Although the "liberal" Democrats have only a thin toehold in the Senate and probably not even that in the House, they appear to expect everybody to stand aside while they call the shots. One of the first items on their agenda is to amend the Senate rule which permits unlimited debate, the object being to pass civil-rights legislation despite the protests of their Southern brethren. In this they are joined by a few modernized Republicans.

Before the subject has got out of hand, some senators, we predict, will remind their impatient colleagues of the reason for free debate in the Senate. The purpose of the rule is not to test the endurance of senatorial lung power, or to kill off "progressive" legislation, or to wear out the public. The reason debate in the Senate can be cut off only under extraordinary circumstances is that the Senate is the last line of defense for the states. While this rule remains, a majority in Congress lacks the ability to pass legislation repugnant to some of the states.

So that there will be no misunderstanding, perhaps we should say that The Saturday Evening Post believes that a reasonable program of civil rights is not only just and desirable but that it inevitably will come, step by step. But the Post denies that any cause or goal is sufficiently important to justify the destruction of our traditional safeguards.

Despite all the talk about whether the Senate is a "continuing body" or whether it is a new body, with the right to make new rules every time it meets, the essential issue is whether or not a majority in Congress shall be able to force into law proposals which are not accepted as valid by a considerable number of states. The late Sen. James Reed, fiery Democrat of Missouri, might well have settled the argument when he said many years ago:

"Strike down this safeguard of public discussion, apply the gag, and imagine, if you please, that it is applied only to pass good measures, only to accomplish the virtuous and the wise and the holy, only to bring the thing of rectitude; imagine that if you please. He is a fool, he is every kind of a fool that has ever cursed the earth or cursed himself, who thinks that any power will always be used wisely and justly. . . . Why should there not be some place in this country where the virtues or the iniquities of proposed legislation could be exposed without gag, without rule, without limit; some place where every public act must come under the surveillance of men who have complete freedom of speech?"

It is, of course, popular to talk of "majority rule" as if the majority were inevitably right, when the fact is that we have a Bill of Rights to protect minorities and individuals—and sovereign states—from the whims of majorities. And, unless we are prepared to strain the bonds of the Federal union even more than they have been strained already, senators will give sober thought to the reasons for unlimited debate in their body before sacrificing an important permanent Federal principle to immediate political advantage.

Well, Here it is: "Odorless Decoration Week" Once Again

Had it not been for the United States Chamber of Commerce, which collates and distributes information on a variety of subjects, we could not have informed our readers that we are now in the midst of Odorless Decoration Week. Aside from Christmas greens which smell pleasantly, and asters which give some people hay fever, it is difficult to comprehend the need for an Odorless Decoration Week. Possibly a lady here and there has been heard to remark of a social rival's interior décor, "I think her Regency Room stinks," but that isn't what the United States Chamber of Commerce was talking about.

For those who have no nose for decoration one way or the other, the current week may also be celebrated as the Universal Week of Prayer. The whole calendar year is sprinkled with special weeks, days and months designed to remind the nation not only of its debt to Washington, Lincoln, Lee and Andrew Jackson, but to Kraut and Frankfurter (February 7 to 16), Peanuts (March 3 to 9), Babies (April 28 to May 4), Bow Ties (June 16 to 22), Sandwiches (all of August), and Popcorn (October 27 to November 2). The month of May, which many associate with spring flowers, housecleaning and communist parades, turns out to be Better Bedding Month, Tavern Month, National Foot Health Month, Ornamental Iron Month and National Canned Hamburger Month, all at once.

A citizen who took Tavern Month a little too seriously, lost his footing, fell against the ornamental iron fence at the corner and got home to find that his wife had walked out without leaving so much as a can of hamburgers behind, could at least thank his stars that May is also Better Bedding Month. Ah, bed! And thank Fortune the Refresh With Milk campaign has just started!

Some will rise to take exception to the differences in the number of days, weeks or months allotted to these various commemorative events. After all, if the whole month of March can be devoted to Cottage Cheese-Cling Peach Salad Time, why should Old Maids be honored by only a single day (June 4)? And surely National Ladder Month (April) is emphasized in startling contrast to Freedom of the Press Sunday (November 3) and Child Health Day (May 1). However, the latter rates a presidential proclamation, which is more than National Ladder Month can do.

It would be a voluminous calendar which could manage the hundreds of events, including such bright ones as National Cage Bird Week, Cat Week, Anti-Freeze Week, Mothproofing Month and Weight-Watchers Week, all appropriately illustrated. But habits catch on and, just as twenty years ago few would have given a nickel for the future of Father's Day, so it may not be extravagant to look forward to the time when the happy family man will sing out as he bursts through the front door, "Surprise, honey! We're off to Australia for Rabbit Week. I've got the reservations."

Let's Not "Assure" Moscow That it Can Count Us Out!

Harold Callender's account in The New York Times of Secretary of State Dulles' speech at the NATO meeting in Paris on December 10, 1956, included this sentence:

"His words were interpreted as an assurance to Moscow that the West would not make war to liberate even rebellious satellites."

This seemed an odd interpretation of what Mr. Dulles said, but his remarks were followed promptly by a NATO resolution sponsored by West Germany's Foreign Minister von Brentano which appeared to contain some such assurance to the U.S.S.R.

It is easy to understand the anxiety lest the hard-pressed Kremlin bosses plunge into a war of desperation. But the question is: Will war be less of a menace if the Kremlin dictators are led to believe that they need fear nothing from us whatever they do? There is reason to doubt it. Indeed, past experience with dictators suggests that the opposite is nearer to the truth.

Actually the theory that the Soviet leaders fear that the West may attack Russia is not borne out by their actions. They know, of course, that we have the power to wreak terrible destruction on their country, as doubtless they have the means of devastating sections of ours. But they act as if they had concluded—partly from our own assurances—that we haven't the resolution to use the power we have. Here, rather than in the supposed terror of the men in the Kremlin, lies the danger of war.

The formula, with international communism bleeding from a variety of promising wounds, should be not to "reassure" the bloodthirsty Soviet dictators, but to keep them worried, uncertain, agitated. If we can do nothing positive for the beleaguered Hungarians and other captive peoples, we can at least refrain from assuring their Red masters that they are free to proceed with their butchery as far as the free world is concerned. To do that would be a prescription for continued Soviet aggression and eventual disastrous war.

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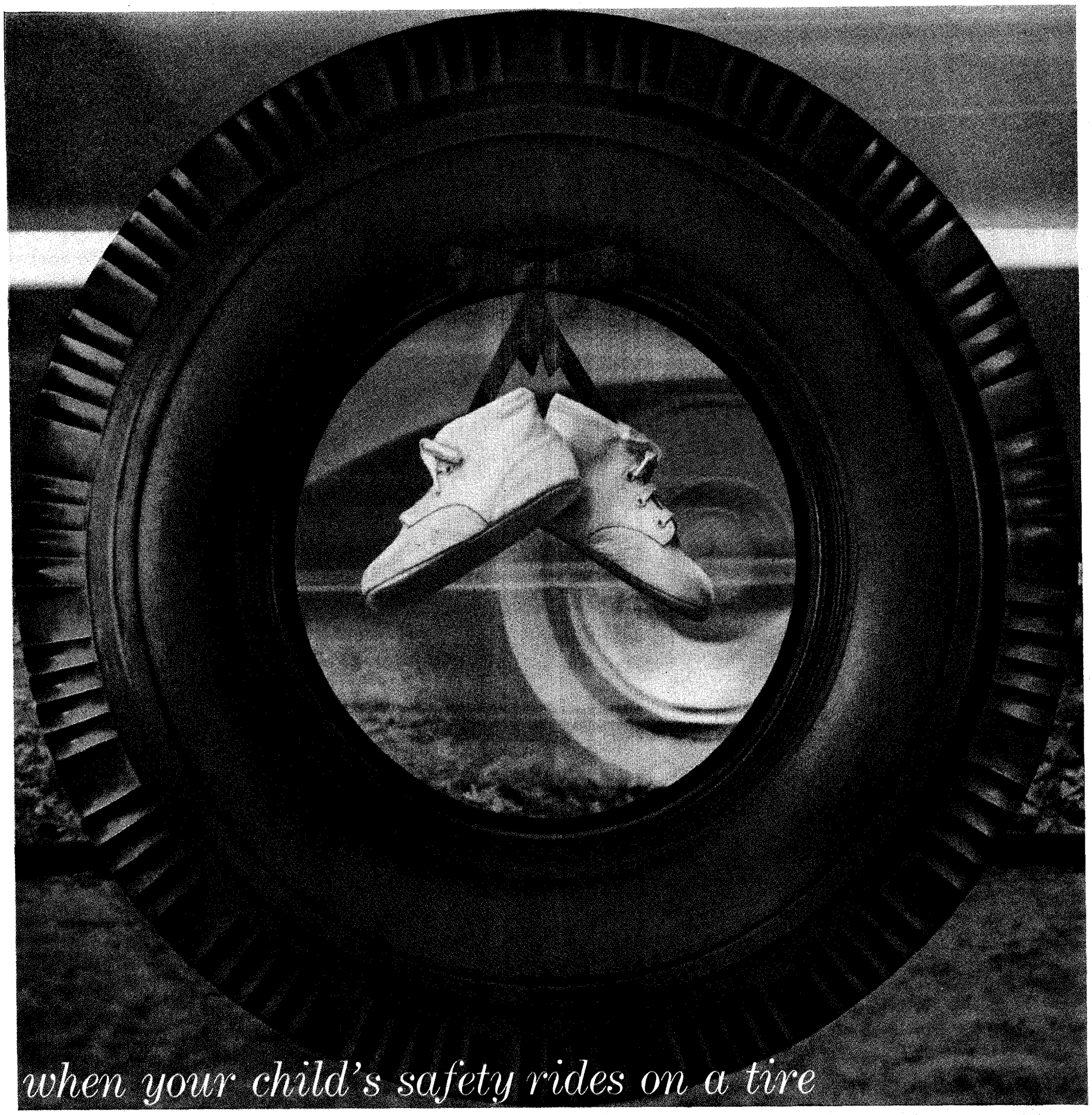

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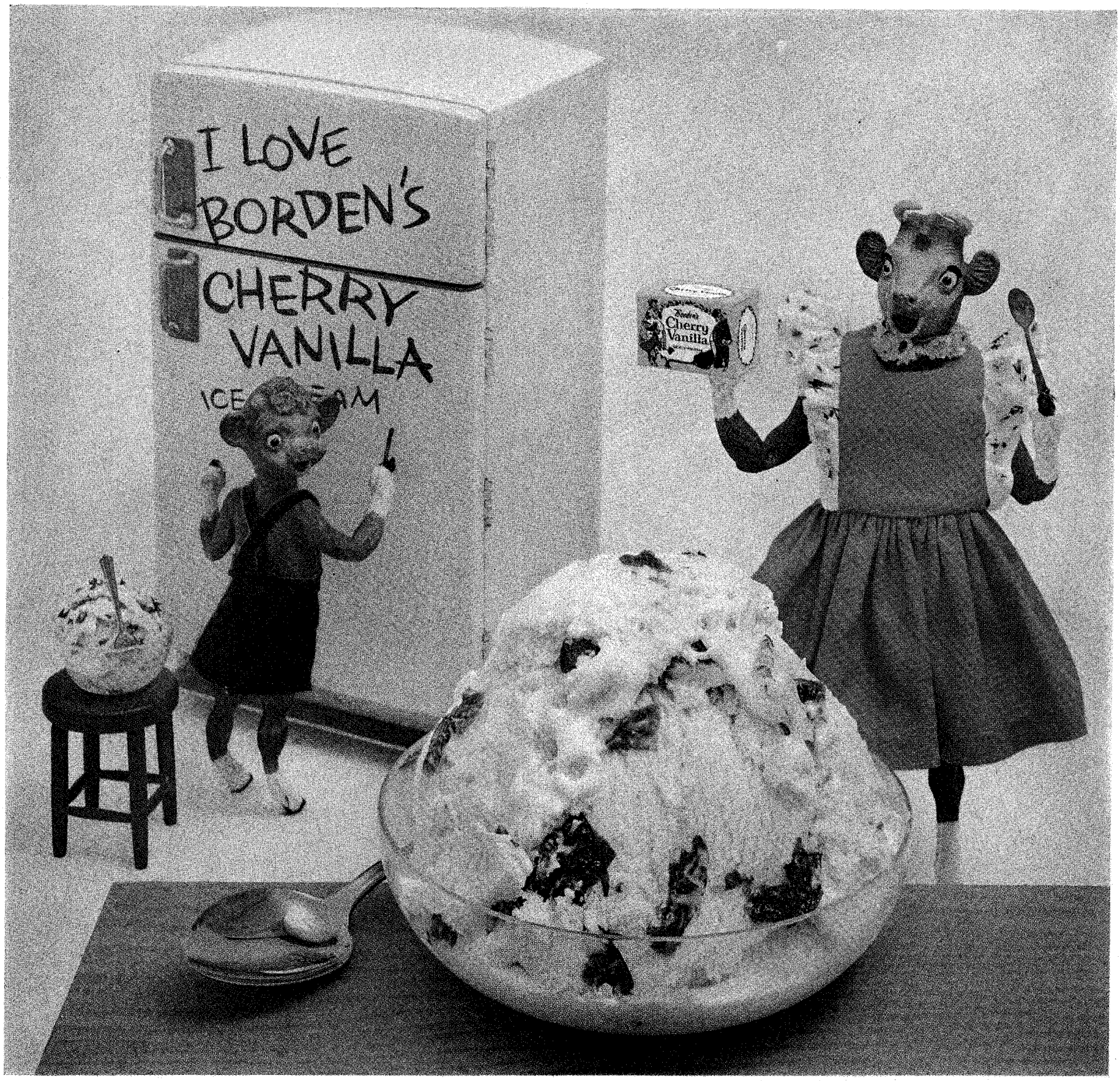

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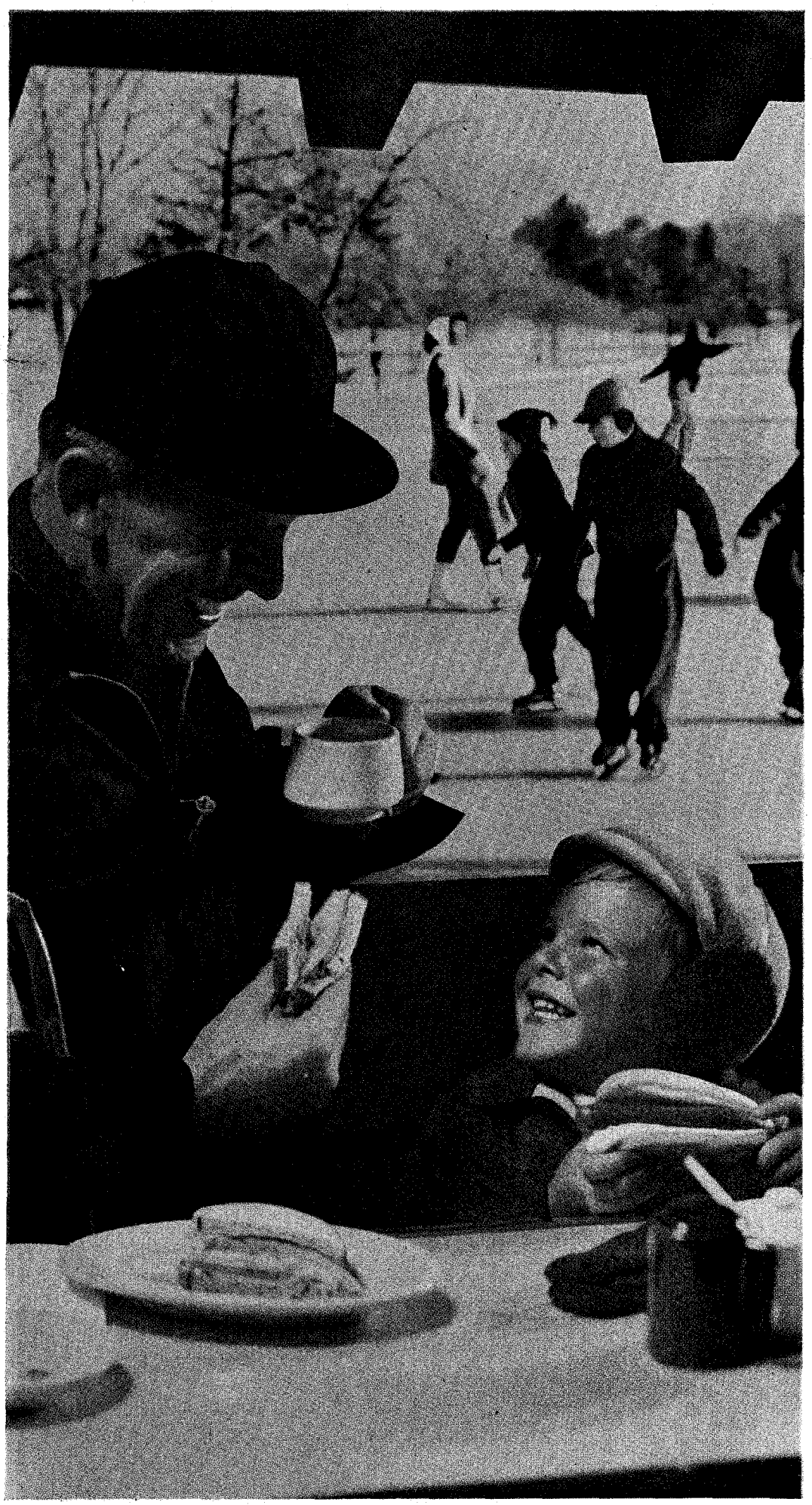

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The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

Frank (30) and Helen (28) at their halfway point—a tiny Caribbean island, 10,000 miles south of the Yukon, 10,000 miles north of Tierra del Fuego.

WE MADE THE "IMPOSSIBLE" TOUR

Part One:

HOW WE MOTORED THROUGH THE JUNGLE

By Frank Schreider

This adventurous young couple drove overland 20,000 miles from Alaska to the Strait of Magellan. Here is their story.

It wasn't until we met Captain Parker that we were discouraged. Others had said it couldn't be done, but we had brushed aside their doubts. To the ex-Army officer who had had an amphibious jeep sink under him, we had replied, "But ours has a watertight cab." To the sailors in Panama who warned of the violent storms called *chocosanos*, we had said, "But we won't put to sea when it's stormy." Now, marooned on a tiny island in the Caribbean, with the wind piling the sea in mountainous waves, we were in trouble.

When a fishing boat took shelter in our cove, we swam out to her, eager for a few cheerful words of English. A large man leaned over the rail.

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The author and his wife with Dinah, the 7-year-old German shepherd which made the trip with them in the 15-foot amphibious jeep called La Tortuga (The Turtle).

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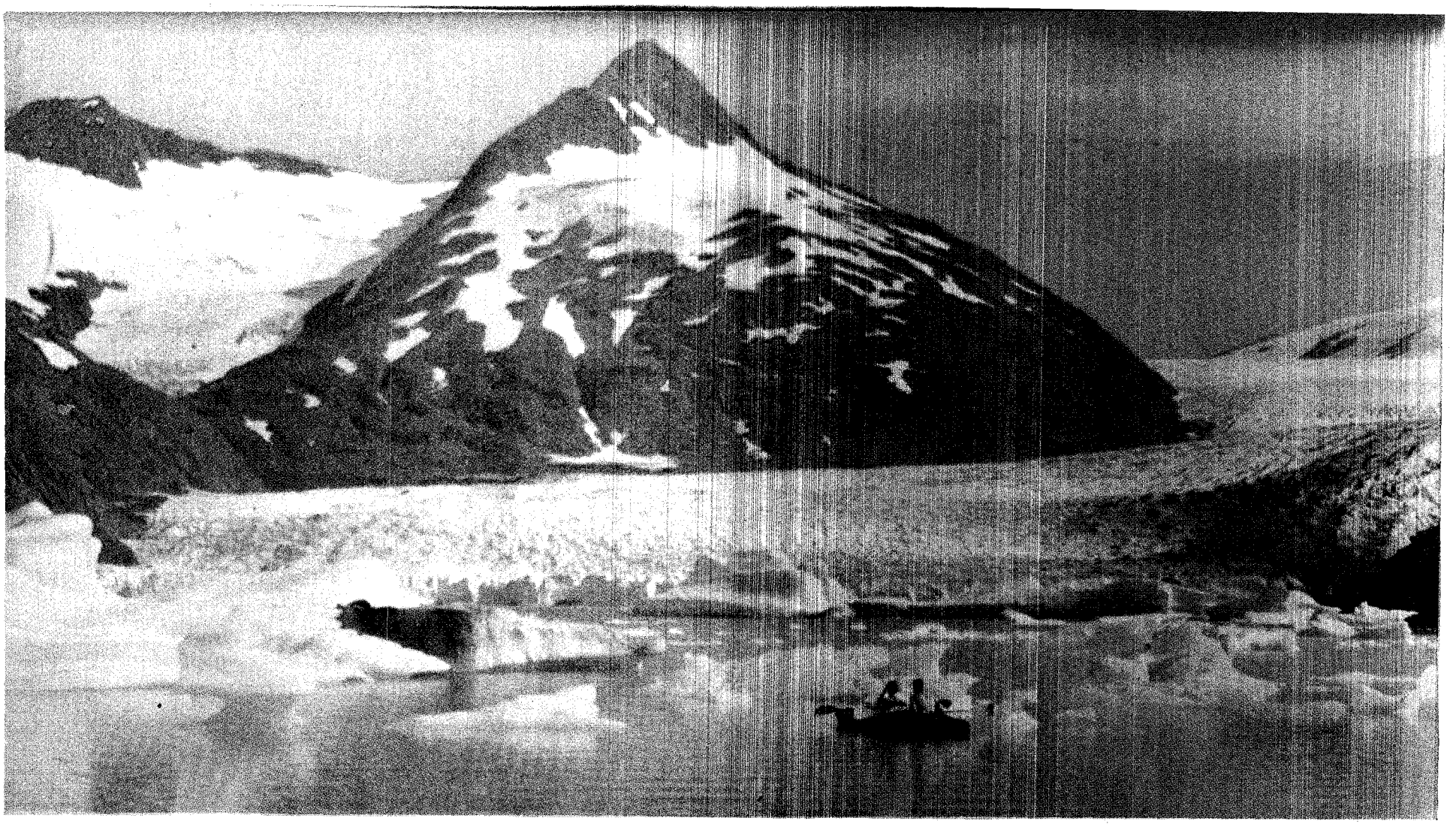


Alaska: Here the Schreiders decided to attempt the first auto trip from the Arctic to the bottommost tip of South America. This is Portage Lake, on the Kenai Peninsula.

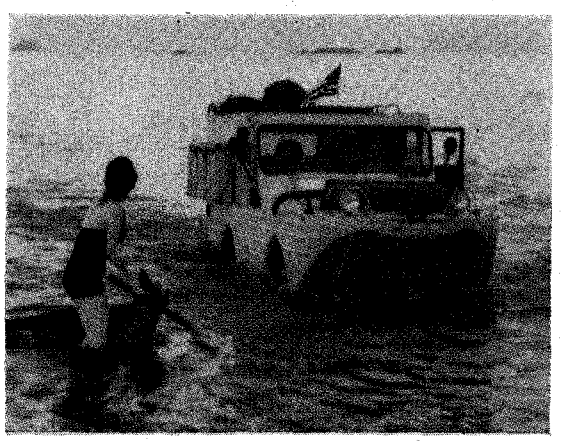
Fraser River Canyon, British Columbia: The Schreiders navigated the countless chuckholes of the north country's unpaved roads in a station wagon before they picked up La Tortuga at their home in Southern California.

"I'm Captain Parker, of the Sea Horse," he said, "and I've got ten to one bet ya won't make it. If the storms don't finish ya, the reefs will."

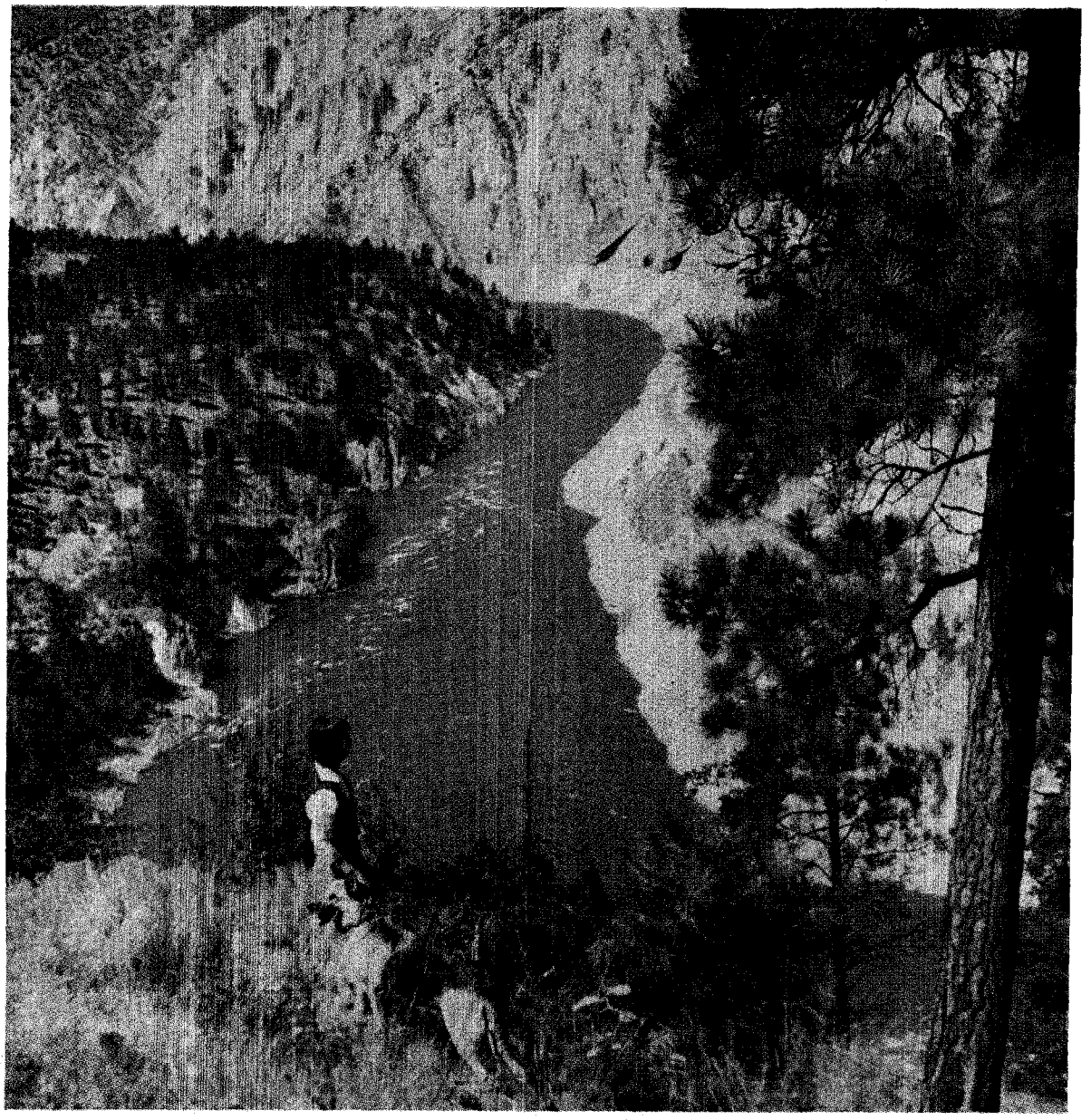
I looked back at our fifteen-foot amphibious jeep, parked on the sand spit. La Tortuga looked mighty small, and I wondered if he was right. This was not the way Helen and I had planned it. This month of May, 1955, was supposed to be the calmest time of the year in the Caribbean, just before the *chocosanos* were due. The storm around us was bad enough—what would the *chocosanos* be like?

We had allowed one month to bypass the third gap in the Pan American Highway. Even in an amphibious jeep, a month had seemed ample time to island-hop 250 nautical miles from the Panama Canal Zone to Turbo, Colombia. Yet we had covered only twenty-five miles in a week's time.

While the rain cascaded in sheets, we stared at the frothing turbulence offshore. On this pinpoint in the Caribbean Sea off the coast of Panama, the 10,000 miles that lay behind us



Panama: Frank puts La Tortuga through a shakedown cruise before its transit—big-ship fashion—of the Canal.



Photographs by Helen and Frank Schreider

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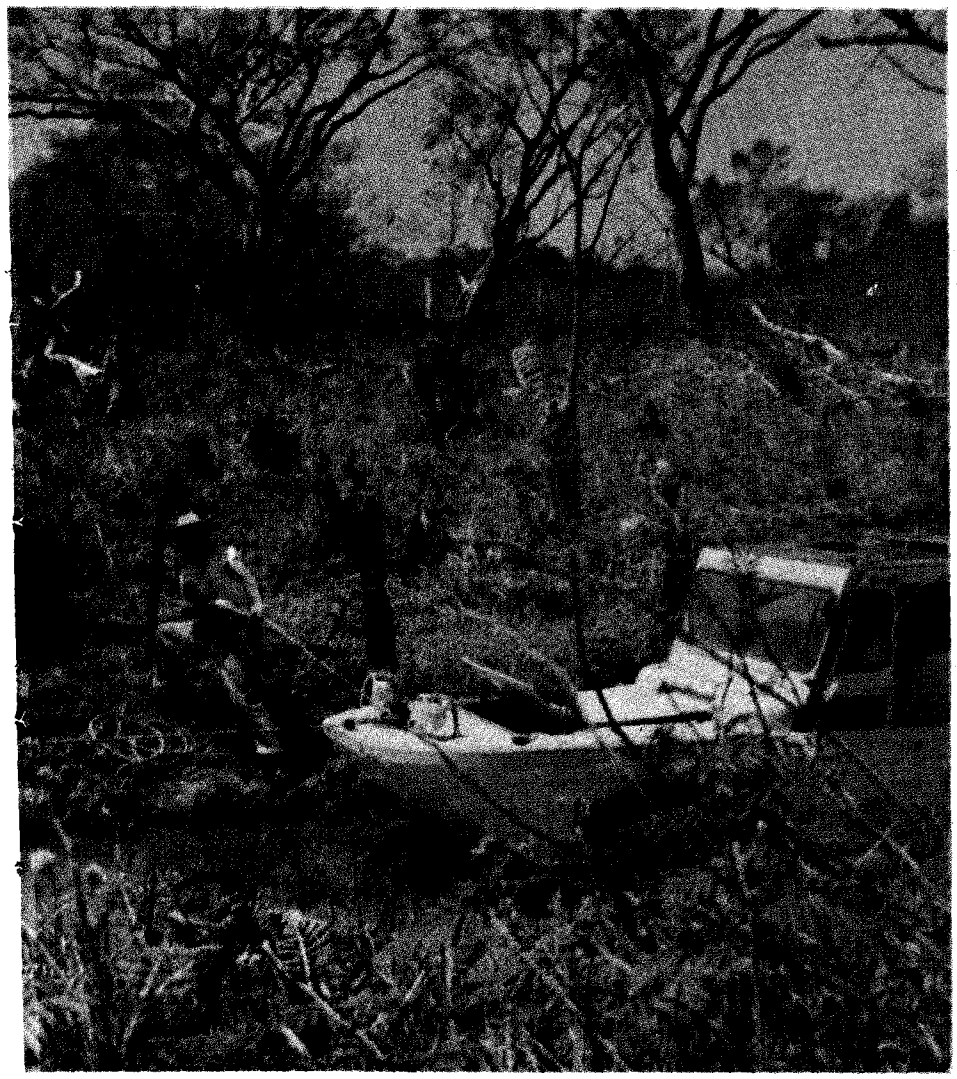
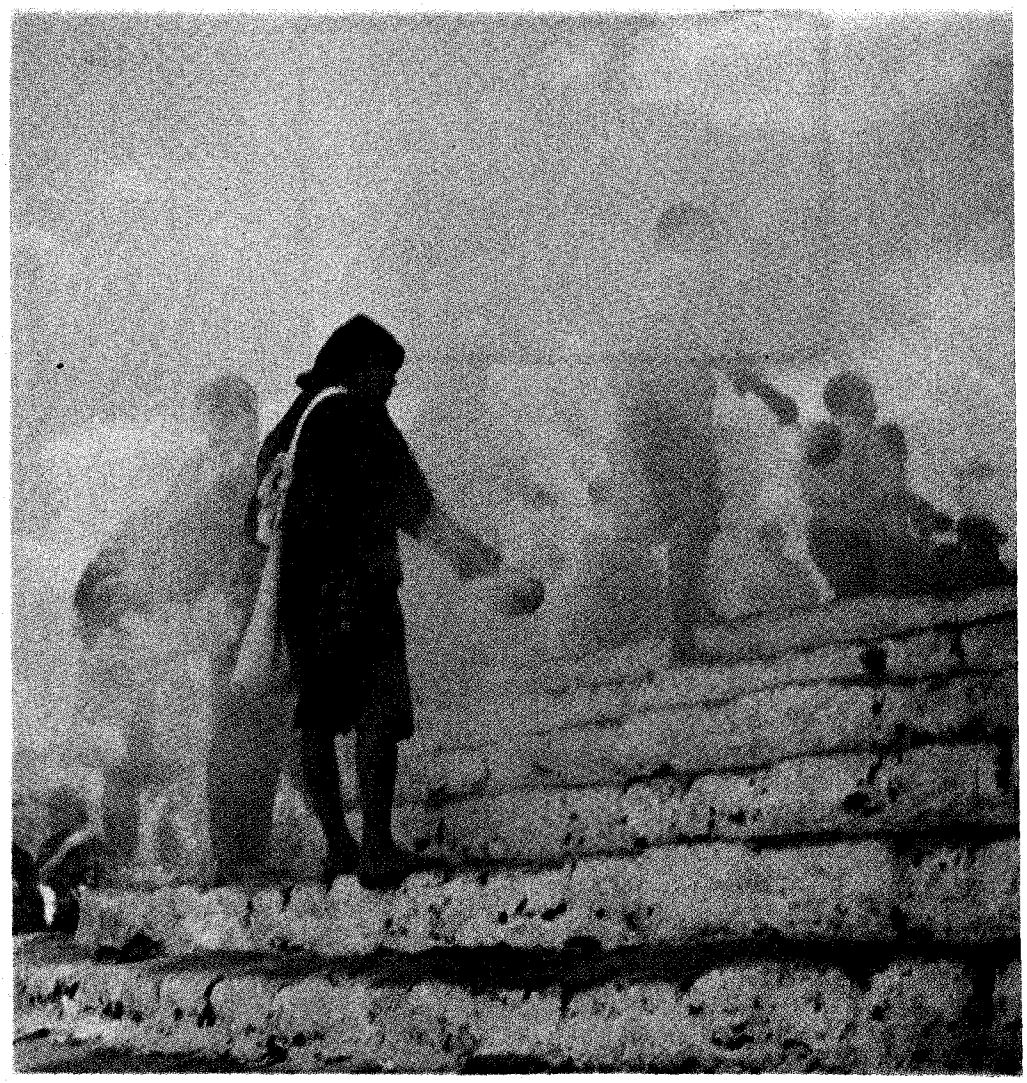


Southern Mexico: Inches at a time, Frank heaves La Tortuga through the heavy tropical muck with the aid of a winch, in a 200-mile stretch of roadless jungle.



Chichicastenango, Guatemala: A pious Indian swings his incense burner on the steps of this highland village's four-hundred-year-old Santo Tomas church.

and the 10,000 miles yet to go didn't seem to matter. Only the next 225 miles seemed important. If we didn't make Turbo before the *chocosanos* came, we never would. Our plan to motor from the Arctic Circle to the furthermost tip of South America would end at the halfway point.

The jeep La Tortuga was the fruition of planning begun in 1947, when Helen and I were students at the University of California at Los Angeles, and newly married. We couldn't crowd a honeymoon into the budget of the GI Bill, so we talked of a trip after graduation—a short jaunt by jeep to South America.

The Pan American Highway was still impassable in many places. There were three gaps in the road, and, to pass them, vehicles had to be transshipped by rail or sea—in Southern Mexico, in Southern Costa Rica and in Eastern Panama. Other stretches in Northern Costa Rica and Southern Ecuador were passable only in the dry season.

Undaunted, we bought a secondhand jeep and enrolled in a course in Spanish. About that time we added a third member to our proposed expedition, a huge German shepherd named Dinah. We started on our belated honeymoon in February of 1951. Four months later we were back home, disillusioned and broke, after traveling 6000 miles. The road had ended at a wall o mountains in the south of Costa Rica; the only way to reach Panama was by sea.

We sold the jeep in San José for passage home, and I began to canvass war-surplus lots in Southern California, looking for amphibious jeeps. None were to be seen, apart from a few crushed relics that had come back from World War II as ship's ballast. Finally, after four months of searching, I located a rusted hulk in a junk yard. The proprietor said it was going to be cut up for scrap, and added, "If you want it, you'd better hurry."

El Salvador: Vehicles are primitive, but the Schreiders found a paved highway.

Ustuppo Island, Panama: Helen with San Blas Indian girls who wear nose rings.

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Next Week:

To Sea in a Jeep

At road's end in Costa Rica, the adventurers drove into the Pacific, and it turned out to be more than they had bargained for.

Pisac, Peru: Market day in a village near Cuzco, ancient Inca stronghold despoiled by the conquistadors.

"How much?" I asked.

"Two hundred and twenty-five dollars," he replied.

My eagerness must have shown. But it was the only jeep I had seen that had any possibilities at all, so I towed the wreck to Helen's family's place in the Palomar Mountains of San Diego County. Aghast, Helen stared at rusty water trickling from newly sprung leaks in the hull.

"We can't put to sea in that," she said.

"Just wait till we get her fixed up," I said; "holes patched, motor overhauled, nice little cab."

The disassembly of the jeep was easy. With a little encouragement, it practically fell apart by itself. In the months that followed I overhauled the motor, transmissions and differentials. At the rate we were pouring money into new parts, however, it was obvious that we'd be years saving enough to head south. Then an opportunity came for a higher-paying job in Alaska with the Army Corps of Engineers. Enthusiastically, I presented the idea to Helen: "There's an opening for an electrical engineer, and they spoke of a job for you as a draftsman. Between the two of us, we could double what I'm making now."

Work on the jeep stopped; there was not time to finish it. For the next two years we lived in Anchorage. One evening in the summer of 1954, I was studying a map of the Western Hemisphere. Two places caught my eye. Excitedly, I called to Helen. "Why don't we drive north to the little town of Circle, Alaska, and then all the way south to Ushuaia?"

"To where?"

"Ushuaia," I said, pointing to a dot at the tip of South America. "The world's southernmost town."

"But it's on an island," Helen objected.

"That's all right. If we can get the jeep through the Pacific Ocean to Panama and through the Caribbean Sea to Colombia, we can surely cross the Strait of Magellan."

Helen sat down beside me. "It does sound like a wonderful idea, but ——"

"No one has ever driven the full length of the Americas under his own power," I said. "Twenty thousand miles, what a thrill that would be! Let's give our notice now. Our sta-

Quito, capital of Ecuador: Señorita Vega, a friendly hotel clerk, put up the Schreiders in her family home when they couldn't afford a room.

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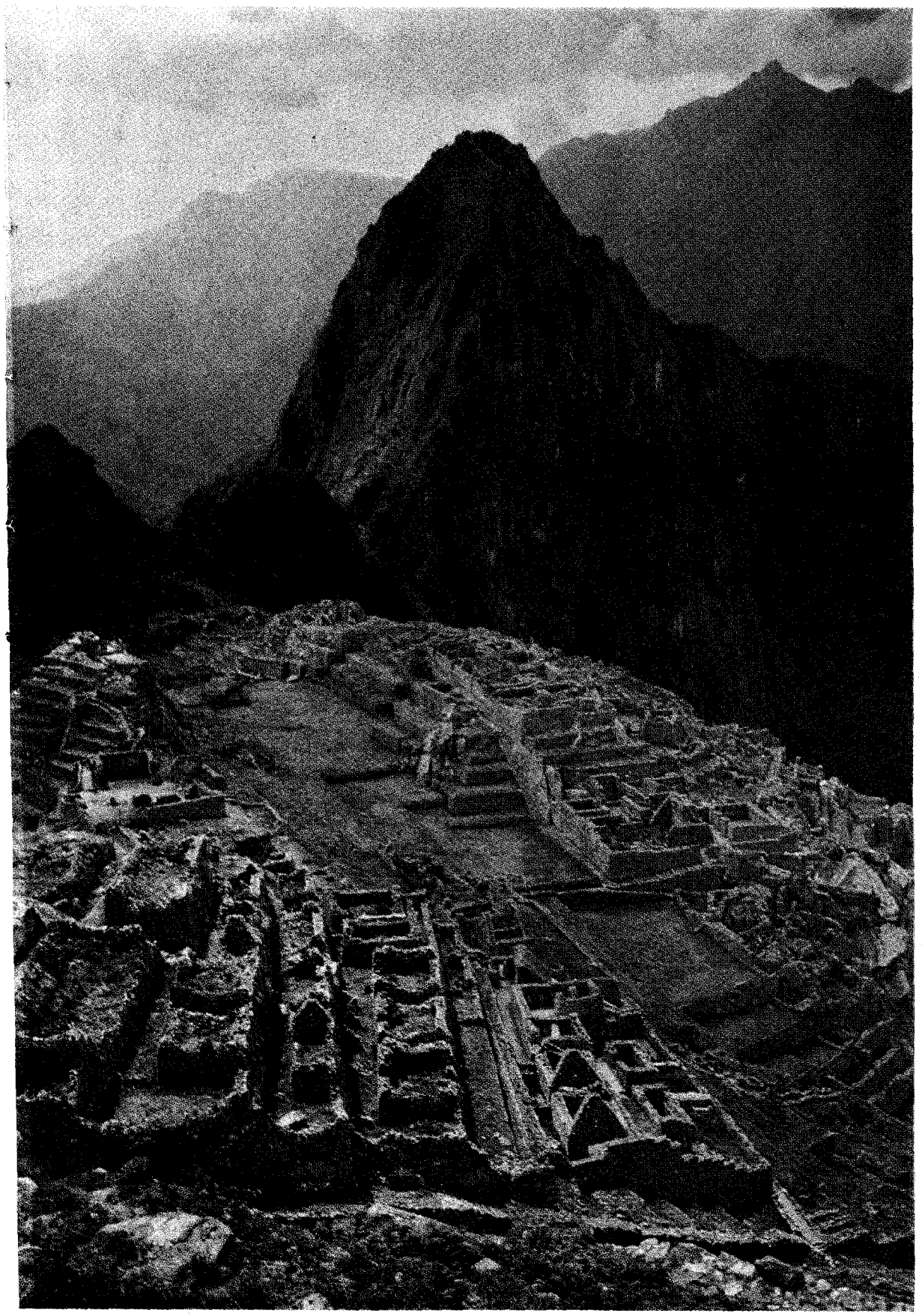


Ruins of Macchu Picchu, ancient Inca city in the Peruvian Andes. To get here from the capital, Lima, the Schreiders had to nurse the wheezing jeep over hundreds of miles at altitudes of 10,000 feet and more.

Chile: La Tortuga afloat, crossing Lake Todos los Santos, near the border of Argentine Patagonia.

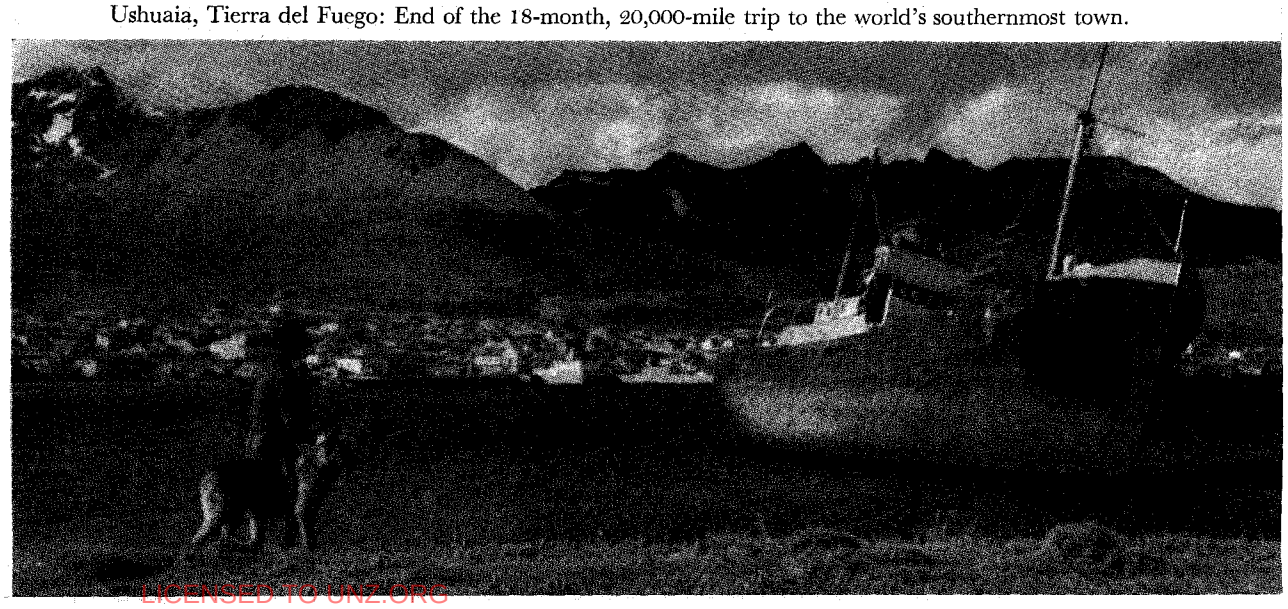
Near Santiago, Chile: The Schreiders' hostess, Carmen Mackenna, and her guitarists demonstrate the Cueca.

Patagonia: A Gaucho barbecue at a ranch where a breakdown stranded the jeep for nearly three weeks.

tion wagon is paid for, and we have almost six thousand dollars saved."

The town of Circle, Alaska, is a mere cluster of Indian huts, a few caches and a trading post. Circle is slightly south of the Arctic Circle and with the opening of the Alaska Highway it became the northernmost point in the Western Hemisphere that could be reached by connected road. Our second attempt to drive to South America began from Circle on June 21, 1954. At Eagle Summit, a few miles south of the town, the longest day of the year (Continued on Page 80)

Ushuaia, Tierra del Fuego: End of the 18-month, 20,000-mile trip to the world's southernmost town.



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By RICHARD WORMSER

Boys Have All The Fun!

There are definite disadvantages to being the only girl in town . . .

Behind the fieldstone schoolhouse was a sycamore. The schoolhouse had originally been built by a pair of enterprising brothers named Gallen; the tree was the one on which the brothers had ended their lives—claim jumping being considered a little too enterprising by China Hill—and so was called Two-Man Tree, as against a big-leaf oak in the middle of town, which was known as Five-Chink Tree.

This was the first winter in three years that China Hill had a school. A rise in the price of copper had brought in several families, and among them were the Mosers, with their four sons, and the Drews with their two boys; so now seven children climbed and hung from Two-Man Tree—the Moser boys, the Drew boys and Turqouise.

Fourteen blue-jeaned legs twisted and twined around Two-Man's limbs. Six sets of close-cropped hair and one girlish mop hung suspended over the frozen ground.

Seven pairs of jeans were displayed to the passer-by, and he—Doc Farrigan—was shocked. His voice was cracked as he yelled, "Turquoise!"

Arms and legs disentangled themselves from the tree, and then the whole of Turquoise dropped to the ground. "Hi, doc."

The good doctor's jowl quivered. "Turquoise, what are you doing in those—those pants?"

At ten, Turquoise was already pretty good at handling men. If it had been Ben Molay, the newspaper editor, who was also one of her guardians, she would never have dared answer, "Huh?" But Doc Farrigan was more interested in facts than he was in grammar.

"Are you aware of how you looked from the ground?"

"Well, no, doc."

"From now on, wear a dress to school." He paused. "You have dresses, don't you?"

"Sure. Ma Gander got me six the last time she went down to Columbia. But, doc ——"

"Yes?"

"But—gosh, all the other kids wear jeans to school."

Doc Farrigan looked over the six other scholars of China Hill. "The other children are boys, Turquoise. From now on, no pants unless you're riding your pony. I'll tell Mrs. Farrigan."

Turquoise didn't answer. She just looked at him. Her little jaw came out a little farther; her blue eyes got a little brighter. It was a look that Doc Farrigan had got very much used to in the last nine and a half years.

He sighed. "All right," he said. "Five o'clock, in Ben Molay's office?"

"I'll tell Ma Gander," Turquoise said.

"Do that," said the doctor.

"You see, you can't climb no trees in dresses," said Turquoise, and put up her face to be kissed. It was a very innocent face.

Her name wasn't really Turquoise. Nobody knew what her real name was or if the frozen body that drove the wagon to China Hill way back then was her father. He came into town behind two beat-out mules, and it was the coldest winter the Lode had ever seen, and there in the back, wrapped up in a couple of tons of blankets and buffalo robes, was Turquoise.

Ben Molay, who'd done a bit of gem mining in his time, said her eyes were the color turquoise ought to be, but never is, and the name stuck.

Doc Farrigan was a natural to be one of her foster parents, married and a doctor. Ben Molay got on the committee maybe because he'd supplied her with a name, but more because he had a good education and could teach her English and history, and so on, in years

(Continued on Page 43)

Illustrated by Arthur Lidor

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Turquoise had six dresses, but she never wore them. She wore jeans, as the boys did.

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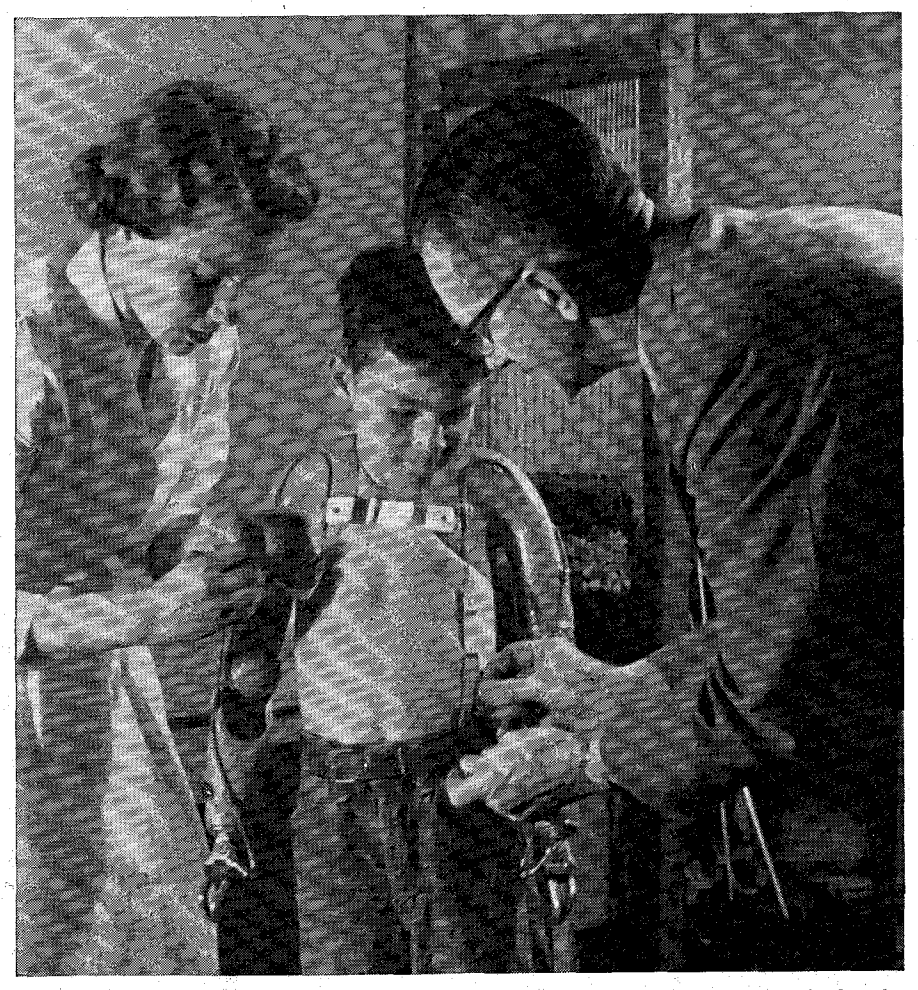


Butch Tipton's arms were burned so badly by a high-tension wire that they had to be amputated at the shoulder. Here he tries on the ingenious devices that will replace them.

Butch Has a Pair of New Arms

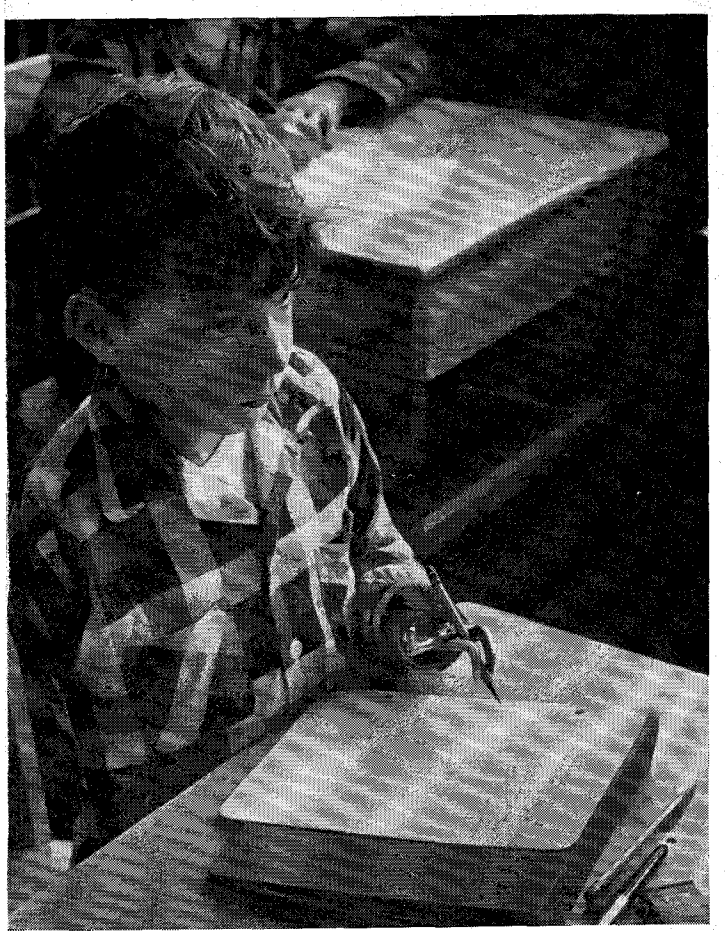
By Ben Pearse

A brave ten-year-old, grievously injured in an accident, has proved that handicapped children can live normal lives, with the aid of modern artificial limbs.

The LaPlata Elementary School in Southern Maryland opened pretty much like thousands of others for the regular fall term last September. But in the fifth-grade classroom things were far from routine. Young Robert (Butch) Tipton was back after an accident that had nearly taken his life. Yet, listening to him recite his lessons along with his classmates, you would hardly notice that he had no arms—no arms, that is, of his own.

Butch Tipton's comeback began with a near miracle; the doctors still can't explain why he wasn't electrocuted

Photographs by Ollie Atkins



Back in school after two weeks' training with the first new arm, Butch—a southpaw—learns to write again.

To strengthen the back and shoulder muscles which he uses to manipulate his new limbs, Butch works on a program of special exercises with a physical therapist.

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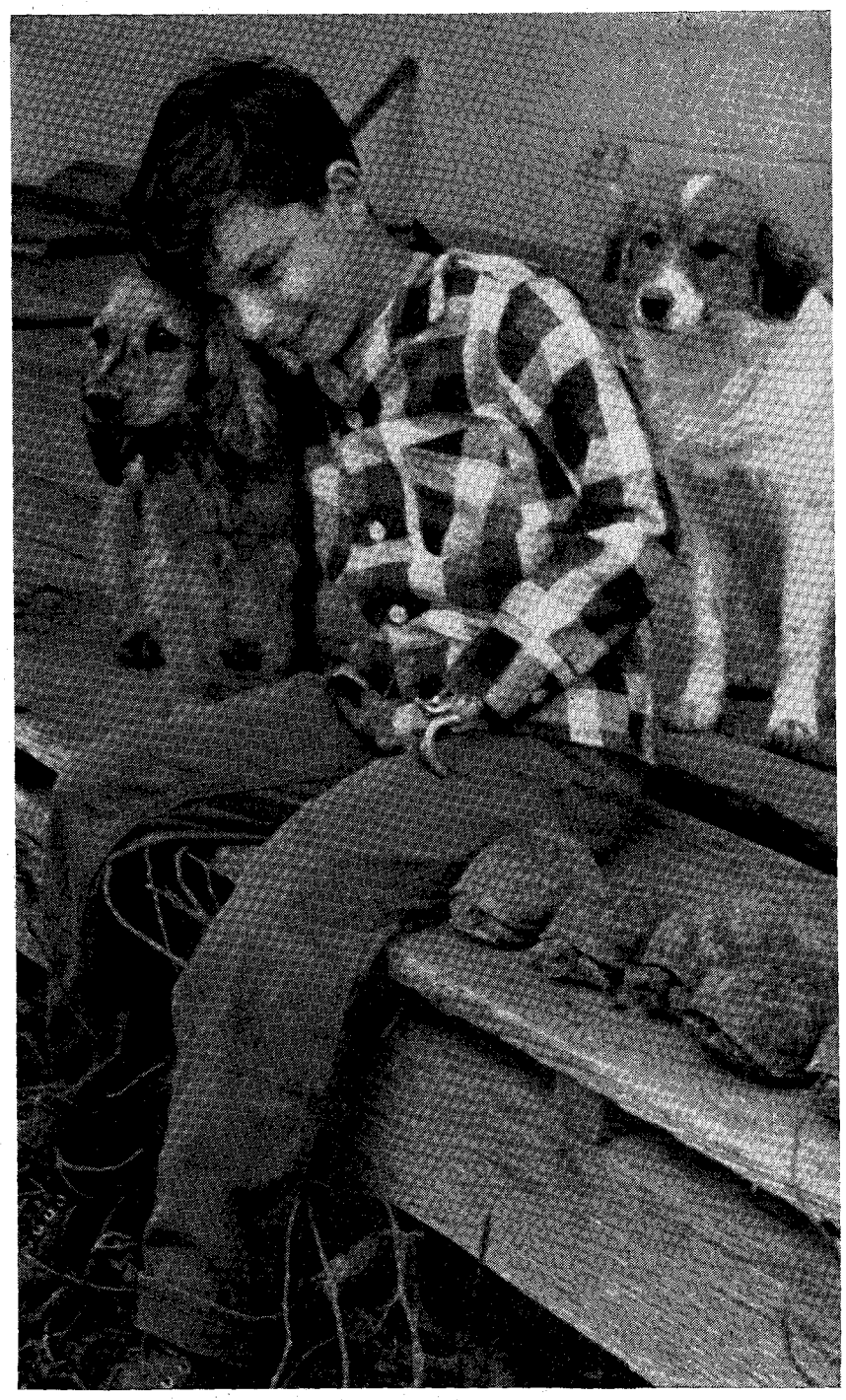
Butch has to learn tooth-brushing all over again. Instead of moving the brush back and forth, he holds it in a fixed position (above), then nods or shakes his head.



Butch spent three months in the hospital. Home once again, he was glad to find that his dogs loved him just the same—arms or no arms.

or fatally burned when he came in contact with a high-tension electric line near his home last spring. His comeback progressed through the wonders of plastic surgery and skin grafting to the science of modern prosthetic devices which have only recently been available to children. A few years ago Butch would have faced a childhood of almost complete dependence on others. Instead, he is looking forward to a full if not normal life. His future, within limits, will be decided by his obviously ample patience and determination.

The Tipton family lives on a sixty-acre farm just off State Highway 6 about five miles west of LaPlata, the county seat of Charles County, Maryland. A branch line of the Southern Maryland Electric Co-operative carrying 7200 volts runs past the Tipton place. One pleasant evening last May, Butch, who was ten then, and brother Bud, two years his junior, were scouting around after dinner in a small wood that borders the front fence.

Their mother, Mrs. Catherine Tipton, had driven to LaPlata on an (Continued on Page 78)

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"I see," he said at last. "Well, don't let me keep you." "No, nothing can keep me now," she said.

Bitter Parting

By NELIA GARDNER WHITE

She couldn't stand living with him a day longer.

On a gray morning in November, Rhys Jones, authority on Old English, dressed, came down the stairs of his ivy-covered house just beyond the campus bounds, walked out into the dining room and sat down. He usually waited for the smell of the coffee, for he could not bear sitting and waiting for his breakfast. Every nerve would stand on end at the small noises from the kitchen. He was blind, therefore sensitive to sound. But this morning he had waited too long, could wait no longer, and had come down. He heard no footsteps in the kitchen, no slight tinkle of cup being put down beside his plate. But he did not call his wife, preferring to suffer in silence. That makes him sound like an unpleasant character, and he was at least a difficult character, but make no mistake, the suffering was real.

Then, almost without sound, his wife, Gwen, came from the kitchen and put before her husband a plate with bacon, eggs and toast.

"Sorry, the coffee isn't quite done," she said.

"You've had time to make it while I've been sitting here," he said gruffly. He knew how he sounded, but he could not keep the words back. They were part of his anger, his despair.

"Oh," Gwen said. He tried to think her into reality. Sometimes she came clearly, tall, not beautiful, with long legs, proud head, dark hair and nervous hands. Sometimes, as now, he could not see her at all.

There was a long, ugly silence, and then she said, "Rhys, do you think you could manage lunch for yourself? The Craiks are driving into the city today and have asked me to go along."

"Go, by all means," he said. "You make it very clear that you feel bound down by your efforts as a Seeing Eye dog."

She didn't speak and his heart cried, *Answer me. I don't care what you say, but answer me.*

"Did you have to say that, Rhys?" she said at last.

"Isn't that coffee ready yet?"

She brought the coffee, poured it, sat down and said, "You don't need to make a trip to town a betrayal, Rhys. I'm rarely away, am I?"

"No, you don't want a pretty picture of devotion destroyed. I said, 'Go!' What more do you want?"

"I want you to be a human being, that's all. Being blind doesn't make it necessary to be inhuman, does it?"

"Let's not have any of that, Gwen," he said sharply, heard the sharpness and could not soften it. He knew he had spilled a bit of egg somewhere and it made fury rise in him blackly. He wanted to cry, "What color are your eyes, Gwen?

(Continued on Page 85)

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What We Learned About the American People

By STEWART ALSOP

How does an inquisitive, prying stranger get people to tell him about intimate matters—including how they intend to vote?

Pollster Joseph Alsop, Stewart's brother, uses "little-steps-for-little-feet" technique. From noncontroversial questions he gradually proceeds to nosier ones.

During the recent campaign, at the National Plowing Contest in Iowa, I ran into Ed Lahey, the witty and able political correspondent of the Knight papers. My brother Joe and I had been on a series of polling expeditions all over the country, talking to hundreds of voters and trying to find out how they felt about the candidates and the issues. The experience fascinated us, and we had written a lot about it. Lahey remarked that the Alsop brothers reminded him of the Broadway gambler who had been born and bred and lived all his life on Manhattan Island, and who one day, for one reason or another, had to take a trip across the country. On his return, his fellow touts asked him what the mysterious hinterland was like.

"Jeest," the gambler replied in amazement, "the whole damn place is fulla people."

Lahey's joke was a bit unkind. For a good many years now, my brother and I have done our share of traveling about the country covering campaigns and inquiring into local political situations, and we've seen a lot of the United States in the process. But Lahey's joke had a point all the same. For the kind of reporting we did in the last campaign was utterly different from any reporting we had ever done before. And it was also in many ways as revealing to us as the gambler's expedition into the great unknown was to him.

Like most other reporters, to be sure, in previous campaigns we had made an occasional attempt to feel the public pulse. In 1948, when both political writers and pollsters fell flat on their faces, we reporters were much criticized for failing to "get out and find out what the people really felt." So in 1952, I teamed up with Walter Ridder, of the St. Paul Pioneer-Dispatch, and traveled through his native Minnesota, trying to "test farm sentiment." Our first interview with a farmer went about like this:

ALSOP (*to farmer, leaning on fence*): Excuse me, sir; we'd like to ask you whether you plan to vote for Eisenhower or Stevenson.

FARMER (*spits*): Well, I guess I'll keep that to myself.

RIDDER: Well, then, will you tell us whether you voted for Dewey or Truman in 1948?

FARMER (*spits again*): Well, I guess I'll keep that to myself too.

ALSOP (*imploringly*): Well, we wonder what you think about (Continued on Page 63)

The author tries an ingratiating approach on a Virginia farmer. "One thing we discovered," says Stewart Alsop, "people are not politicians. Politicians love to be interviewed."

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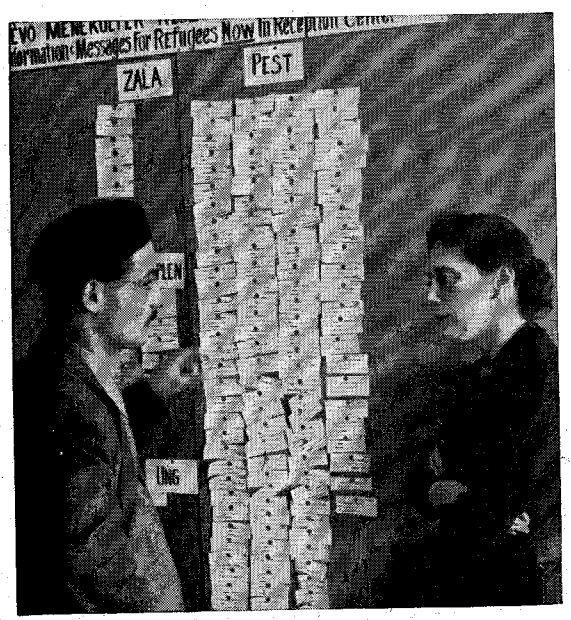
Hungary's Terrible Ordeal

CONCLUSION

The revolution was progressing peaceably. Then, on that fateful October 23, 1956, the Reds began the blood bath that shocked the world.

By JUDITH LISTOWEL

Hungarian General Paul Maleter: He showed teenage freedom fighters how to cripple attacking Russian tanks with no weapons except gasoline-soaked rags.



The author (right), who was born in Hungary, with a refugee at the Camp Kilmer, N.J., reception center.

Four years ago, in my weekly paper, East Europe and Soviet Russia, we published an article called Leaderless Resistance. Had anybody then told me that Hungary would provide the classic example of how leaderless resistance suddenly transforms itself into leaderless revolution, I would have brushed aside this prophecy. In our article, Leaderless Resistance, we said that in East Europe every man, woman and child detested the Moscow-imposed communist police regimes, and resisted them in any way they could—big or small. But, we added, owing to the ruthlessly efficient, Soviet-trained secret police, this national resistance could have no leaders. All persons who showed any ability for resistance leadership were whisked away before they could prove themselves.

And yet, we also said, this leaderless resistance was the nightmare of the secret police. They knew it was there, they felt it at every turn, they saw traces of its deeds in workshops, offices and farms. But they could not deal with it. Whenever they thought that they had laid hands on "it"—"it" evaporated. Some secret policemen went as far as faking incidents—reminiscent of wartime resistance—such as derailing a train, blowing up a bridge, beating up some Jews, because by advertising "the arrest of the criminals," they hoped to create the impression that they had taken the measure of the resisters. The publicity they gave, especially in Poland, to "bandits still hiding in forests," served the same purpose. The communists wanted the people of East Europe and of the free world to think that they had the situation well under control.

There was one vital question mark in the minds of both the oppressed people and the cunning secret policemen: What would the West do if it came to an armed showdown between the Soviet-backed communists and their East European victims? Many people imagined that the free world would support them, as it had supported the wartime resisters against

Solemn refugees, most of them able to bring out only the clothes on their backs, cross the Austrian border, leaving behind husbands and fathers who stayed to fight.

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Budapest, October 30: A band of Hungarian patriots was unable to restrain a mob of enraged fellow-citizens from taking vengeance on this Soviet-trained policeman.

Hitler. The communists hoped that Moscow, by threatening to unleash World War III if any Western power interfered, would frighten the West into withholding all help. Alas, the communist reasoning proved the more realistic.

The fate of the Hungarian revolution, which broke out on October 23, 1956, was sealed by three factors: The patriots received no help from the West; they lacked leaders and organization; their resistance centers had no means of keeping in contact with each other.

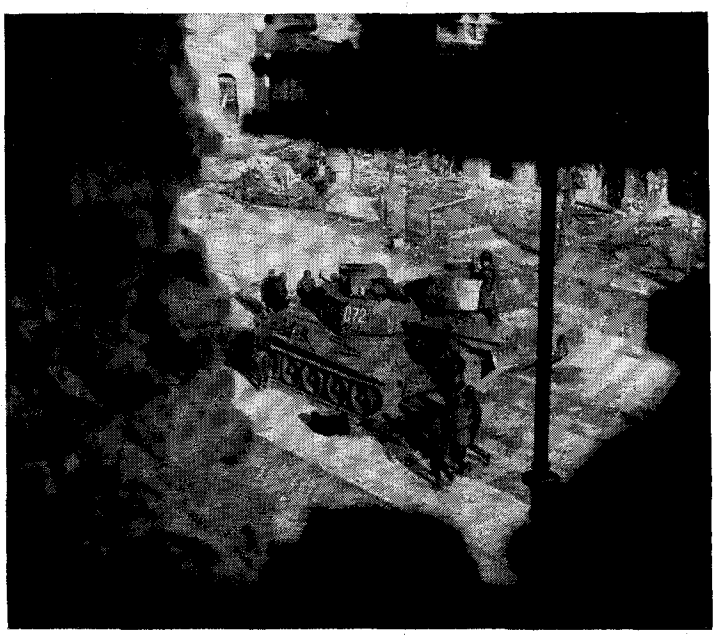
On October 23, 1956, in Budapest 200,000 people—mostly students and young workers—marched past the statue of General Bem, Polish-born hero of the 1848–49 Hungarian revolution. This was supposed to be a silent demonstration, but to the beat of their steps, the marchers chanted two words: "*Ruszkik ki! Ruszkik ki! Ruszkik ki!*" (Russians, get out!) The Stalinist Minister of the Interior, Laszlo Piros, allowed Peter Veress, a Leftist peasant writer, to address the marchers. The bombastic platitudes Veress spouted through a loudspeaker: "The glories of democratic youth . . . the all-out efforts we must make to remedy the mistakes of the past . . . the wonderful future in store for us all," and so on, only annoyed the students. As he would not say that the Russians should get out and that free elections should be held, they howled him down. Veress disappeared speedily.

Then a young man read out: "Our sixteen points—our sixteen immortal demands"; starting with: "The Russians must immediately leave Hungary." He said that free elections had to be held, the secret police had to be dissolved, and so on. There were tumultuous cheers. The marchers and the people watching them embraced one another and became almost hysterical with excitement.

That is when Prof. Istvan Pribéky realized that he was witnessing something far different from "a silent demonstration." By great good luck, he caught up with the engineering-university contingent, and appealed to the 4000 students to follow him. Driving his car very slowly, Professor Pribéky led them back to the university in good order.

As the students entered the big hall—about 7:30 P.M.—the (Continued on Page 88)

Soviet armored patrol: Red tanks blasted down the fronts of houses bearing the sign "Russians, Get Out!"—then shot up the rubble to be sure there were no survivors.



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Rankin poised for a brief moment on the tug's rail, then plunged into the gale-torn sea.

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

Tugboat Annie's Reunion at Sea

Glencannon's old ship was a sight for sore eyes. But when she got aboard, Annie discovered that the steamer's cargo was trouble.

It was the season of violent autumn gales, and savage wind gusts and lashing rain beat out of the stormy night as the salt-rimed old British tramp steamer Inchcliffe Castle, inbound from the U.K. via Panama and Pacific Coast ports, slogged steadily toward the Puget Sound port of Secoma.

In the wheelhouse, as pilot, and giving quiet directions to the helmsman, was Tugboat Annie Brennan, senior skipper of the Deep-Sea Towing and Salvage Company fleet, her broad, weather-beaten face streaming moisture, her big body clothed in beat-up old yellow oilskins, and keen blue eyes twinkling under the rim of a battered sou'wester, while, close abeam, her big tug Narcissus, rolling and pitching in the heavy seas, kept the steamer dogged company.

Ahead, the tiered, rain-blurred lights of the city opened out, and the vessels altered course and headed for the channel, and Annie stepped out again onto the spray-swept bridge and joined the Inchcliffe Castle's jovial, pudding-paunched commander, Captain Ball.

"Ye're gonna hafta anchor fer tonight, cap'n," she said, as the channel light on the loose-rock breakwater grew steadily closer. "We'll stand by till ye drop yer hook; then send one of our smaller rigs to put ye alongside at daybreak."

"Hell's bones, pilot!" said Captain Ball, but his tone was amiable. "It's—ker-hapf—a blasted nuisance, but I suppose, with this wind and tide, there's nothing else to ——"

He broke off suddenly, for from somewhere aft had come a high, strangled cry of alarm, interrupted by a splash, faint and almost lost in the noise of the storm and the sea wash along the steamer's rolling side. And following almost instantly came a wild shout of "Man overboard!"

Annie sprang to the engine-room telegraph and slammed it over; then darted to the rail and bellowed down to the Narcissus, surging close alongside, "Shif'less! . . . Hank!" Her hurricane bellow dominated wind and sea, and shadowy figures ran out onto the tug's reeling deck and stared up. "Tell Peter to git back along the approach, quick! They's a man overboard!"

Quickly the tug butted her way around and, more ponderously, the steamer came about and retraced her course, while the vivid beams of their searchlights swept the churning water.

Meanwhile a seaman had run up on the bridge and reported to Captain Ball. "It's that stowaway agyne, sir!" he exclaimed. "Texas met 'im sneakin' out the galley—yer know Tex, sir; 'im wot served in the Yank Navy durin' the war? Well, Tex says 'e 'arf reco'-nized the cove an' started to speak; an' the feller took one good dekko at 'im, then 'opped right over the blinkin' side!"

"Recognized him?" said Captain Ball, astonished. "Who was he?"

"Tex ain't sure, sir, 'cept 'e does know they wos shipmytes somewheres afore."

"Ah! Quite so—quite so! Thanks, Patterson, that's all!" the shipmaster puffed; and he gave Annie a brief, indignant account of the mysterious stowaway, who, fleetingly, had been seen several times since the vessel left San Francisco, but who had been able, through obviously expert knowledge of a ship's many hiding places, to evade capture.

The vivid beams of searchlights from the Inchcliffe Castle and the Narcissus swept the churning water for the man overboard.

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His eyes roved quickly along the wet deck as though again seeking escape, but Annie planted herself before him.

Equally fruitless was the search now under way, and at length, reluctantly, Captain Ball gave his quartermaster orders to return the vessel to her course.

"I'm afraid it's—er—hopeless," he said to Annie, unhappily. "And just to think—I'd been worrying about the bother and—ker-hem—pother the ship was going to get into over him with the shore authorities. Ah, well . . ." he sighed profoundly. "And now, Captain Brennan, if you'll kindly pilot us to our anchorage ——"

A half hour later, with a roar of chain cable, the Inchcliffe Castle dropped her hook in the comparative shelter of the harbor roadstead and Annie clambered down the swaying, rain-slippery pilot ladder to the Narcissus, and then, as the tug sheered away, clumped up to the wheelhouse and opened the door, letting in a blast of cold, wet air.

Peter, the tug's big, phlegmatic mate, shifted his cud. "Too bad, Annie," he grunted. "That poor guy ——"

"Yeah," said Annie. "Take her out again." She waved her massive paw toward the dark, turbulent sound.

"Out?" Peter goggled. "I thought we was goin' alongside ——"

"We are. But not right away," Annie said, and then announced: "Because that feller ain't bin drownded!"

"Are you crazy, Annie? Look how we searched ——"

"Don't mean a thing! On'y a strong swimmer'd be chump enough to dive into that sea! An' anyways, whiles we was lookin' fer him I seen him swimmin'. Then I ketched a glint o' somethin' crawlin' out on the end o' the breakwater."

"Mebbe it was a seal."

"A two-legged one. That's what he swum like!"

(Continued on Page 56)

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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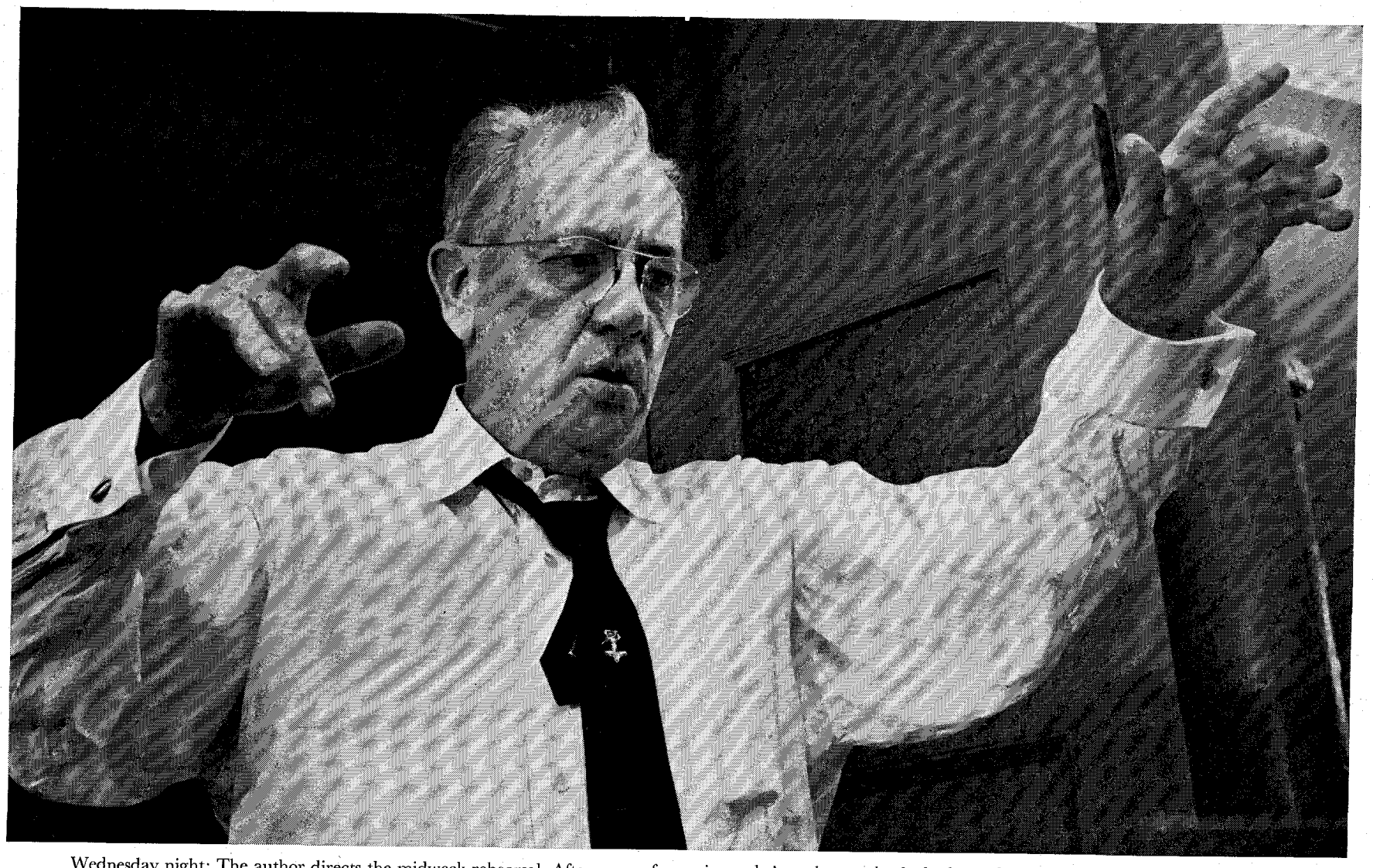

Wednesday night: The author directs the midweek rehearsal. After years of experience, he's no longer shocked when a layman "falls short of being a saint."

Confessions of a Choir Director

This man's job is a holy trial because of tone-deaf preachers and prima donnas who warble off key.

By Maurice Thompson

"The choir is the War Department of the church." That oft-repeated phrase is passed off as a verity. I resent it. "Choir singers are temperamental." I resent that also and don't believe it.

All the way from my tiny home-town church in Oakland, Iowa, which boasted a choir of ten members, to one of Methodism's great congregations, the Galloway Memorial Methodist Church in Jackson, Mississippi, my career as a choir director has been singularly free of squabbles. At Galloway Memorial I now have charge of the music and have a staff of nine professional musicians, including four paid solo voices. I am beginning my eleventh year with this 3500-member congregation and its beloved pastor, Dr. W. B. Selah.

However, choirs do have troubles. When they do, it is my opinion—based upon choir-directing experience in Iowa, Nebraska, Illinois, Kentucky and Mississippi—that they are magnified far more than a misunderstanding in any other department of the church.

The volunteer choir is a very real segment of Americana that hasn't changed much in this era of change. What it does and how it sounds are discussed by millions of people every Sunday on the way home from church or at the noonday meal. Thousands of faithful members trudge to rehearsals on a midweek night, and these same devoted souls are in their places in the choir loft on Sunday. Humbly and self-sacrificingly, they take their places in the Lord's House in their own special capacity. Some aren't blessed with an abundance of talent, and a few have absolutely no talent except for being faithful; and, for some inexplicable reason, the more unmusical members of the volunteer choir are often the most faithful.

A choir's aches and pains stem generally from petty jealousies, directors who are short on music ability and tact, critical reactions from congregations and church boards, and organists and choir directors working at cross purposes. There are also prima-donna choir personalities, to say nothing of interfering pastors, pastors' wives and even such childish things as "squatters' rights" over certain seats in the choir loft.

(Continued on Page 67)

Sunday morning: In the robing room, members of the author's adult choir make last-minute preparations before the service.

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WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT

By MARJORIE LEDERER LEE

It didn't make sense to Joe. Why would a girl spend her whole week's pay on a pair of shoes?

There is nowhere like Fifth Avenue in the spring. Take all your rustic cabins nestled quietly in the green embrace of mountains or cottages with picture-windows facing out on brisk, exhilarated seas. Spring comes easily to such places. You go there—if you go there—expecting to find it, and you do.

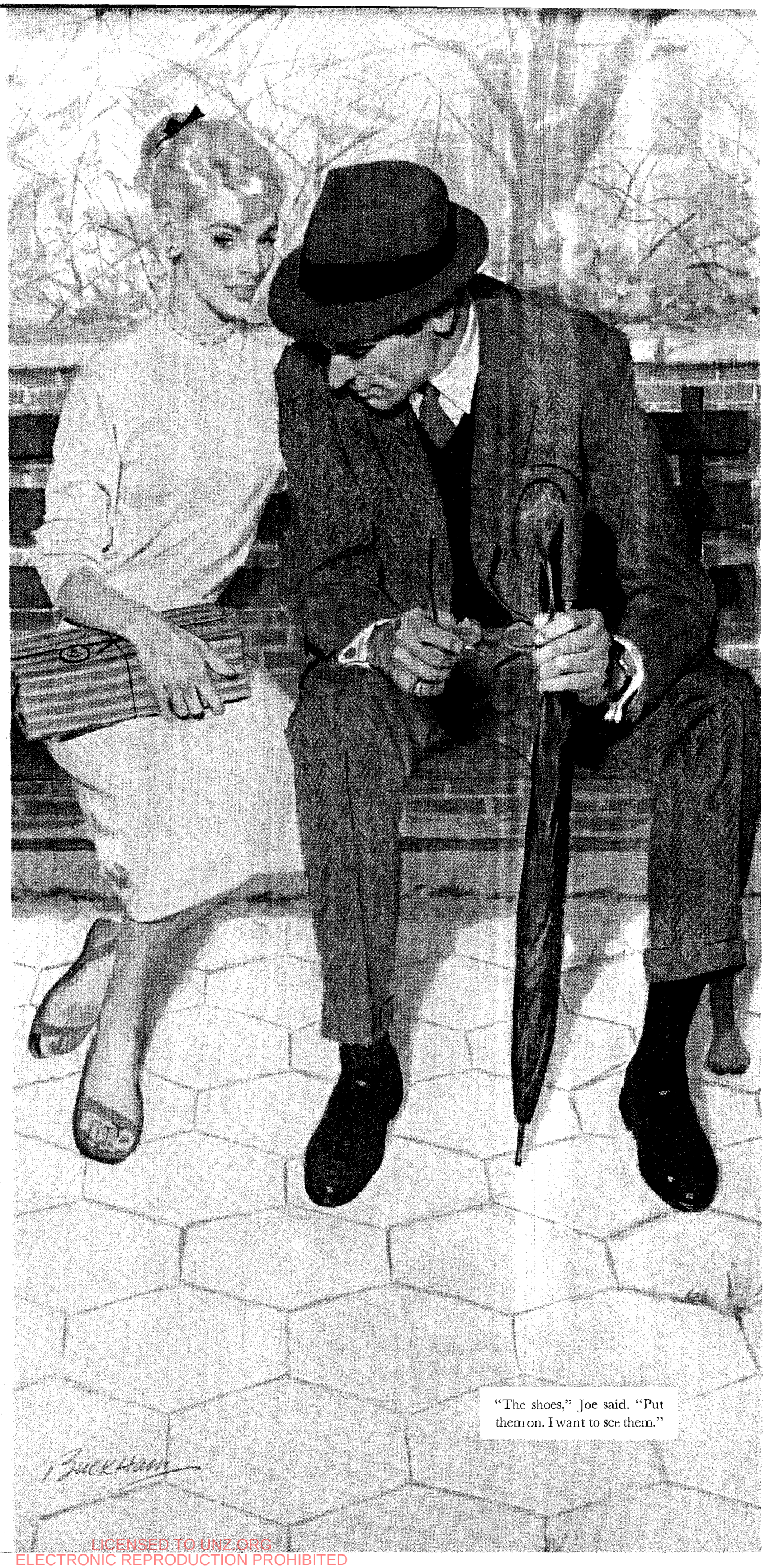
It is the odds against which April pits herself that give New York its special, abstract beauty, and the sudden surprise of her victory which catches in the throats of the city's lovers.

Lin felt all of this as she walked down the street in the Saturday-morning sunlight—aware of the reflected glisten of show windows, the purple violets sold by a tiny, ancient lady in the entrance of a famous shop, and the sculptured strength of Atlas, who, standing diagonally across the avenue, seemed just today to have succeeded in lifting the world above his head.

Maneuvered by the season to a height of supreme perception, she was conscious of everything around her—everything but the fact that of all the high points in the city's landscape, she herself was among the most charming.

She was a tall girl with eyes the shade of brandy and incredibly blond hair caught up like a sheaf of wheat in a narrow grosgrain ribbon. She wore a blond wool skirt and a blond cashmere sweater circled at the neck by a string of pearls. Her legs were slim and smooth, and on her feet she wore flat brown sandals. She was all of a goldenness from head to toe; yet, if asked, she would readily have written herself off as simple.

She walked quickly, as though toward some subconscious destination, and the rhythm of her step was accentuated by (Continued on Page 60)



"The shoes," Joe said. "Put them on. I want to see them."

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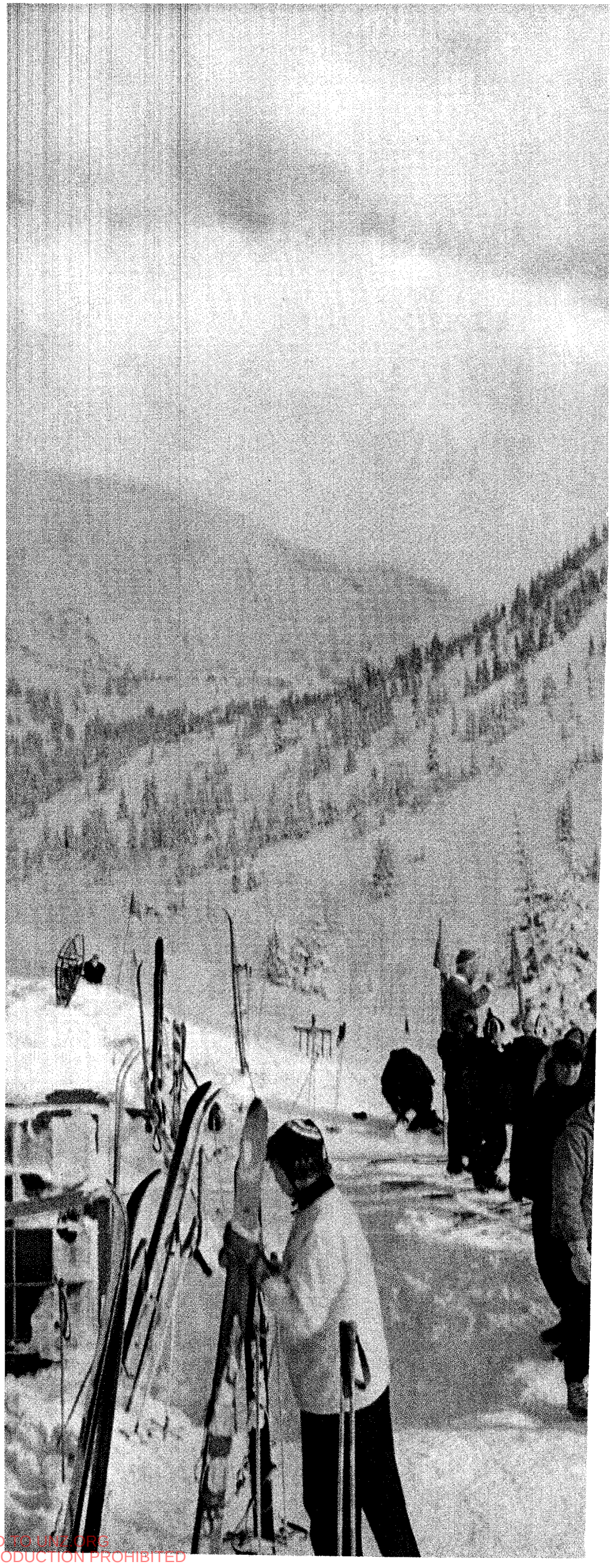

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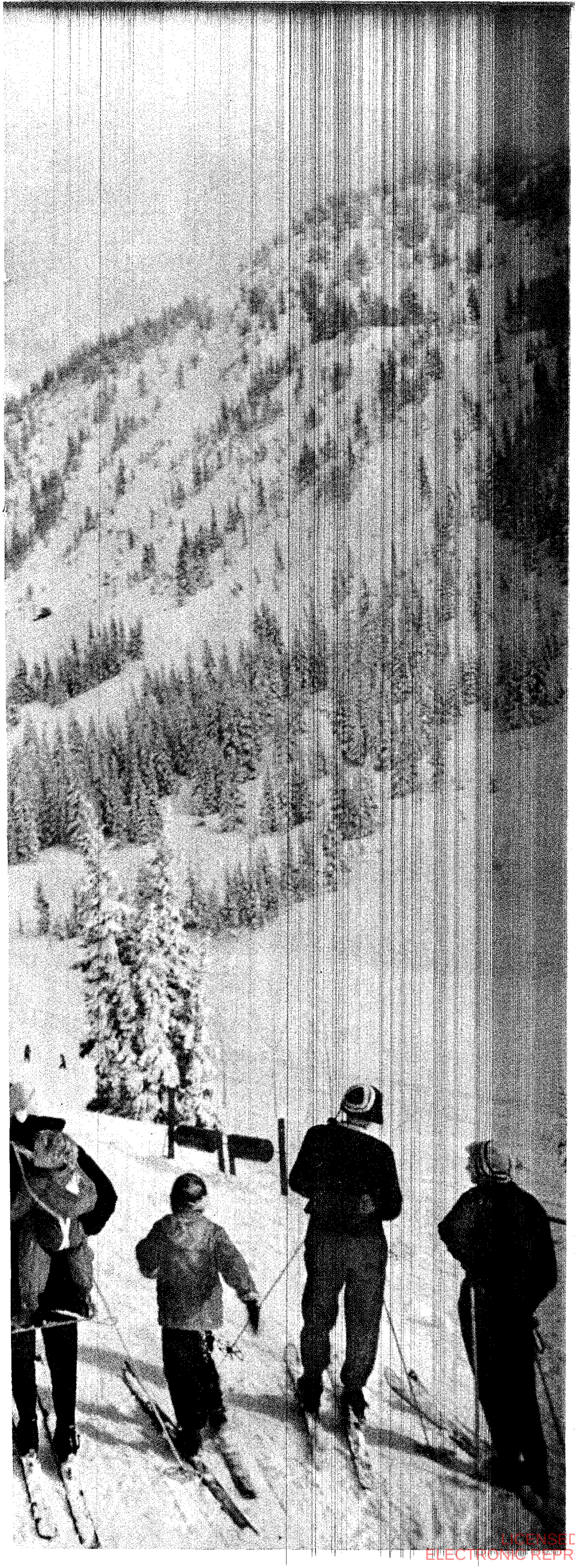

The Face of AMERICA

Winter Playground

There are anywhere from a half million to three and a half million skiers in this country, depending on whether you count only those fanatics who hit the slopes every winter weekend, or include the others who manage to put on their boards only once or twice a year. They range in age from toddlers (note the pickaback skier) to septuagenarians, and they all claim it's the greatest sport on earth. Skiing didn't make much headway in the United States until the late '30's, when the introduction of ski lifts made it possible to zip down a mountain without spending several hours climbing back up. Since then, everything from rope tows to alpine lifts has been built on hillsides and mountains; thousands of rural communities have found that there's gold in them thar hills—carried in by skiers. This is the lodge at Alta, Utah—one of the most famous ski areas in the country, where skiers find knee-deep powder snow from Thanksgiving to May. ● Photograph by Frank Ross

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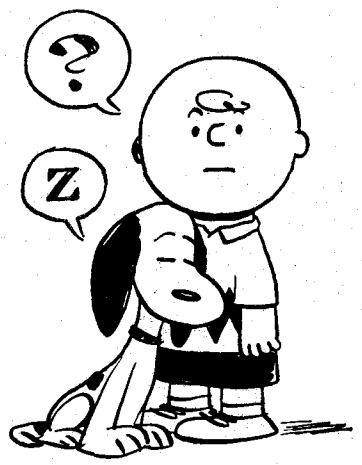
The Success of an Utter Failure

Charles Schulz, creator of Peanuts, casts a wary eye on Central High School, St. Paul, Minn., where he ignominiously flunked four subjects. His alma mater has never asked him back.



Charlie Brown, Schulz's baffled little hero, and Snoopy, one of Charlie's critics.

By Hugh Morrow

How a timid man parlayed his own frustrations and disappointments into wealth and fame, with the aid of a winsome little comic strip—"Peanuts."

Charles Monroe Schulz started his rise to success at an early age by flunking every subject in the eighth grade. Schulz is the creator of Peanuts, a comic strip in which children talk and act like unvarnished adults. This libel on childhood appears in newspapers of some 230 American and fifteen foreign cities, and thus far has pushed Schulz's income up to $50,000 a year. It has also won him millions of fans, many of whom have given him an undeserved reputation as a superintellectual. Professional recognition was added last April when the National Cartoonists Society selected Schulz as Cartoonist of the Year. Schulz was then thirty-three years of age.

All this might never have come to pass if Schulz hadn't been such a miserable failure in the public schools of St. Paul, Minnesota. His advancement toward a successful career received a minor setback during the second year he attended the eighth grade, for he passed that time. But Schulz showed his mettle once again when he reached St. Paul's Central High School. There he triumphantly flunked freshman algebra, sophomore Latin and English, and junior-year physics, the last with a grade of flat zero. This, he recalls contentedly, won him the honor of being the worst physics student in the history of the school.

Socially, his high-school career was equally distinguished. His presence in the school was an occasion of universal apathy. He never dreamed of asking a girl for a date, for he was confident the answer would be negative. While he did make the golf team, he lost his only important match—and then lost the consolation round as well. Life was one grand snub; Schulz was astonished if anyone from the school said hello to him outside school hours. Even his natural early talent at drawing was ignored, for all of the cartoons he prepared for his class graduation annual were rejected.

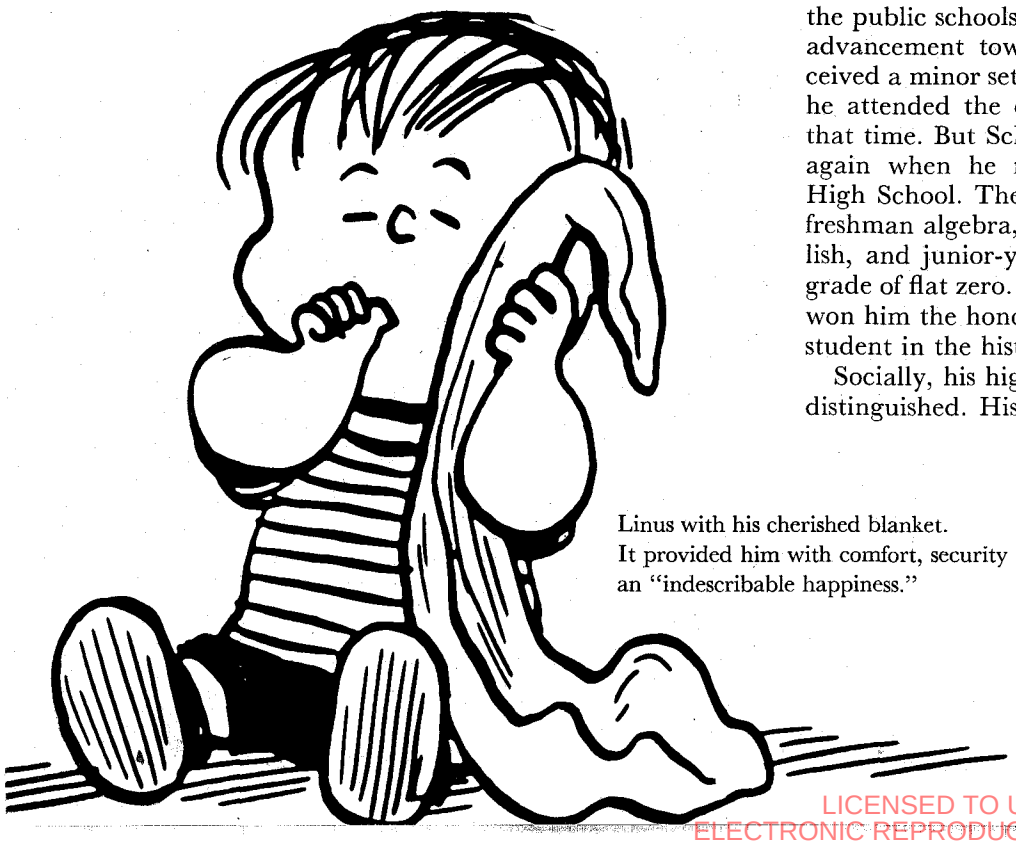
"I wasn't actually hated," Schulz reminisces. "Nobody cared that much."

Ten years later, Charlie Schulz's memories of his days as a schoolboy failure shaped the personality of Charlie Brown, the round-headed little boy who heads the cast of remarkable small fry in Peanuts. Charlie Brown is the epitome of nonachievement, the boy who strikes out at the crucial moment of the crucial baseball game. His chief claim to distinction is that nobody else ever lost 10,000 checker games in a row. His contemporaries in the Schulzian world plan parties solely for the privilege of not inviting Charlie Brown. Two of the little girls in the comic strip find they have something in common—they dislike the same things about Charlie Brown.

"We should wear uniforms," they agree.

Charlie Brown has brought Charlie Schulz such fame that he now must travel from his home in Minneapolis to New York City to be snubbed properly, such fortune that he worries about the income tax. Charlie Brown has become a national symbol of the little man who defeats life's comic outrages simply by surviving them, who solves his insurmountable problems by determined inactivity. As such, he is a comforting and popular figure.

Schroeder is a musical genius. Lucy's overtures fail to win him from her competitor, Beethoven.



Linus with his cherished blanket. It provided him with comfort, security and an "indescribable happiness."

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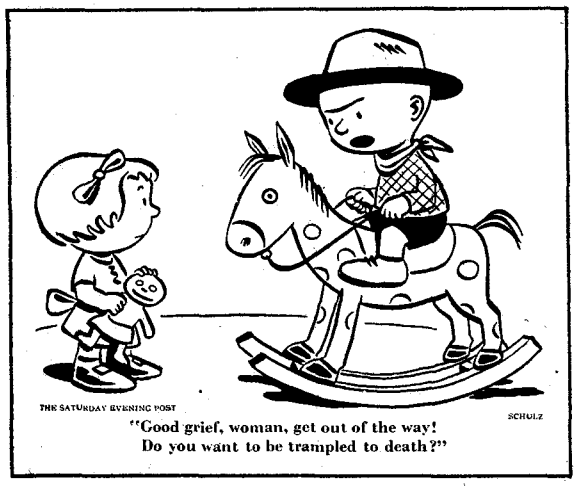
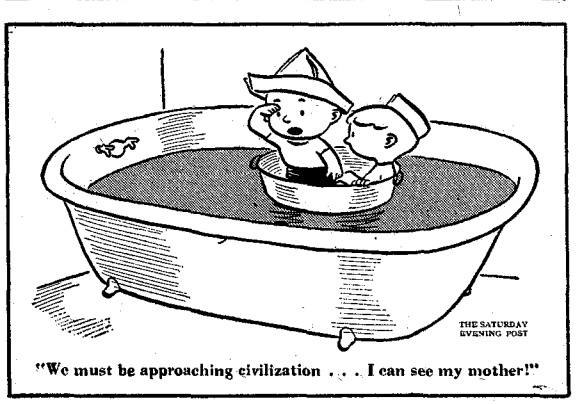
Schulz and his father, a St. Paul barber for 39 years, admire the cartoonist's $4000 monthly pay check.

Above: The cartoonist, his wife, Joyce, and their four children ride the playroom train at their Minneapolis home. Schulz insists that his own kids are not the inspiration for his cartoons. "Peanuts" is the name of the strip (below), not of anyone in it. Schulz hates the title. He wanted to use the name "Li'l Folks," but that belonged to another cartoonist, and Peanuts was the syndicate's choice.

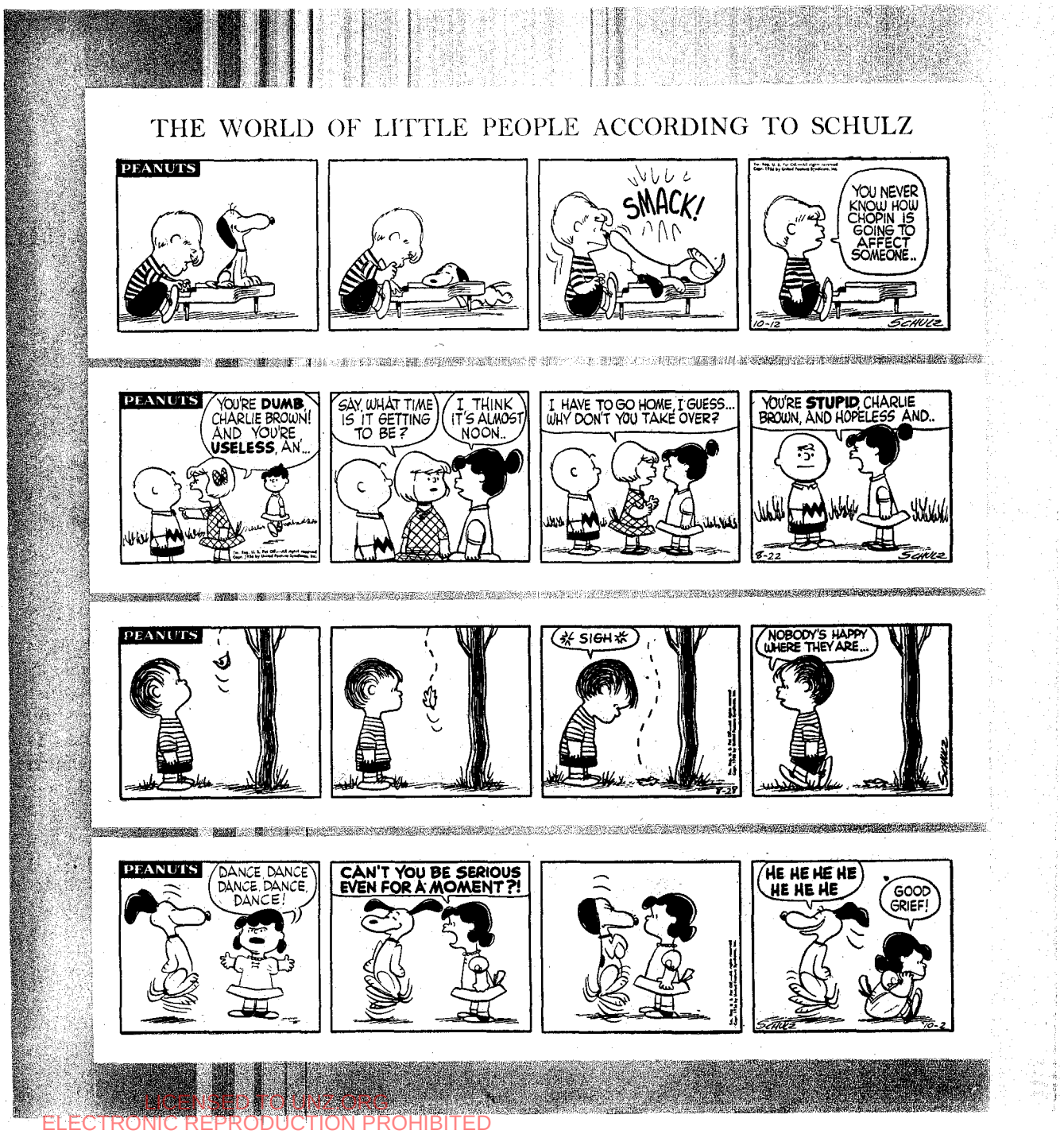




Two 1948 Post cartoons by Schulz. Since Peanuts was syndicated in 1950 three book collections have appeared.

By all external appearances, Charlie Schulz himself is anything but a Charlie Brown. Schulz is half an inch under six feet tall, carries a well-distributed one hundred and seventy-five pounds, has blue eyes and dark blond hair. He is personable, entertaining and gregarious within the bounds of reason. Everyone laughs at the right places when he makes a speech at a women's club or similar gathering—though they still haven't invited him back to talk at Central High School in St. Paul.

His home is a large, solid white stucco with red trim, standing (Continued on Page 70)


THE WORLD OF LITTLE PEOPLE ACCORDING TO SCHULZ
PEANUTS
SMACK!
YOU NEVER KNOW HOW CHOPIN IS GOING TO AFFECT SOMEONE..
10-12
SCHULZ
PEANUTS
YOU'RE DUMB, CHARLIE BROWN! AND YOU'RE USELESS, AN'...
SAY, WHAT TIME IS IT GETTING TO BE?
I THINK IT'S ALMOST NOON..
I HAVE TO GO HOME, I GUESS... WHY DON'T YOU TAKE OVER?
YOU'RE STUPID, CHARLIE BROWN, AND HOPELESS AND..
8-22
SCHULZ
PEANUTS
SIGH
NOBODY'S HAPPY WHERE THEY ARE...
PEANUTS
DANCE, DANCE, DANCE, DANCE, DANCE!
CAN'T YOU BE SERIOUS EVEN FOR A MOMENT?!
HE HE HE HE HE HE HE
GOOD GRIEF!
SCHULZ
10-2

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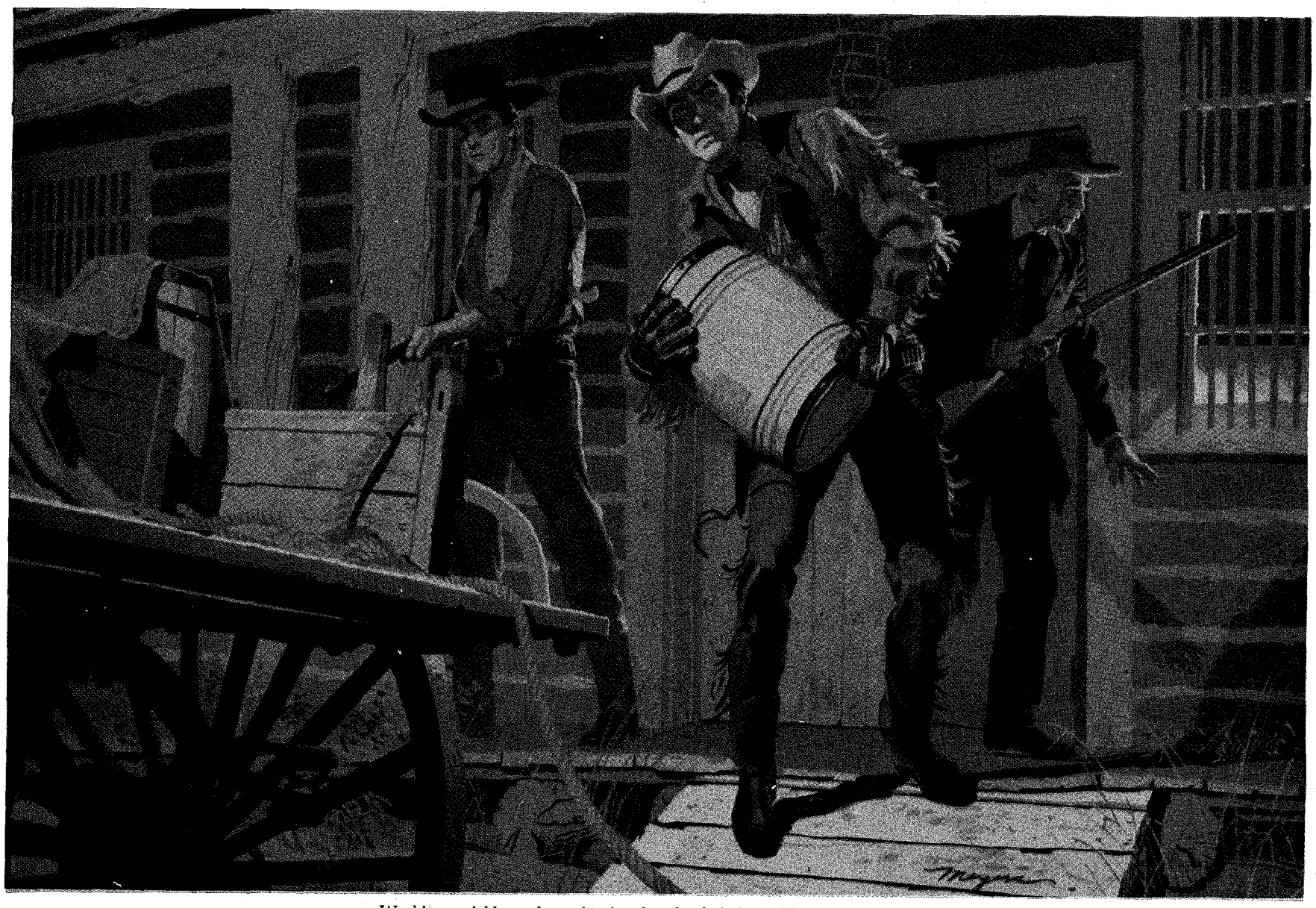

Working quickly and cautiously, they loaded the gold onto the wagon.

Treachery at Rock Point

What was behind this furtive midnight visit to the bank?

By PETER DAWSON Illustrated by Robert Meyers

"Ned, we've got this thing licked!" Speer shouted. "No one will dream of our moving this stuff until the trains are running again, so we'll smuggle it out on the boat!"

Will Speer had returned to Rock Point, now site of a gold boom, after two years as a civilian cavalry scout. Meanwhile, a $5000 gambling debt had forced Ned Oakes, his partner in the stage line, to take on the scheming Lyle Danbo, who then blackmailed Oakes into tipping him off when the stages were carrying out the bank's gold.

After the gambler had ostensibly given back his partnership, Will persuaded bank officials he could get the gold through to Leesville. Oakes, hoping it would be for the last time, tipped off Danbo. In the holdup which followed, Will killed the hostler, Worts, but the gambler and Kelso got away. When Danbo discovered the loot was only half what he expected, he insisted the tip-offs continue.

Meanwhile, heavy rains washed out the railroad lines to the east, and the bank's gold deposits were mounting dangerously. It was when Carrie Knight, Ned Oakes' fiancée, proposed that Will join them for a trip downriver on the packet Belle, that Will knew how he could sneak out the gold safely.

IV

Crow Track's headquarters sprawled across a sixty-acre pocket in the pine timber at the head of a vast meadow of wild timothy a mile and a half removed from the Rock Point-Leesville road. Will brought the brown gelding along the track leading to the layout just short of eight o'clock the next morning. His first glimpse of the clutter of outbuildings and corrals roused a sharp nostalgia in him. His years of working on Crow Track had made it seem more like home than any other place ever would or could be, probably because it

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had been during that interval that he had grown into manhood.

He brought the gelding down the lane at a smart jog, lifting a hand to a pair of men working alongside a head-high stack of cordwood at the wood lot as he went by. Beyond the big hay barn the track climbed past the log bunkhouse to a low bench, at the far end of which lay the main house.

It made an imposing structure with its white two-storied porch running the length of all four sides. Will could clearly recall that the deep-set windows were fitted with heavy inside shutters slitted for the use of rifles. He could also remember the kitchen's square-puncheon floor which had been laid two years before the random-width pine of the doweled flooring in the other downstairs and upstairs rooms.

He found Tom Knight working on the ranch ledger in the office to the rear of the house's kitchen corner. Because he saw Carrie coming toward the house he unceremoniously announced his reasons for being here and quickly told Tom of his notion about the bank's using the Belle as a way out of its difficulties, finishing by saying, "Here comes Carrie. Don't know whether you want her to know about this or not."

Tom's glance narrowed and in another moment he was shaking his head. "No. She'd never give it away on purpose, but let's don't run the risk." He smiled broadly then, clenching a fist and striking the desk top a solid blow. "Will, you've pulled this thing out of the fire! We'll get by with it!"

"Will Baker go along with the idea?"

"Why wouldn't he, especially when it's such a sure-fire thing?"

By the time Carrie came into the room, Tom had put a rein on his excitement and was able to keep a straight face as the girl eyed first her father, then Will. "Just what deviltry are you two cooking up?" she asked.

Will arched his brows in a look of offended innocence. "Deviltry? Us two? Nothing like it. Haven't laid eyes on the place since I got back, so I thought I'd just stop by and give it a gander. Anything wrong with that?"

"Nothing. Except that it's twelve miles out and twelve miles back. And you're supposed to be a busy man."

"Carrie, where's your manners?" Tom Knight put in gruffly. "Must you always be the brat and horn in when you're not wanted? Suppose we were talking business?"

"So-o," she breathed gloatingly. "You are up to something."

Will, knowing her as well as he did, could see that they would somehow have to satisfy her curiosity. He thought he knew of a way, and now told her, "Guess we are, Carrie. I've come after the wagon we're taking to Elkton on the Belle."

"We?" she echoed, her eyes opening wider. "Then you're making the trip?"

He nodded. "Got to thinking about it last night. With the trains not running, there's no real reason why I shouldn't. Then there's the horses to be thought of."

She was puzzled in seeing what he was getting at. "What horses?"

"The ones we're going down after. Ned isn't too sharp when it comes to having a wind-broke nag or two palmed off on him by as good a horse trader as Tom. So I thought to tag along and see we got our money's worth."

Carrie suddenly reached over to her father's desk and snatched up a shot-filled leather paperweight. Will ducked as she threw it. Then the two of them burst out laughing. And Tom Knight, watching all this from his chair at the desk, chuckled softly and thought, *Why couldn't she have picked someone like Will?*

Presently the three of them left the house and walked down to the wagon shed below the bunkhouse. As they came in on it, Tom Knight said, "We'll have a nice tidy load. Two men'll be wintering on the layout down there, so we'd best take along three or four crates of preserved stuff from the cold cellar. Then there's block salt, say two dozen cakes. Eight or ten spools of barbwire—you'll have to get part of that in town, Will, along with a keg of staples. And—oh, yes, one of Billy Price's new hogsback stoves with ten foot or so of chimney pipe. Can you think of anything else, Carrie?"

"Flour, salt, side pork ——"

"The men can buy all that cheaper down in Elkton," Tom told Carrie. "We'll go in late this afternoon and spend the night at the hotel. Hargutt will want to be starting downriver at the crack of dawn."

Carrie looked at Will. "Do we take along shotguns for a try at grouse?"

He nodded. "And you said something about a rod. If Tom doesn't object."

"Two rods," Tom put in. "One apiece for you and me. If I remember right, the last time we wet a line I beat the tar out of you."

This pleasant interlude was the kind Will had been hungering for. Tom and Carrie Knight were comfortable people to be around, cheerful people. They unconsciously put a man at his ease by being so natural and straightforward, this in striking contrast to Ned's changed manner that seemed invariably to put a man on edge without his quite knowing why.

He was going to enjoy the trip down the river, especially since he had last night found at least a partial answer to Ned's nervousness and short temper. From now on he could blithely ignore any of Ned's quirks that might otherwise cause friction, and he had the hope that Carrie and Tom could do likewise if any unpleasantness came along.

Once Tom's crewmen had a team hitched to the wagon, they drove on up behind the house to the root cellar and began loading. Carrie insisted on packing the food crates, having her own ideas about what canned fruits and vegetables should be taken along. Finally, with the food loaded, they went into the kitchen and spent a quarter hour over coffee. When they climbed into the wagon to drive on down to the storehouse, Will was in hopes that Carrie would remain at the house, for he wanted to talk to Tom about the details of loading the wagon at the bank tonight. But Carrie tagged along to help them load the salt and the heavy spools of barbwire.

This last was hard work, and Will marveled at Tom Knight's ruggedness in staying with it. Will glanced at Carrie. "Can't you make him slow down?"

"Just try and make him. He's knuckle-headed and won't listen. So I gave up long ago."

The two men filled their pipes and stood there making idle talk, both hoping that Carrie would lose interest and go on up to the house so that they could make plans for seeing Baker and for the night. But the girl didn't leave—in fact, seemed to enjoy listening to them.

So presently Will gave up and climbed into the wagon, announcing, "Time to go."

They rode along with him to the house, where he got (Continued on Page 73)

Carrie and Will held their horses in to a walk, in no hurry at all to make time.

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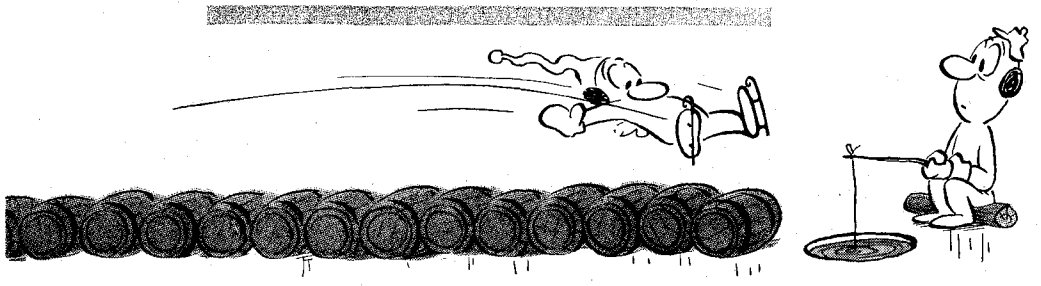
Post Scripts



Letters You'd Better Get Over With

Jan 12

Dear Cousin Kay,

Heavens, I can't believe it's January 12 already and I still haven't thanked you for the delightful ceramic ~~dooristo cookie-jj cuspid~~ ceramic. The modern c eramic work is so interesting, I think, and the colors of this ~~xxx~~ one are just beautiful.....

Jan. 12

Jim - Dandy Youth Publications
Box 4207 New York NY.

Dear Sirs,

My aunt Miss Carrie Lundy gave me a suscription to The Growing Boy for Christmas I notice that you print other magazines too and so I would like to change it to Bill Blaze Space Demon and if there is any difference in price send it to

Herbert Lundy Jr.
13150 S.W. Fielding Rd.
Oswego Oreg.

as I do not want to bother Aunt Carrie....

327 Edgewood Dr,
Clayton, Mo.

12 January 1957

Olds & Frank
6th & Union
City

Credit Dept.

Gentlemen:

My wife has asked me to straighten out the matte r of the enclosed bill with you as there seems to be some confusion. On Dec. 12 last my wife bought an imported homespun jacket for me in your Men's Dept. for $79.95 but decided she did not like the color so returned it, for Credit, and got a cashmere coat in the Ladies' Dept ($99.95) putting it on a Contract Payment Plan, also a cotton flannel bathrobe from Men's Dept. for $9.95 which she put on the Charge Acc't. However you charged me for the men's sports jacket too which ~~I~~ we do not have. Please adjust this. Also would like to lump these other payments together and take out one of your Whirling Charge Acc'ts on which I understand I pay $10.00 (Ten Dollars) a month until.....

Mont Clare, Pa.
Jan 12 — 57

Dear Aunt Mary and Uncle Hal —

Thanks so much for that enormous, lovely box of western holly! It arrived just yesterday — I guess The Post Office has been swamped The past few weeks — but as I said to John this morning, it just seems to make Christmas come all over again! —

3173 Greer Road
Palo Alto, Calif.
Jan. 12, 1958

Marv-L-Kitch-N Products Corp.
Woodworth Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

For Christmas I received one of your "Fry-Isserie" combination deep-fat-fryer & rotisseries but unfortunately threw the directions away with the wrappings. Would like to know, can you French-fry the potatoes and cook chicken at the same time, as when I tried this the chicken just whizzed around and fell into the fryer. Also there is a red button beside the Heat Control dial and when I pushed this the kitchen lights went out. Will you please tell me.....

"Tom was laid off again."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Dearest Bill — Ivy Hall

Honestly if you aren't the greatest! The belt is simply adorable — where'd you find it? I'll

Ivy Hall

Dearest Don —

Honestly if you aren't the greatest! The bracelet is simply adorable — where'd you find it? I'll

Ivy Hall

Dearest Al —

Honestly if you aren't the greatest! The sweater is simply adorable — where did you find it? I've absolutely worn it every living minute since Christmas, and ----

PEG BRACKEN

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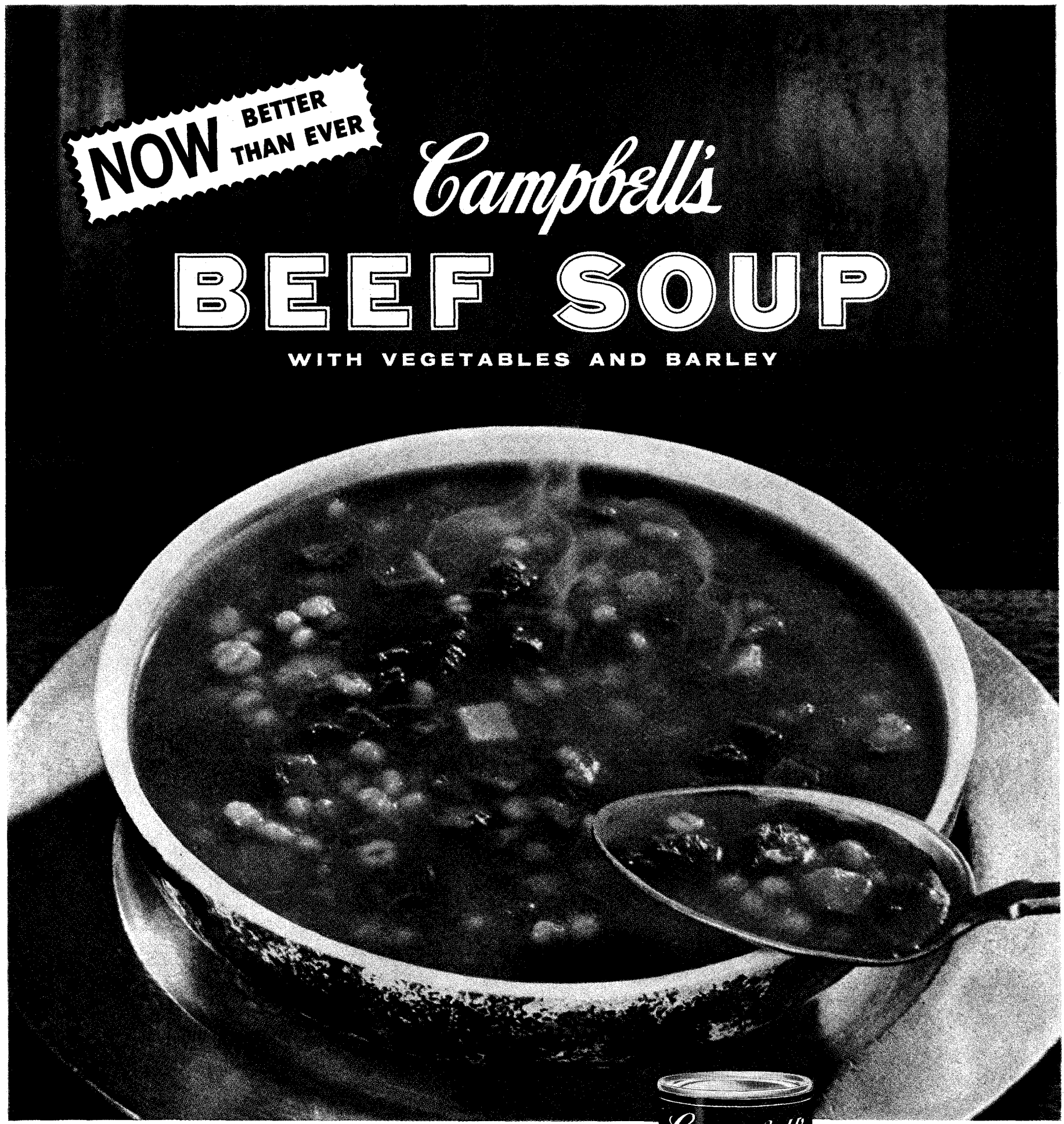


Campbell's Beef Soup has always been a great favorite with millions of families.

But today it's even *better than ever*. When you try some soon—here's what you'll find.

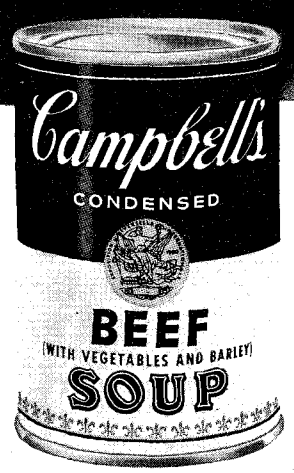
It looks inviting. That's the first thing you'll see—its brown and appetizing color!

It tastes beefier—that's the second thing you'll discover.

The broth is richer. The beef—and there's a lot of it—is fine and lean. Barley adds nourishment—so do carrots, potatoes, celery, onions and the Campbell Tomato.

In short, you should try this improved Beef Soup immediately. Put it on your shopping list. It's a soup you will have again and again. You'll find it a great family soup—the kind *everybody* enjoys.

Why don't you have a big bowlful of Campbell's Beef Soup today. *It's better than ever!*



SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS

VITAMINS, MINERALS and LIQUIDS —for general well-being

PROTEINS—for upkeep and growth

CARBOHYDRATES—for energy

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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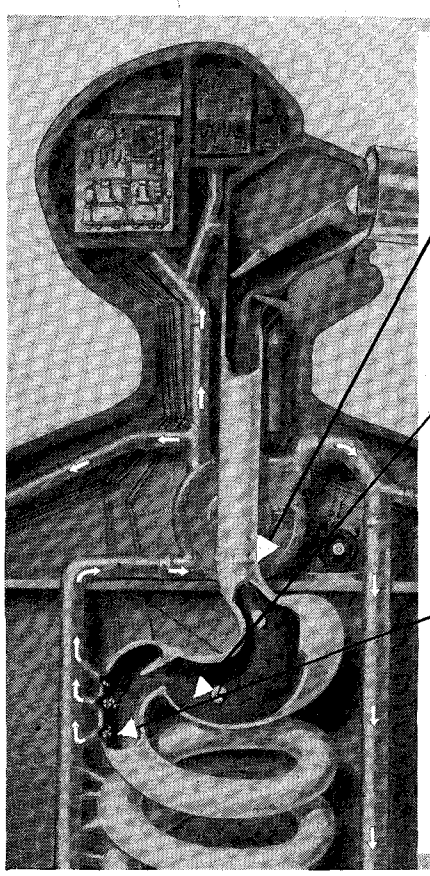
If you've been taking aspirin for colds...remember—



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

BUFFERIN®

✔ **acts twice as fast as aspirin**
to relieve cold miseries and headaches!

✔ **won't upset your stomach**
as aspirin often does!

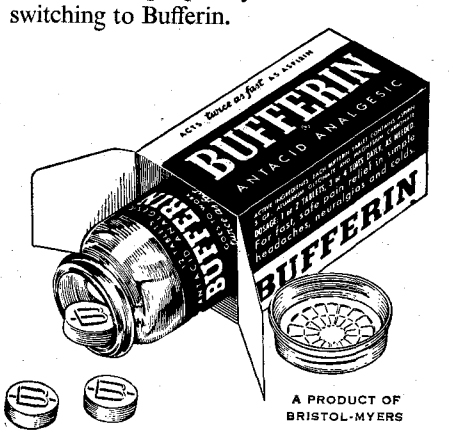
Medical research shows that most cold sufferers stop taking pain relievers before getting completely rid of a cold.

Why? Many people find that ordinary pain relievers, taken over prolonged periods of time, cause upset stomach.

That's why you need Bufferin. It acts twice as fast as aspirin, yet is so gentle and safe you can take it over prolonged periods without fear of upset stomach.

It means this—from the first sniffle of a cold, right through until the last cough, you can count on Bufferin for fast, wonderful relief.

P.S. Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve headaches and other pains, too! No wonder people by the millions are switching to Bufferin.



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

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RENDEZVOUS IN TOKYO

Jack wanted the satisfaction of killing this man personally.

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

Jack Rhyce was reluctant to use Ruth Bogart to bait the trap for Big Ben, but there was no alternative.

Both Jack and Ruth were United States Intelligence agents. They had come to Tokyo to help Bill Gibson smash a communist plot. Gibson learned that the Reds were planning to assassinate a prominent Japanese politician and make it look as though the Americans had done the job.

The plot was being master-minded by a Russian named Skirov. However, the Red actually carrying out the scheme was known to be an American. His cover name was Ben Bushman. Finding Big Ben was Jack's mission.

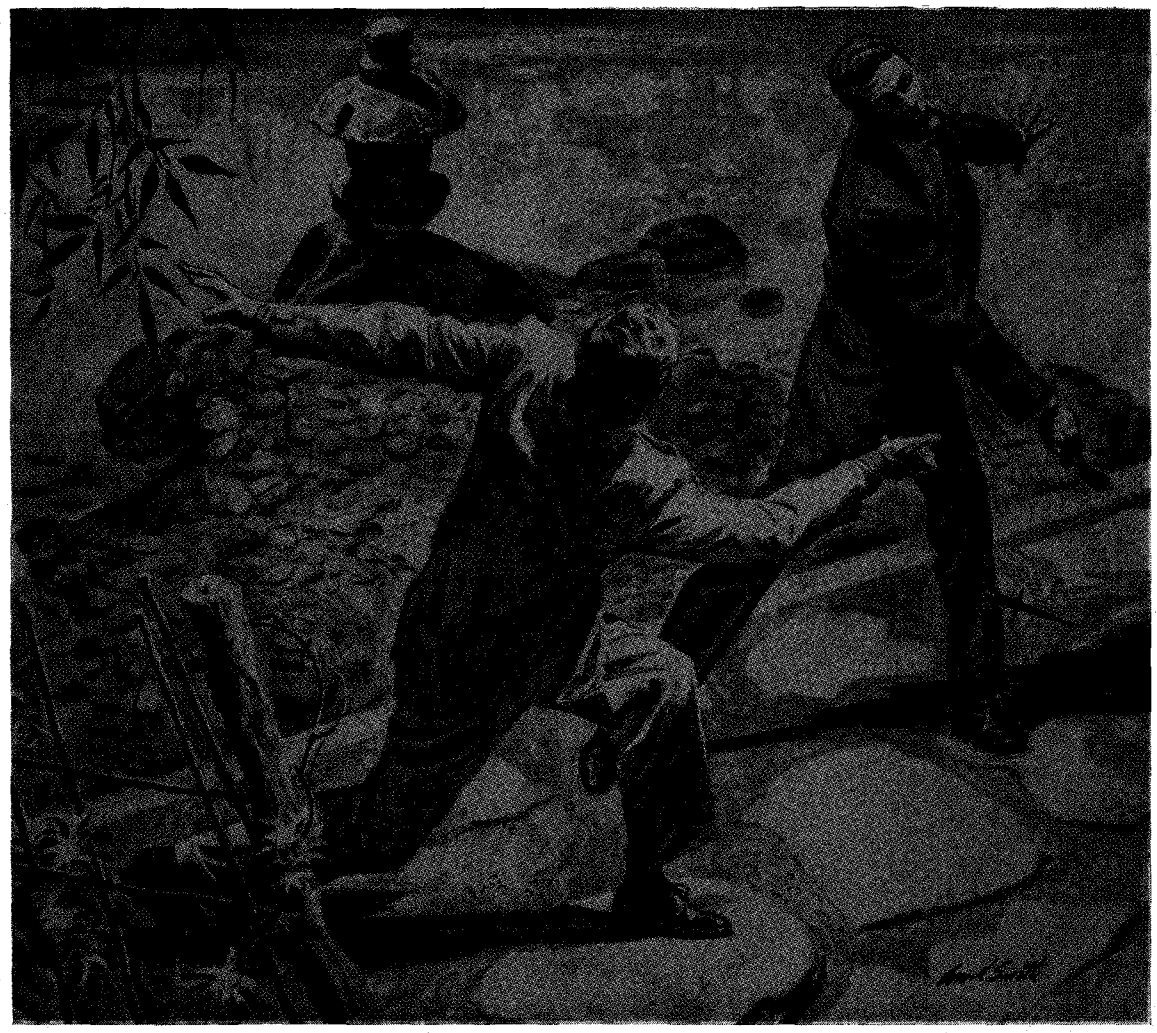
For their mission, Jack and Ruth played the part of an infatuated young couple who had come to Japan to work for the Asia Friendship League. The league's Tokyo chief, Harry Pender, was, it developed, a communist agent. However, he was completely unsuspicious of Ruth and Jack.

Gibson told Jack that it was too dangerous for them to meet in Tokyo. He arranged to see Jack and Ruth at a mountain retreat outside the city. Jack had discovered who Big Ben was, and now he and Gibson were to plan their next step.

Before they could meet, however, Gibson was killed. The job was obviously the work of Big Ben. He, too, had been at the hotel, where he had become very friendly with Ruth and Jack. Ruth pretended to be attracted by Ben, and he fell for her act.

With Gibson's murder, the Japanese secret police, under a Mr. Moto, tried to close in on Big Ben. He escaped, but, before leaving, he gave Ruth his phone number and told her to call him.

In Tokyo, Ruth arranged to meet Ben. She stayed at the hotel while Mr. Moto and Jack went to pick up Ben. When Ben failed to appear, Jack realized they'd been tricked. He tried to call Ruth, and when she didn't answer, he knew she had been abducted by the Reds.



Before Big Ben could move, Jack was on top of him, and his blackjack had struck the knife out of Ben's hand.

CONCLUSION

There were four of them in the car, two Japanese in front, and he and Mr. Moto behind. They sat in rigid silence until they were allowed by the traffic at the Zimbashi station.

"I'm so very sorry," Mr. Moto said.

The remark jangled against the raw edges of Jack's nerves. "To hell with it," he said.

"I did not mean so sorry for you," Mr. Moto said, "as much as so sorry we both were mistaken. I am not being personal, Mr. Rhyce."

"Do you think they got her in the room or outside?" Jack Rhyce asked.

"It would be the room, I think. It would have been worked carefully."

He was relieved by that opinion, because, if true, his asking her to join them was not responsible for what had happened. The car turned into the drive of the Imperial Hotel, and the lotus pool and the low building looked as ugly as his thoughts.

"Let us not appear too worried," Mr. Moto said. "I shall ask a question or two and join you in your room. I think we had better set up the telephone again."

"Why the telephone?"

"Because they will be making contact with you, allowing only time for your return from the Cimaroon. Why else would they have caught her, Mr. Rhyce?"

What had come over him, he wondered, not to have thought of it before? He should at least have conceived of the possibility and have taken suitable precautions. Instead, he had been drawn off as easily as though he had been the third team. At some point something had occurred to give away the show. It might have been something that night in the place called the Main Bar, or it might have been something that morning in the office of Mr. Harry Pender. Some detail had gone wrong somewhere, and now it was futile to guess what it might have been. Neither his mind nor hers had been on the work. They had been thinking about the outside.

He never forgot the appearance of her room. What engraved it so vividly on his memory was that everything was exactly as he had anticipated. The lock of the door had been forced by someone who had examined the lock before, with an instrument that had made it give immediately. The only sign of struggle was an overturned (Continued on Page 48)

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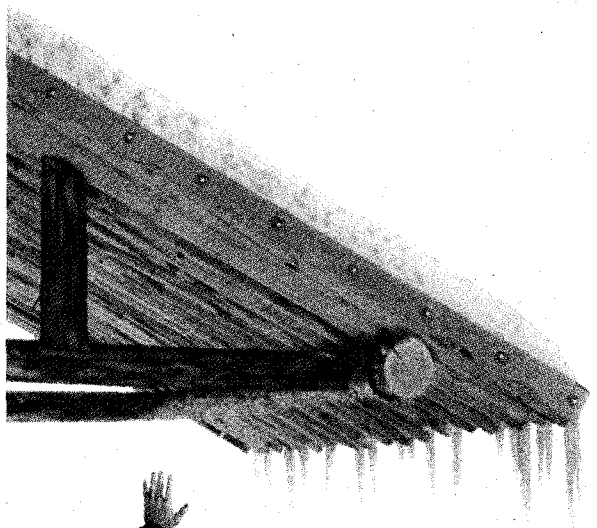
People going places are going Pontiac!*



* It's true . . . Pontiac has that wonderful something that appeals to people stepping out in this world! Part of it is Pontiac's styling—that sleek, fresh, follow-me flair. Part of it is handling—the trigger-quick obedience of Pontiac's sprightly wheels to new precision-touch controls. And certainly part of it is Pontiac's performance—the brisk and breezy action of a brand-new V-8 Strato-Streak engine! Of course, there's the idea, too, of teaming with a sure winner, a new car proved as no other in history in a *100,000-Mile Marathon Run!* It all adds up . . . Pontiac's the car for people going places. Drive it and see for yourself. You'll make a great twosome . . . you and America's No. 1 Road Car!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PROVED BY 100,000 MILES OF RUGGED ROAD TESTS

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Boys Have All the Fun!

(Continued from Page 20)

when the mines were shut and the miners few and there wasn't any school in China Hill.

Ma Gander, who kept the biggest saloon—but a respectable one—bulled her way onto the committee on the claim that she knew a peck and a half more about ladies' clothes than anybody else in town, male or female. But the clincher was that she wouldn't shut up till they did make her a foster parent of Turquoise, and furthermore, anybody who voted against her would be cut off from credit at Ma's Drinking Place next time things got hard and money scarce.

Mining camps were great ones for voting in those early days. They voted a committee for Turquoise and then, when a passing lawyer told them about incorporation and what he called "The legal fiction that a corporation is a person," they voted to incorporate and give Turquoise a legal, if fictitious, parent. So her name was really Turquoise China Hill, but Ben Molay had been quick to point out that she could abbreviate the China to a plain C, drop it altogether or let it dangle around until she married and became Turquoise H. Something or Other. In school—when there was a school—she put Turquoise Hill on her papers.

The lawyer also pointed out that China Hill could, in time, get tired of passing the hat for Turquoise; anybody will cough up for a blue-eyed baby, but a lot of people can get might weary of a teen-age brat. So the whole thing was made legal by the Turquoise City Ordinance. When anybody bought a drink in China Hill, he paid a penny extra, which went into the Turquoise Fund, for maintenance, education and trousseau—Ma Gander's word—said fund to be administered by a committee of three, duly elected by all male residents aged twenty-one or more. Said committee to be obeyed by said Turquoise, with the right of appeal to the general populace, in which case an election was to be held.

Turquoise appealed the pants. It had been a two-to-one vote on the committee. Ma Gander voted skirts because a gal can't learn to flirt 'em too young. Doc Farrigan voted skirts for reasons of decency, as already noted.

Ben Molay voted pants. "It doesn't matter what you wear to school," he said. "It's what you learn there."

It didn't occur to any of the members that the subject they were discussing was still only ten years old. She was at the moment engaged in setting her name and address in ten-point Gothic Old Style.

She set up Turquoise Hill, and then China Hill, and then the name of the state, and United States of America, and North America, The World, Universe. Very pleased with herself, she put the slug on the proof press, inked it and ran off a proof. The unlocked type wobbled a little, but she admired the result anyway.

She left the uncleaned type on the stone for Ben. With Ben, you could do that. Doc would skin you seven ways from Sunday if you used something of his, like his stethoscope, maybe, and didn't put it right back where you found it, the way you found it. But with doc you could say "gonna" or "he don't," and he'd never even notice, and it was for things like that that Ben skinned you.

Men were funny. Now, Ma Gander got mad about real personal things, like yelling when she had a headache or putting dirty hands into the candy jar.

The door to Ben Molay's office opened. Ma Gander yelled, "C'mere, Turk."

So she went in, and the two men wouldn't look at her and she knew right away she was in trouble. Ma Gander said: "From now on, you wear a dress to school. Lord knows you got plenty."

Turquoise let her eyes get wide.

"You can cry if you want to," Ma Gander said. "It's your right."

Turquoise stopped letting her eyes get wide. "Only fun we got in school's climbing ole Two-Man," she said.

Ma Gander's voice sounded like thunder over the ridge, "You sayin' no, young lady?"

Turquoise slowly nodded her head. "Other kids'll laugh at me," she said.

"Let 'em laugh," Doc Farrigan said. "It's dresses the committee voted, an' dresses it's gonna be."

"I—I don't wanna," Turquoise said.

"Want to," Ben Molay said. "Not wanna. Turquoise, you're only ten. You've got to do what we tell you till you grow up."

"Kids gotta learn to respect their folks," Ma Gander said.

"You're—you're not my folks," said Turquoise. "You're nothing but an ole committee."

After she said it, she was scared. She ran out of the office and through the print shop, forgetting to pick up the proof with her name and address on it. She ran all the way to the Farrigans', where she lived, and she pulled off her jeans in a hurry, so she'd be in bed when doc picked up Mrs. Farrigan at the neighbor's and came home. Even if it meant not getting kissed good night, which she liked.

Left behind, the committee looked at one another. "Oughta be spanked," Ma Gander said. "Tell your wife."

"She wouldn't do it," doc said.

"I was when I was that age," ma said. "Never hurt me."

"Me, too" said doc.

"Well," Ben Molay said, "so was I. But who's going to do it? What do you suggest, an elected office of Turquoise spanker?"

"Election," doc said. "That's it. We bin overruled. Town's got to vote on it."

Ma Gander let out a sigh. "Seems like only yesterday she was jest a blue-eyed hunk of something that was always hungry."

"That was yesterday," Ben Molay said. "Rebellion is part of growing up."

"You tell 'em, Ben," ma said. "Sometimes I'm glad to be ignorant."

"I'll run off ballots tonight," Ben said.

"Voting place is my saloon," ma said.

China Hill had its booms. And it had its years of being almost a ghost town. This was one of the in-between times, with about three hundred people in and around town, none of them getting so rich he couldn't take time off from digging and nobody so poor he couldn't buy the drink that etiquette demanded when voting in Ma Gander's.

The election was to be on Sunday night. The committee had met on Thursday night, which left plenty of time for electioneering.

On Friday, Turquoise wore her jeans to school. At noon recess Hayes Moser called her a sissy. "Gonna wear ole skirts from now on," he said.

"Am not," Turquoise said. She was up in Two-Man at the time. Hayes was on the ground, which was a mistake.

He said, "Are, too. My paw says he's gonna vote you gotta, on accounta you're nothin' but an ole tomboy. He says ——"

Any further wisdom of Mr. Moser's was choked off by the descent of Turquoise. The head of the first-born of the Mosers broke her fall nicely. He also split the back of his shirt when Turquoise grabbed his short hair and started pounding his head on the ground.

Turquoise wouldn't have had any trouble if the three other Moser boys hadn't joined in just then. Really, she wouldn't have had much trouble if the Drew family hadn't split for the first time in school history. Max Drew and Turquoise were not quite enough to stand off Herb Drew and the Mosers. Besides the shirt, another casualty resulted: Herb Drew got a black eye.

Ladies didn't vote then, but they were mighty verbal, always excepting Mrs. Farrigan. Mrs. Drew held a spellbound audience at the Friday Evening Literary Club on the subject of "vote skirts and make our sons safe from tomboys."

Mrs. Moser told the buyers in Ingoldsby's General Store that poor little Turquoise wouldn't have a chance against "my little cannibals if the voters hamper her with skirts."

That night Ma Gander had to throw their husbands out for conduct unbecoming gentlemanly drinkers.

On Saturday morning, One-Eye Manton, a gold panner from up Squaw Creek, was found in front of the firehouse nearly frozen to death. He and his partner, Seldom-Seen Peckery, had fought over the Turquoise issue, and Seldom-Seen had kicked him out of their cabin in the middle of the night. After being thawed out, One-Eye reported that he was a Pants advocate and Seldom-Seen a stalwart Skirts man.

Ben Molay announced in the Mercury—special edition—that half-price subscriptions were available to members of the Pants party. Doc Farrigan offered to pull teeth free for duly qualified Skirts voters.

Turquoise spent Saturday trout fishing up near Mica Flats. She caught two trout, one of them eight inches long. The Moser kids got five fish among the four of them, and only the smallest Moser fell in the creek. Max Drew caught a fish almost a foot long.

On Saturday night Ma Gander had to close early before the Pants broke all her fixtures over the Skirts' heads, and vice versa. Harley Mulliday, proprietor of the Golden Nugget, stayed open all night to take advantage of the monopoly, and lost his plate-glass mirror.

When Ma Gander opened at noon on Sunday, she found a group of dry-looking individuals waiting for her thirstily. Skirts, to a man. Seldom-Seen had found out Harley Mulliday was a Pants man, and they were boycotting his place of business.

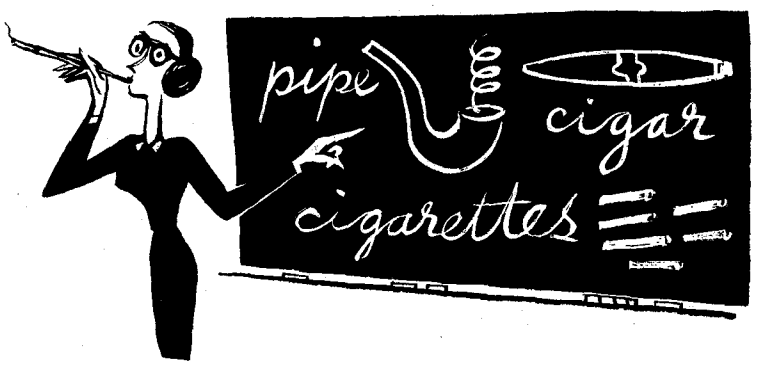
Meantime, Nat Devery, who preached to the United Congregation on Sunday and rocked a long tom the rest of the week, unfortunately mentioned how "the righteous will skirt the cities of the plains."

It couldn't have been worse, as Doc Farrigan told his wife, if Nat had mentioned how pants the hart. Almost half the congregation walked out in a body, and marched on the Mercury office, where they informally petitioned Ben Molay to be their preacher and start a rival congregation.

Ben was on the point of declining when doc happened by and remarked that the good people seemed to be mistaking loudness of voice for pureness of heart. Ben heard this—a deaf man in the next county did, too—and accepted; and then and there held forth for fifteen minutes on the inconveniences of being smitten by the jawbone of an ass.

Things kind of calmed down during the noon period. The only trouble reported was at the Springers', where Ike Springer told Mollie he was going to vote Skirts, come what may, and got a dish of pot roast in his lap for his independence.

At two-fifteen, Jed Franklin, foreman at the Glory Hole, and Hod Laftery, owner of the sawmill, were busily occupied at one end of Ma Gander's bar, swapping employees. Practical men, they figured you couldn't run Pants and Skirts



The Perfect Squelch

The young teachers'-college graduate, interviewed by a small-town school board, answered all questions patiently and politely. She explained why she wished to teach in a small school, what her philosophy of education was, and so on. She and the board appeared to be getting along nicely when a late arrival pitched in. He promptly began a personal inquisition.

"How many weekends a month do you expect to stay in town?" he demanded. "Are you available to sing in the church choir? . . . Do you have a steady boy friend?"

Finally the man said, "As a member of this board, I would like to know whether you smoke."

"Not well enough, sir," she replied evenly, "to teach it."

Frances Grier

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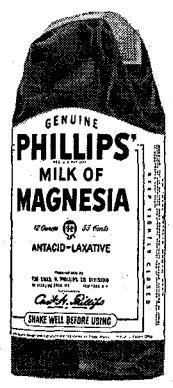
Milk of Magnesia gives more complete relief than *any other laxative* which acts only on constipation... gives *better* relief than *all* of them—because it *also* relieves any accompanying acid indigestion. Three tablespoonfuls taken at bedtime work leisurely. Your sleep is not disturbed. When morning comes you get the relief you need to start the day feeling wonderful. Use Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the best laxative money can buy.



PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

in the same crew, and were exchanging them, one by one.

Meanwhile, Turquoise had collected a stack of sandwiches from Ma Gander's back door and led her crew up Washtub Gulch, where they were building a soddy fort.

The poll opened at two-thirty. By three o'clock, Ma Gander was thinking about hiring a bouncer, for the first time in twenty-five years of saloonkeeping. The only trouble was that there wasn't a candidate in sight who could be counted on to bounce Pants and Skirts indiscriminately. In fact, it looked as if she might have to fire her bartender, Frank Logan, who had taken to asking customers if they were Skirts or Pants before he served them.

She left the ballot box in charge of doc and Ben Molay, when Frank asked a big stranger the crucial question: "Pants or Skirts?"

The big guy frowned at Frank. "I been wearing the former quite a while now, but if you want to make any kind of something about it, come out from behind that bar and we'll talk it over."

Ma charged down the bar, snapping at Frank for the first time in the years he'd worked for her. "Give the man his drink. On the house. . . . Frank didn't mean to rile you, customer. Pants and Skirts are what we're having the election about."

The big guy looked at her. "I was thinking of looking for a job in China Hill. Now I don't know."

"We're not crazy," Ma Gander said. "Though maybe it looks like it. What kind of a job?"

"Mining man," the big guy said. "Name of Josh Harrell. Mucker, driller, powder monkey. My wife an' kids are camped just outside town."

"Wouldn't consider a job as bouncer, would you?"

"Nope. I've always stuck to the mines. What's this voting, now?"

Ma told him about the town being a corporative parent, sort of speaking, and about the blue jeans and all the rest of it.

"No way to raise a kid," Harrell said firmly. "Got three of my own, gal an' two boys, out at my wagon camp right now. It don't do to let 'em think they're too important. . . . Now, if Turquoise was mine ——"

"Pants or Skirts?" ma asked. She was getting a little tired of the whole thing.

"Skirts," Josh Harrell said firmly. "Pants is for boys."

"Go see Jed Franklin over there," ma said; "he's hiring Skirts for the Glory Hole."

"Do I get to vote?" Josh asked.

"When you get a job," ma said, and went back to the ballot box, where Ben Molay and Doc Farrigan weren't talking to each other. She asked doc how many votes were in. Turned out there were a hundred and ninety-eight expected and a hundred and ninety-five deposited. Ma told them about the hundred and ninety-ninth voter who had just registered.

Turned out Ben Molay wasn't talking to her, either, so she went back into her kitchen. She got there just about the time Chan Leong, the cook, was telling Turquoise to get washed up.

Turquoise took her suppers in Ma Gander's kitchen most times, Mrs. Farrigan not caring much about cooking, what with doc not there half the time. The barroom was strictly forbidden to Turquoise, but the committee had agreed that one kitchen was no more wicked than the next, and Chan Leong was a fine cook, best in town.

Ma said, "Did you have fun today, Turkey?"

Turquoise said, "Elegant. We got the walls of the fort up. You an' Leong'll have to come see."

"I bring fried chicken," Leong said. "Now you eat."

"Sure, Leong." The kerosene lamps were lit in the kitchen, and as the little girl sat down, her eyes picked the light up, and ma thought again how Turquoise had got her name. She sat opposite her at Leong's scrubbed table.

"Turkey, you mind all this fuss?"

Turquoise shot her eyes sidewise to make sure Chan Leong, who was particular, didn't see her talk with her mouth full. "What fuss, ma?"

"All this election about your pants or skirts for school."

"All I know is, I ain't—am not—going to wear a dress."

Ma said, "Now, Turquoise. You know the law. You can talk back to the committee, but when the town votes, you gotta stick to it."

"Aw, ma." Turquoise pushed her plate away. "Ma, I ain't gonna—the other kids'll laugh at me. I won't have any fun. I ——"

"You eat." This was from Chan Leong.

Turquoise turned to him. "How'd you vote, Leong?"

Chan Leong shrugged. "I never vote." Which was state law in those days, for Chinese.

Ma Gander said, "In this town, if my cook wants to vote, he votes."

Leong said, "Not my business. In China all girls wear pants. But Turquoise not a China girl."

"How you vote if you did vote?" ma asked.

"That not your business."

Ma said no, she guessed it wasn't. She said, "Well, eat, Turkey. No use yelling till the votes are all counted."

Turquoise said, "Well, you're an old Skirt yourself."

"True enough," ma said. "But women don't vote."

She went out into the bar, strangely troubled.

She said, "Ben, maybe we ain't doin' right."

Ben Molay said, "I was for having the child make up her own mind in the first place."

"Don't you get on your high and mighty with me, Ben."

"Nor you with me," Ben Molay said. "I've been thinking. Turquoise is right on the edge of becoming a young lady. Maybe the fund ought to hire a cook for the Farrigans, so Turquoise can have a proper home."

"You mean have her stop eating here?"

Ben Molay said, "Saloons are not the proper places for young ladies."

He and ma had been friends for twenty years.

Doc Farrigan came and talked, looking right between them, not letting his eyes meet either ma's or Ben's. "Voting seems to have stopped. Let's count up."

A hundred and ninety-eight votes had been cast. Ma looked at the floor and said, "Let's tally. Before we're through, the last voter'll be in."

When they finished they looked at one another. There wasn't a sound in the bar, and nobody had bought a drink since the counting started.

It came out a tie vote. Ninety-nine Pants and ninety-nine Skirts.

Ben Molay cleared his throat. It sounded as if he'd split his vest. "We will now check the roll of voters," he said. "Whoever hasn't voted yet gets to decide."

"He'd better decide Skirts," Jed Franklin said.

"Not if he wants to work in the sawmill," Hod Laftery announced.

They'd only been friends for five years, but real close friends. "Andy Anderson," Ben Molay called out.

"I voted Pants," Andy said.

"No need to announce how you voted," Ben Molay said. "Just if you did. Joe Alexander."

"He ain't here, but I saw him put his ballot in," somebody yelled.

It went that way down the list. Till they got to the *L*'s.

"Chan Leong," Ben Molay said. "That ought to be under the *C*'s, by the way."

"He's not voting," ma said. "He doesn't think it's any of his business."

Doc Farrigan said, "He's a citizen of this town. Let him vote."

Ben Molay's voice had a sharpness doc had never heard before. "You must figure he'll vote Skirts." Then he added, "The Chinese are notoriously conservative."

Ma looked from one of her ex-friends to the other, and then she went out to the kitchen. "Go home, Turquoise," she said. "G'wan. Scamper."

"I heard," Turquoise said. "You're going to make me stop eating here."

"That was just Ben's talk," ma said.

Turquoise's blue eyes were clouding. "Aw, ma."

"It'll all turn out all right," ma said. She watched the little girl run out into the night. It had been a wonderful ten years, but —— She got her old brisk manner back on and said, "You've got to vote, Leong. It's a tie if you don't." The cook looked at her. "It came out even," ma said. "The town is counting on you to decide."

"Queen of spades!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Leong said, "I don't think so."

"You mean you don't think you'll do it or you mean the town doesn't want you to?"

"Both," the Chinese said.

"Scared?"

"Yes."

Ma could see that. There was a lot of feeling against the Chinese in those days. They were supposed to work for two cents a day and take the jobs out of other people's lives. There'd never been any feeling in China Hill against Chan Leong—it was funny, she'd never thought of the name in connection with him before—but he would have heard of trouble in other places.

Then she thought of the silence out in the bar, of Ben Molay and Doc Farrigan not talking to her or to each other any more, and Jed Franklin and Hod Laftery threatening each other. If Chan Leong didn't vote, the tie would stand until somebody new moved to China Hill, and that might be weeks. The town couldn't stand the strain. There'd be a killing.

She said, "You've got to vote, Leong."

He took a rag and started wiping the top of his chopping block. It seemed like a long time before he answered. Then he said, "You're the boss," and went into the barroom and voted Pants.

Half the men in the bar looked at him with pretty mean eyes when it was announced. Chan Leong went back to his kitchen and picked up his cleaver and took it to bed with him.

Doc Farrigan went up to Turquoise's room when he got home. She was lying on her pillow with her eyes closed, the picture of the innocent child. But when he'd stared at her long enough, she had to giggle, and that gave it away.

"How'd it come out?" she asked.

"It was a tie," he said. He sat down on the edge of the bed and flipped her bangs with the tip of his finger. "People feel pretty hard about it all."

"What's that mean? Do I gotta wear skirts or don't I?"

The doctor sighed. "Not unless you want to," he said. "Chan Leong came out of the kitchen and broke the tie. You're at liberty to wear your jeans to school."

"Oh, boy."

He stood up, picked up the lamp he'd brought up from his office. "Maybe Chan Leong will have to leave town."

"Oh, gosh, doc. You act like all the people in this town are kids. Why, Hayes Moser wouldn't be that dumb, to get all worked up like this." She laughed. "And he's the dumbest thing I ever knew."

"Good night, Turquoise." Doc went down to his office and stretched out on his couch. Mrs. Farrigan, who never talked much, went and got him a half pint of medicinal spirits.

So Turquoise went to school in her blue jeans the next morning. Mrs. Drew, seeing her, sniffed. And Mrs. Josh Harrell, taking her own daughter and her two sons up to the school, was heard to say that she wasn't at all sure Josh had done well, getting a job here; she didn't know if she wanted her children going to school with a wild tomboy.

Mostly it was just the women that day, the men not being in town. But out at the Glory Hole and the sawmill and where two or three men were working together, placering, the talk had veered off Turquoise and onto Chan Leong. A lot of men who hadn't thought about it at all began to wonder if they wanted their important affairs settled by a Chinese cook.

Doc Farrigan, going out to the sawmill to get a splinter out of a saw setter's cheek, heard about it. Ben Molay, from his office on the square, heard it from a couple of teamsters. Of course, Ma Gander, in the saloon, heard it. She went and told Chan Leong to stay indoors for a while. Leong just looked sad.

Seemed like the Skirt party was mad, to a man, and the Pants didn't seem too favorable either. The victory didn't seem to be theirs, but Chan Leong's, and there wasn't much satisfaction in that.

Doc Farrigan went to see ma, and the two of them went down to the newspaper office.

Ma did the talking, as usual. "Ben, doc and me been hashing it over. We started something we gotta stop."

Ben Molay heaved a sigh. "At least three of us are friends again. But how do we stop it?"

Doc said, "Mind, I don't admit I was wrong in the first place. A girl ought to wear skirts, at least ——"

Ma said, "Doc, don't get that started again. . . . They might run Chan Leong out of town, or worse."

Ben Molay thought a long time. Everybody in China Hill always said there wasn't a better brain around than Ben's when he wanted to use it. After a long time, he let out another sigh. "Let's go up and see Turquoise. If she'd agree to wear skirts, one side could win the election and the other the issue."

"Makes sense," Doc Farrigan said. "If we can talk Turquoise into it."

"We can't," said Ma Gander. "But we'd better try."

So they drove up to the school in doc's buggy. It was getting windy, and old Two-Man's limbs were shaking.

From down below they could hear the drone of the kids, all reciting together. Sounded nice and kind of innocent, if you didn't know kids. They did.

They tied the buggy in the shed behind Two-Man and walked to the school, the Turquoise Committee in full session. The teacher looked up when they came in. He was kind of a spindly young man who'd moved to the Lode for his health. He had voted Pants.

"We want to see Turquoise for a minute," Doc Farrigan said.

From the middle of the room, in front of the oldest kids and behind the youngest, Turquoise stood up. She had on a pink taffeta dress that ma had got her to wear for good, and from the way it stood out, she had on her best ruffled petticoat too. She walked to the door, her eyes down.

Outside, doc found his voice first. "How come?" he asked. "I told you you could wear your jeans."

"Wore 'em this morning," Turquoise said. "An' Hayes Moser never looked at me. He was all big ole goobly eyes for that new Liz Harrell."

"I thought you hated Hayes Moser," Ben Molay said. Ma Gander was beginning to chuckle.

"Sure," Turquoise said. "He's dumb. You should 'a' seen his ole goobly eyes bug out when I come back after lunch in this." And she turned. The dress made a whirring sound. "What'd you want to see me about?"

"Nothing," Ma Gander said. "G'wan back and get educated."

They watched Turquoise walk back into the school, all ten years of her.

Ma Gander was laughing. Ben Molay started next. It took doc a long time. He kept saying, "A man doesn't have a chance."

He said it again to his wife that evening, and she just grunted. He was not, and she didn't think he was, referring to Chan Leong, who had every chance of living in China Hill the rest of his life, if he wanted to. Peacefully. It was days before anybody thought of Leong again.

THE END

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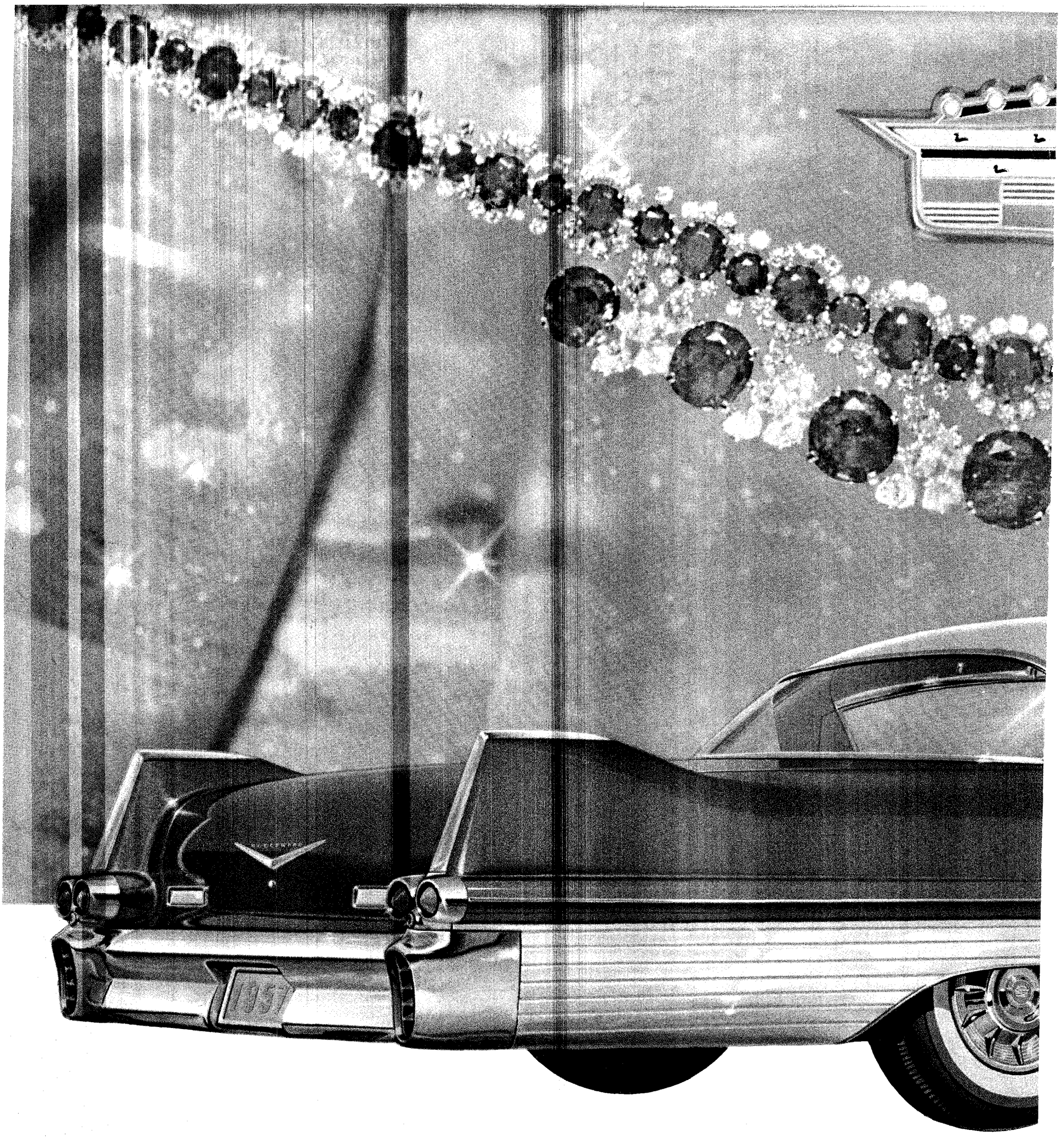

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Rendezvous in Tokyo (Continued from Page 41)

suitcase that had fallen from the bed to the floor. Her handbag was gone from the table.

Even with her gone, her personality was left. There was the faint scent of the perfume she used, and the bottle was still on her dressing table beside her gold-backed comb and brush. She had started packing, just as he had suggested, and her dresses and her lingerie that had fallen from the overturned suitcase still showed signs of careful folding. Mr. Moto came in while he was holding one of her dresses. Jack Rhyce laid it down gently.

"They were not seen to leave," Mr. Moto said, "but then, no one was watching. We should have thought of this and taken measures, but the conversation on the telephone sounded so very true. I am so very sorry. I am also very much ashamed."

"You and me both," Jack Rhyce said. "Sorry and ashamed. What are you doing now?"

Mr. Moto, having adjusted the broken lock so that the door would close, had opened his brief case.

"The telephone," he said. "We must both listen, I think."

"I don't see why you're so damn sure they'll call."

"Please, it is inevitable. They would not have taken her otherwise. They will call quickly before you go elsewhere. I have already taken steps to have the call traced, but I fear it will not help. They are so very clever. Excuse. They know you're in love with her, Mr. Rhyce."

The words came out brutally in the ravaged room, and Jack felt his face grow brick-red, but he knew he had no right to be angry.

"It was a mistake," he said. "We both knew we were damn fools—not that it does any good."

"Please, I am not criticizing," Mr. Moto said.

"Unless it is necessary," Jack Rhyce said, "I'd just as soon not bring this subject up again."

Mr. Moto's manner was considerate when he answered. "I do not wish to offend. I only speak because I think you should be ready. I think they will be prepared to make you an interesting proposal, Mr. Rhyce."

"What sort?"

"I do not know. So much of our work is always in the dark, but I think you have come close to finding something that worries them, Mr. Rhyce."

It was true about working in the dark, and Mr. Moto's words had aroused a suspicion in Jack Rhyce that gripped him with icy fingers. "Do you think they're going to propose a swap?" he asked.

When Mr. Moto answered, his voice was soft and measured. "Yes, Mr. Rhyce," he said. "I believe they will offer to bring Miss Bogart safely back if you will agree to leave here. You see, I think they are afraid you know too much."

Jack Rhyce felt a spasm in the pit of his stomach and his heart was beating faster, but still he could notice that Mr. Moto was watching him very carefully.

"You will have to make a decision as to whether to leave or whether to stay," he said, "and I am so very much afraid I cannot help you, Mr. Rhyce."

Of course, he had to make up his mind, and he had the training to do it.

Just then the telephone rang. Mr. Moto slipped the earphones over his head.

"Answer quickly, please," he whispered. "Seem to be anxious, please."

When Jack picked up the telephone, he was steadier. He even felt a spasm of annoyance that Mr. Moto should tell him how to act.

"Hello," he said. His voice was even and agreeable. He had learned long ago to give nothing away by voice. He was playing the old game of wits, and the fact that the telephone had rung at all confirmed Mr. Moto's assertion that he had something they wanted.

"Hello." He recognized the voice on the other end of the line immediately. "That's you, isn't it, Jack?"

"Indeed it is," he said.

"This is Harry Pender, Jack. You recognize my voice, don't you?"

"Well, well, Harry," Jack Rhyce said, "it's nice of you to give me a ring. I sure do recognize your voice. I'd know it anywhere."

"O.K., Jack," Harry Pender said. "Then let's cut out the monkey business. You and I won't have to do our clowning from now on in."

"Thanks," Jack Rhyce said. "That's a big relief. O.K. What's on your mind?"

"We've got Ruth Bogart here. I thought you'd like to know."

Though he had anticipated it, he found it hard to control himself, and the instant while he struggled for calmness could not have been lost on Mr. Pender.

"Thanks for letting me know," he said. "I was beginning to be worried about her."

There was a good-natured laugh on the other end of the wire. "We thought you might be. Well, take it easy, Jack. She's right here, and we wish you were too. And she's happy and comfortable as of now, Jack. I'll let you speak to her in a minute."

"Why, thanks," Jack Rhyce said, "thanks a lot."

He heard Harry Pender laugh again. "You know who I am, don't you, Jack? I mean you've got me taped by now?"

"Yes," Jack Rhyce said, "I've got a pretty good working idea, but I'm quite a distance away from the files."

Harry Pender's laugh had a corroding effect. He was too brisk and too excited, obviously on edge.

"I may as well admit," he said, "that I was pretty dumb regarding you. All of us were. In fact, we never got wise to you until lunch time today. Nice going and congratulations, Jack."

"Thanks for the compliment. Anybody in our line of work appreciates a kind word, Harry."

"No reason why we shouldn't all be friends in this thing, Jack, even if we are on different sides of the fence. As I was saying, we have been sort of dumb around here, but you haven't operated in the East much, have you?"

"Why, no, Harry. This is my first time out on a job, in case the fact is useful."

"Well, that's what threw me, Jack," Harry Pender said. "And you did look damn good for what you were, and the boys had cleared you in San Francisco. Maybe you'd still be fooling me if it hadn't been for a very nice guy who just blew in here, by the name of Skirov. Remember him, Jack?"

"The name's familiar. I can't say that I remember him exactly. I don't think I ever saw him, but I'm sure I'd recognize him."

"Well, he remembers you, boy. He saw you in Moscow, back in '47. He was a waiter at one of those big parties, and passed you caviar. Just as soon as I described you, he clicked. You were talking to Molotov, back in '47. You were saying all men are brothers."

Jack exchanged a glance with Mr. Moto. The chief had said it was a damn-fool thing to say, and the chief had been, as usual, correct.

"Now we're on the subject," Jack Rhyce said, "I was kind of slow in locating you myself, although I had you down for a phony the first time you came in. It's nice to know that Skirov's safe in town, and thank you for the information, because we're interested in Skirov."

"You've been real busy during your stay here, haven't you, Jack?" Harry Pender said.

"Yes; busy as a bird dog."

"And dogs have their day. Ever hear that one, Jack?"

He fought down the frustration that was growing on him, and spoke with patience. "Let's cut out the hamming, Harry," he said, "and get down to the point."

"All right, Jack." Harry Pender spoke soothingly. "We're busy here, too, as you may have gathered—busy enough so we didn't want Bill Gibson around, and we don't want you, either, Jack. Do you get my drift?"

"I get some vague idea. Is it a threat or a promise, Harry?"

"It's neither. It's a firm offer that we're making."

His eyes encountered Mr. Moto's half-inquisitive, half-blank stare.

"Well," he said, "go ahead and make it. I've got an open mind."

"I thought you'd have an open mind, Jack," Harry Pender said, and his voice was placatingly gentle. "That's why I'm going to such trouble to have this little chat—because now that we've pooled our notes here, we know you've a real reputation. Skirov, for instance, knows about that job you pulled at Istanbul, and that other one in Athens. We know you're a pro, Jack, and not someone off an analytic couch."

"Go ahead," Jack said. "It could be, if I'm a pro, that I'm tracing this call, Harry."

"It could be, but it takes time, and we're moving out of here when I hang up."

"Then let's cut out the hamming. I'm waiting for that offer."

It came in mild insinuating tones: "You're fond of Ruth, here, aren't you, Jack? You wouldn't want anything bad to happen to her, would you? You wouldn't want to have her taken to the mainland, for instance, or go through any kind of drill? She wouldn't be much fun to see afterward, would she? And you know, they do keep alive surprisingly often, don't you, Jack?"

Jack Rhyce tried to laugh. It would have been shameful if he had betrayed his pain. "I understand your build-up. Why don't you get to the point?"

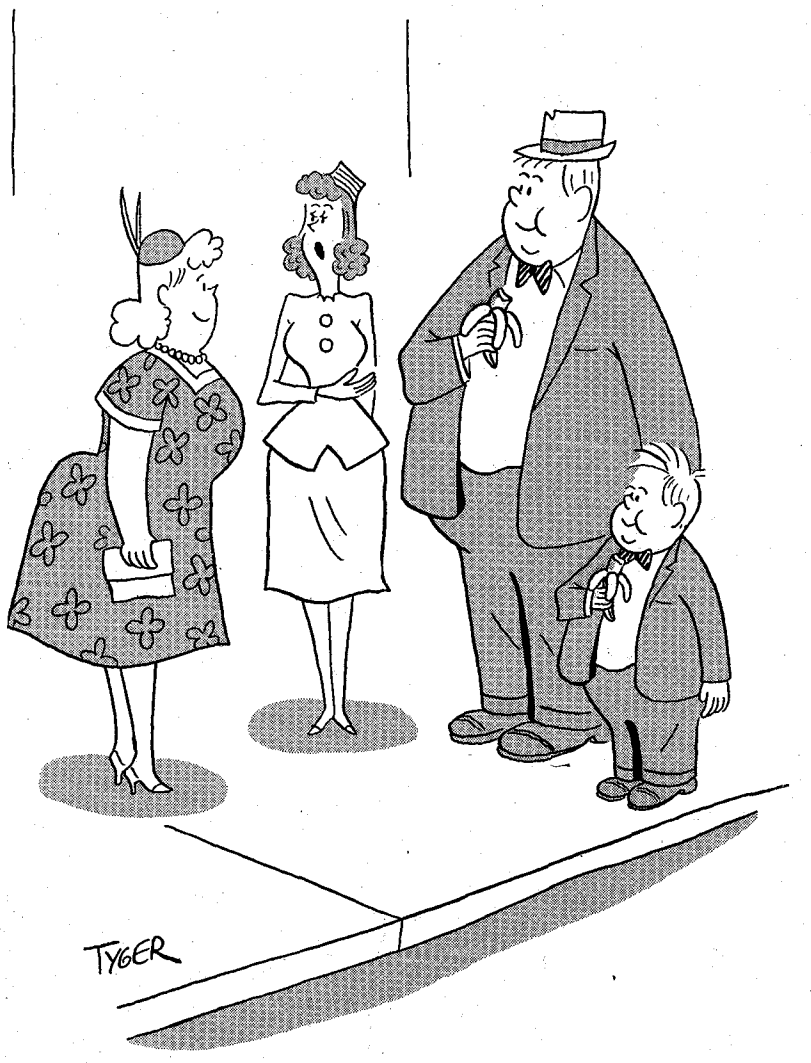
"Don't get mad," Harry Pender said. "The point is, we're busy here and we don't want you monkeying around. We want you the hell out of here. How does that one sound, Jack?"

"If you want it straight, Harry, I don't like this town much or the folks in it, including you."

"Now you're talking. I had an idea we could get together, Jack. You'd like to have Ruth Bogart back at the hotel tonight, safe and sound, wouldn't you, and you know what I mean by safe and sound, don't you? If not, there's a pal of yours named Big Ben here who might explain it. Would you like to talk with Ben, Jack?"

He could hear Big Ben singing at the other end of the wire. He was singing, "Every day is ladies' day with me." Jack Rhyce put his hand to his forehead. His face had grown damp, but he kept his voice steady.

"Let's cut out the technique," he said. "Consider you've scared hell out of me. Yes, I'd like Ruth back safe and sound. So what's the proposition?"



"He has his father's appetite."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"It's easy. Half an hour from now, Ruth here will be knocking at your door. There's a night flight leaving for Honolulu at eleven, and we have two tickets for you, free. Merely pack your bags and shut up and go to the airport. How do you like that, Jack?"

"It sounds wonderful," he said, and he noticed that there was genuine relief in Harry Pender's voice. He was thankful that, under the circumstances, he could still put two and two together.

"I thought you'd get the point, Jack," Harry Pender said. "There's nothing like being reasonable."

"That's right," Jack answered carefully. "And how do I know we'll ever get to the airport, Harry?"

"You've got to trust us for that, Jack, just the way we're going to trust you. Give me your word—you communicate with no one from the minute you set down that telephone, and Ruth here will be back with you in half an hour, with a nice boy from our office to expedite your passage. And you have my word, you'll get that plane, Jack. How does it sound to you? Would you like to speak to Ruth?"

"Yes, I'd like to speak to her."

There was a pause, and he was glad that it was not a long one. He was trying to think of some palliation, some way out. Then he heard her voice. It was faint and level. "Hello, Jack."

"Ruth," he asked, "are you all right?"

"I'm all right, Jack, but don't do it. Don't ——" Her voice was choked off in a stifled gasp that ended in a scream.

Mr. Moto was watching him, and Mr. Moto's expression had changed when their glances met. Jack could not tell whether the expression was one of sympathy or surprise. He knew only that his own expression had revealed his pain. It was over in an instant because Harry Pender's voice was back on the wire.

"Sorry for the interruption," he said. "Will you take the proposition or won't you?"

"Suppose I don't?"

"We'll handle you anyway. Give us twenty minutes and Ruth will tell us what you know. . . . Won't you, Ruth?"

Jack Rhyce felt a new wave of nausea sweep over him, and he set down the telephone. There was one thing certain—she did not know enough. He sank down in a chair, drew out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead. Then the telephone rang again.

"Let it ring," he said. "To hell with it." For a moment he felt as though he were going to be sick to his stomach. For a moment he could not speak.

"You didn't think I'd do it, did you?" Jack Rhyce said then.

"No, I did not," Mr. Moto said. "You are a very nice man. But please be easier in your mind, for you did what you should have, Mr. Rhyce."

"How in hell can I be easy in my mind when we should have put a guard here?"

Mr. Moto raised his hand and let it fall abruptly to his side. "It is something that we will regret always—you more than I, I am so very much afraid," he said. "But in life we cannot relive regrets."

"That's right," Jack Rhyce said. "Excuse me again. I'm all right now."

He was far from all right. He knew that he would never be the man he had been an hour or so before. There were certain things that could haunt one always—things that time itself could never solve. But he had to go on with it. He had to keep moving straight ahead, and all he could do was to try to make what was happening to Ruth Bogart to some extent worth while.

His training had not left him. He had learned long ago not to forget words or pauses on a telephone.

"Pender said a boy from the office, didn't he?" Jack Rhyce said. "That was a slip, I think."

"I'm not quite sure that I follow you," Mr. Moto answered.

Jack Rhyce was not impatient. He actually did not care whether Mr. Moto followed him. His mind was moving forward to another fact.

"We know right from the horse's mouth that Skirov is in town," he said. Skirov would be calling the plays, now that he was in town. It was necessary to give thought to another personality.

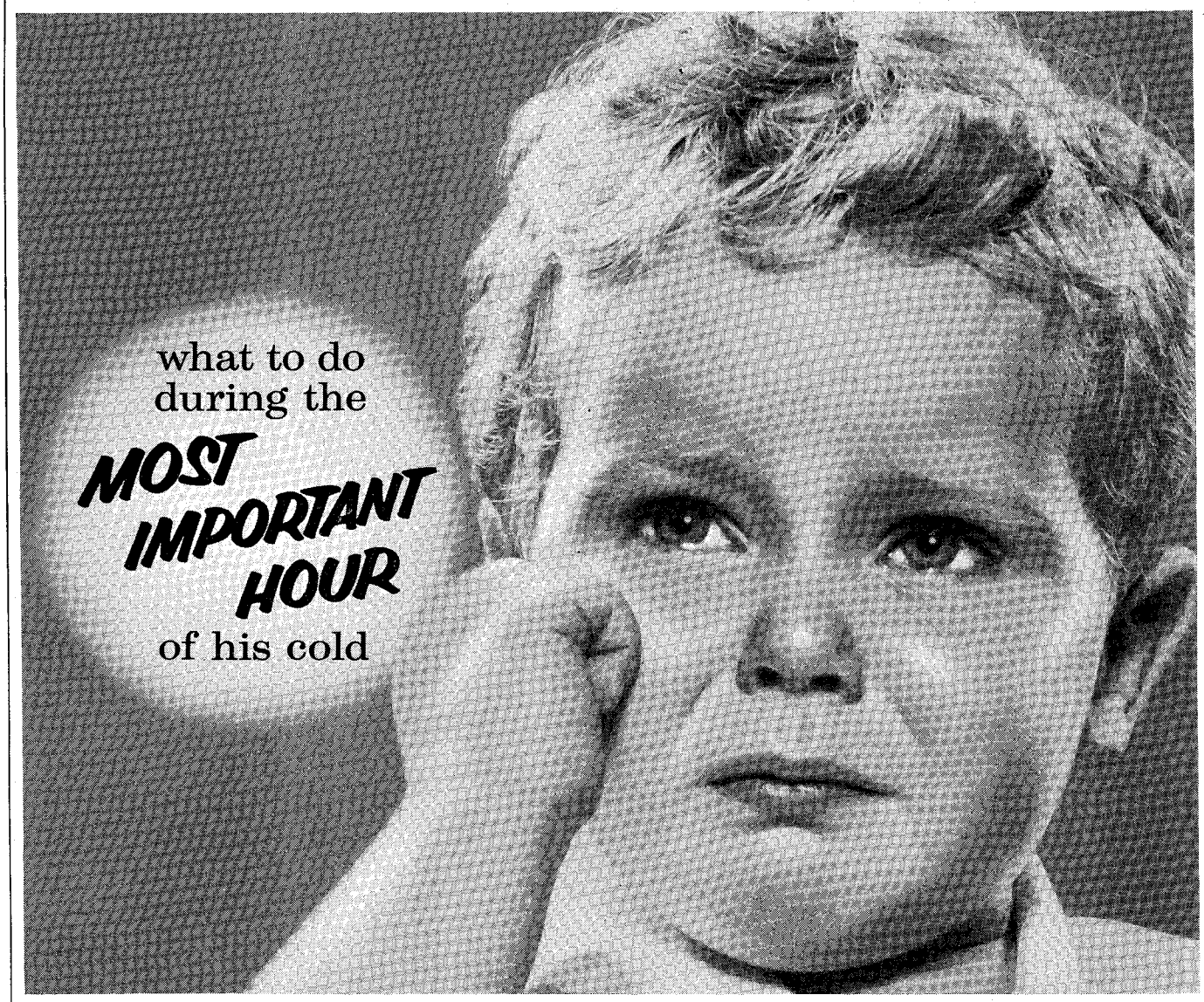
"That's another mistake of Pender's. Maybe we can connect with him now. Anyway, there's no use hanging around here any longer."

"No," Mr. Moto answered. "We must go to where the call came from. They will have gone, but there may be traces."

"I wouldn't do that," Jack said. At least his mind was moving forward again out of the nightmare of self-incrimination that had entangled it. Mr. Moto's statement was still true, that they would not have attempted what they had if they had not been afraid that he knew something, and Harry Pender had said himself that they had not guessed his identity until the afternoon. He remembered the accelerated swing of the glasses in Mr. Pender's hand that morning, and he recalled the exact point in their conversation when the swing had changed.

"I wouldn't go chasing down that call," he said again, "and if you do, I won't go with you. Did you ever hear of a man named Noshimura Hata?"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Moto said. "I know Mr. Hata." (*Continued on Page 51*)



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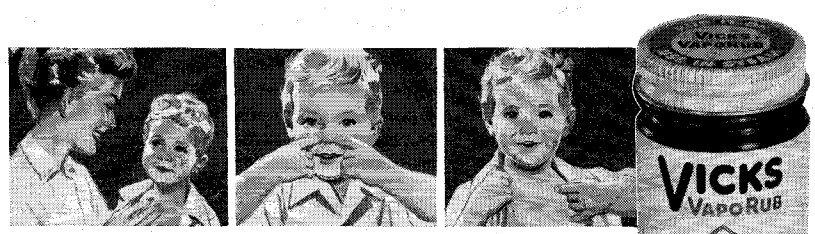

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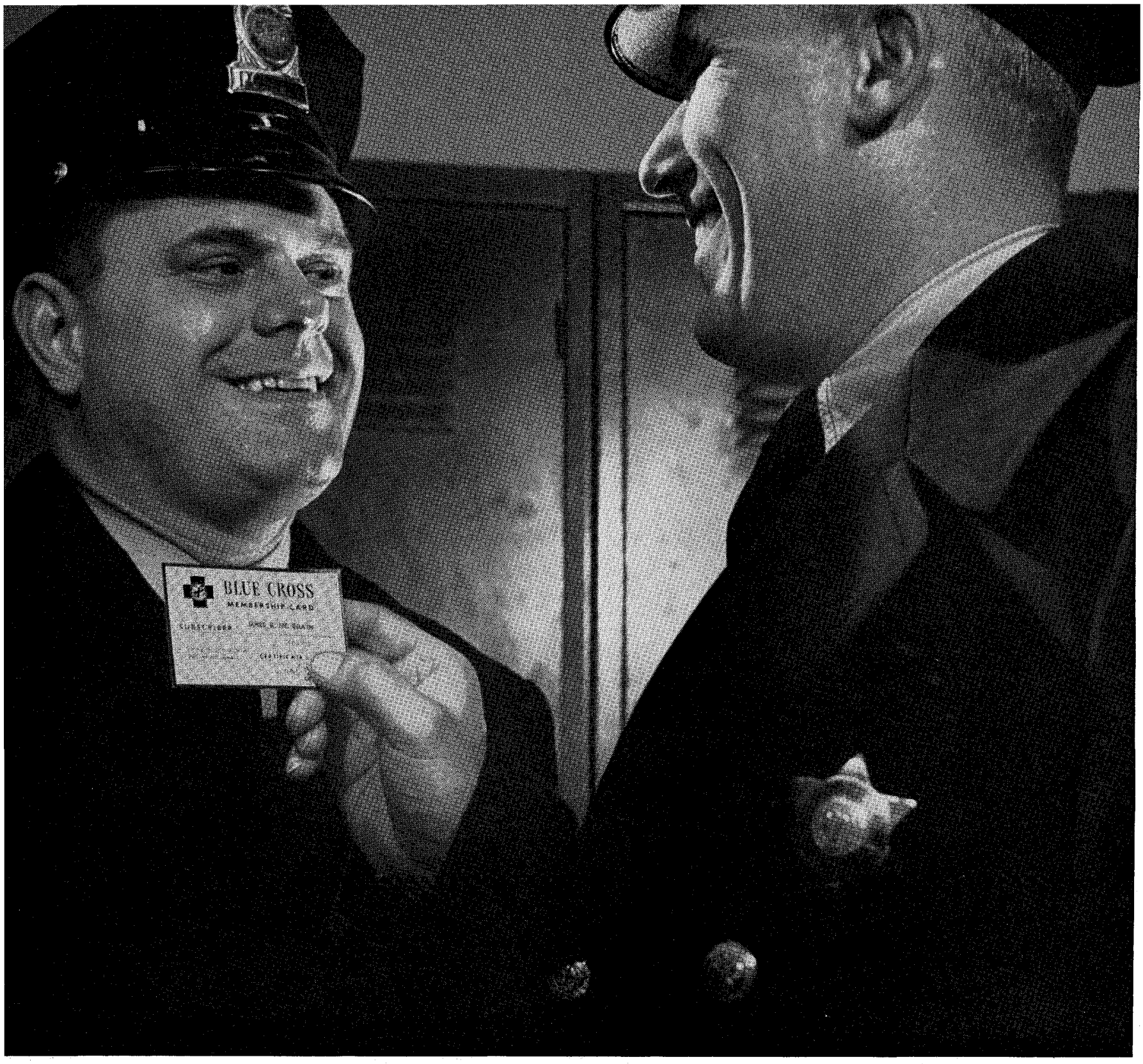

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(*Continued from Page 49*)

"He's a very important Liberal, isn't he?"

"Yes. Where did you hear of him, please?"

"In Mr. Pender's office, this morning. Pender said he was head and shoulders above any other politician in the Liberal Party, and afterward I think he was sorry that he had said it."

Mr. Moto's gold teeth gleamed, but he was not smiling. "So ——" Mr. Moto said. "So ——"

"It's only a guess," Jack Rhyce said, "but maybe it's worth the gamble. I can only tell you what I think."

"Yes. Thank you, and tell me what you think."

"I think they were going to kill this Mr. Hata tomorrow, but now I think they will do it tonight, now that I didn't take their offer. I'd get him out of his house, if I were you. I'd be delighted to wait for whoever is coming to do the job, and I'll bet it will be Big Ben."

Mr. Moto was on his feet. "I think that is a very nice suggestion, Mr. Rhyce," he said, "and I think you are a very nice man. Let me have the telephone. We must arrange to move at once."

"It's only a guess, you know."

"Yes, but one must always guess. I shall be there with you, Mr. Rhyce, to wait for whoever may be coming."

Jack Rhyce had a friendlier feeling for Mr. Moto than any he had previously experienced. "I don't know whether you are a very nice man or not," he said, "but anyway, you're willing to take a chance."

"Thank you so very much," Mr. Moto said. "And now, if you will move, please, I shall use the telephone, Mr. Rhyce."

Mr. Moto spoke in Japanese. His voice was not strident, like that of most men in authority; instead it was gentle, musical and melodious. Jack Rhyce stood for a moment, listening. It was a matter of logistics, men and motorcars and distance. As he listened, his own anguish, which had been dulled for the last few minutes, returned to him again. He walked to the overturned suitcase and picked it up, and replaced the tumbled-out clothing very carefully in an order of which he hoped she would have approved. He closed the suitcase and snapped the lock, and, as he did so, he knew in his heart that he was doing all he ever could for Ruth Bogart.

He must have been on fifty similar cases since he had been connected with the business, although in this one the setting was more interesting than many. Again it was the old matter of waiting. But this time, from the very beginning, there had been a feeling of promise in the air. He knew as sure as fate that things were going to work that night. If you sacrificed enough, he sometimes thought, you were bound to get something in return, and the only thing that he wanted just then was to see the job through and meet Big Ben in the process. He had paid down enough for the privilege. For the rest of his natural life he had given up peace of mind.

The actual plan for assassination was conventional and safe. As it turned out later, the prognosis was correct that it would look like an American job. A stolen American Army car was in the picture, and the only thing that gave Jack Rhyce a shock was that a wallet subsequently discovered on the premises was supposed to be his, with excellently forged identity papers, considering the short space of time allowed for their preparation. They had said that they would handle him, and they had meant it either way.

The house and grounds stood in one of Tokyo's most comfortable and desirable districts, on land not far from the palace grounds. Actually, as it happened, Jack Rhyce never set eyes on the Liberal politician, because Mr. Hata had been carried to a safer spot before Mr. Moto and he made their appearance. So also had the servants, who had been replaced by operators. The thing had gone in a smooth manner that had impressed Jack.

The lights were on by the gate in the small front garden, and the larger garden with the lawn in back was also lighted by stone lanterns.

"It is fortunate," Mr. Moto said, "that Mr. Hata likes to leave many of his ground lights on at night. He is afraid of burglars, which is amusing, I think, when he is such a very liberal man."

It was half past eight o'clock, once they were inside the house, and Mr. Hata's retiring hour was ten.

"First he walks through the garden," Mr. Moto said, "having put on the kimono, and then reciting Buddhist prayers. I shall be Mr. Hata, and you may watch me from the house. We must all be very careful, but I do not think the killing will be in the garden."

Jack Rhyce was waiting in a corner of the sleeping room when Mr. Moto stepped through the paneled windows from the garden.

"Is it time to turn off the garden lights?" Jack asked.

"Yes, as soon as I have seen arrangements are understood, the house will go to sleep. We may still be a long while waiting."

It was impossible to know how long they would wait, but by then both of them must have believed they would not draw a blank. There was a feeling in the air, a telepathic sense of something already moving.

"When the garden lights go out," Mr. Moto said, "I shall ask you to step

Disturbing the Peace

By Herbert Merrill

Pillowed on cloudy drifts of air,
The winds have fallen asleep somewhere
With never a sigh to stir the gray
Curtains that hide the winter day.
Even the whispers of earth have grown
Quiet as clay and still as stone,
With squeaking mice and scratching moles
Curled in a dream in velvet holes.
But under my ax the log of oak
Barks like a dog at every stroke,
Till the sun, at last, comes down to see
Whatever the racket could possibly be,
And the moon climbs up with a sleepy face
To send me home to the fireplace.

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outside, please, Mr. Rhyce, and stand by the corner of the house. I shall rest on the bed. The windows will be open. I think he will approach through the garden and attempt to enter by the windows. When he is near enough, you may move on him, Mr. Rhyce, but please let us be patient and wait until he is near, for we do not wish shooting. There are so many questions in a neighborhood whenever shots are fired."

"Don't worry. I haven't got a gun," Jack Rhyce said; "only the 'jack you gave me."

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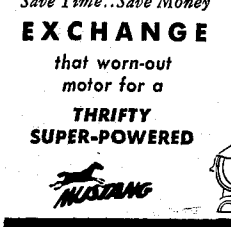

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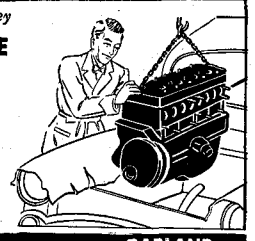

MUSTANG ENGINES GARLAND TEXAS

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"It is so much better. There are others here who will take the further steps, if necessary. If he enters this garden or this house, I do not think he will get away from us."

"That's fine with me. I want him out as much as you do."

Both his tone and his wish showed him that he had traveled a long way in the last few hours. He had never waited avidly wanting to kill before. The desire was neither practical nor professional in a field where personal wishes should never intrude.

"So glad you agree," Mr. Moto said. "He will plan to use a knife, I think. Perhaps you would like one, also, Mr. Rhyce?"

"It is not necessary," Jack Rhyce said. He had a tingling feeling of anticipation, which was premature when there might still be a long period of waiting. "He won't cut me. There's only one thing I want."

"Yes. What is that, Mr. Rhyce?"

"I want you to let me handle him. I want him to know I'm here."

"It will be a pleasure," Mr. Moto said, "if he comes through the garden, and not through the house, when he will be my responsibility, Mr. Rhyce."

"Even so," Jack Rhyce said, "I'd like him to know I'm here."

"I can understand your viewpoint, Mr. Rhyce. I hope so very much that he will know we both are here, but there can be no chances."

"We won't miss any," Jack Rhyce said.

He had learned how to take cover as skillfully as any jungle fighter in Japan. When the lights were out, he blended into the shadows by the angle of the house so completely that he was a part of the shrubbery. The grounds and the house were peacefully silent in spite of the monotones of the great city that rose all around them. Still it was possible to attune the ear to closer sounds. A stirring of the bushes near the driveway revealed the presence of one of the guards, and Jack Rhyce could hear a whisper of breeze in the pine trees.

The approach was made with great care and deliberation. In fact, Jack Rhyce had heard the first sound fully ten minutes before Big Ben slipped through the bushes at the far end of the garden and began his walk across the lawn toward the bedroom ell. He moved unhurriedly, with a noiseless, deliberate confidence which showed he was wholly familiar with the house and grounds. Once he was on the lawn, the background of the trees and shrubbery plus the lights reflected in the sky made him stand out clearly. He wore a seersucker suit almost identical with the one Jack Rhyce had worn earlier in the evening. He paused to listen as he drew near the house.

He could have been an easy target for a pistol with a silencer, Jack Rhyce was thinking, and he was glad that the idea had not crossed Mr. Moto's mind. He wanted Big Ben to know that he was there. Ben was drawing nearer, lazily, gracefully. When he was a few yards from the house he reached into his side pocket, drew out a knife and switched open the blade carelessly. Jack Rhyce coughed gently, but loudly enough to hold the other momentarily motionless. Then, before Big Ben could move, he was on top of him and his blackjack had struck the knife out of the hand. Big Ben took a step backward. He must have known in that second that he could not get away, and Jack Rhyce spoke softly, as though there were actually sleepers in the house.

"It's me, Ben. It's Jack." He could not see the expression on Big Ben's face, but the laugh was all that was necessary.

"Hello, you gumshoe swine," he said. "That girl of yours was pretty good, but she didn't last for long."

The words, and not the time or place, robbed Jack Rhyce of his judgment. He had told himself long ago that it would be unsafe to close with Big Ben, yet that was what he did, and before he could get a wrestling hold, Ben had him by the throat. The feel of the hands was what cleared Jack Rhyce's head even before the thought flashed through him that his neck would be broken in seconds. He was in luck to be close enough to bring up his knee before Big Ben moved clear, but he had to strike again before the hold relaxed. Jack could feel the thumbs groping for his eyes, before he was able to get a full swing to the jaw. He rolled free and was on his feet while Big Ben was still on hands and knees. He delivered a kick with all his force to the side of the bleeding head, and Big Ben rolled over on his face.

Then he felt arms holding him, and he heard Mr. Moto speak.

"That is enough, Mr. Rhyce," he said. "You can leave him to the others safely now, I think. Perhaps you would feel unhappy about it later."

He felt his breath coming in gasps that made it hard for him to be able to speak.

"He's not half dead," he said.

"No," Mr. Moto answered, "But I do not think we need worry about the ultimate result. My men are very conscientious, and I am afraid you will have to wash and rearrange your clothing. You did very well indeed, but I was glad I had a knife with which to strike him in the back. He was so very strong. Let us go. We are not required here any longer, Mr. Rhyce."

Jack Rhyce's first impression was one of shame that he had not been capable of finishing Big Ben without Mr. Moto's intervention, but as far as he was concerned, the thing was over. It was something that never would be repeated, and now he had to move to something else. Again there was nothing but a hunch to work on, but again he had the gambler's instinct. Besides, there was always some return if you paid a price.

"All right," he said. "That's one down. Now let's go and get this Skirov. Or I'll go myself if you're not interested."

It was too dark to observe facial expressions, but he heard the sharp intake of Mr. Moto's breath.

"I shall be very pleased to accompany you," he said. "But where is Skirov?"

Although it was only a hunch, it was still based on a line of reasoning. Skirov, who always kept in the background, would be in a quiet place where he would not be likely to be under surveillance. He would not be at any headquarters. He would be in communication, but removed from the center of trouble.

"It's only a guess," Jack Rhyce said, "but it's an educated one. I believe he's in Mr. Pender's office in the Asia Friendship League. Anyway, it may be worth trying."

"And what makes you think that?"

"Do you remember Pender on the telephone? He was too damned elated on that telephone. He was talking about a boy from the office seeing us off from the airport. I think he made a slip when he used the word 'office.'"

He heard Mr. Moto laugh. He was beginning to understand the various meanings of Japanese laughter.

"It would be a pleasure to try," Mr. Moto said. "I think, Mr. Rhyce, that you are a very clever man."

"So he fell out the window?" the chief said.

"Yes, sir," Jack Rhyce answered. "Eight stories, from Mr. Pender's office in the Asia Friendship League."

"You're sure he was Skirov?"

"Yes, sir. There was time to take photographs and fingerprints before he fell out the window. This Japanese—this Mr. Moto—checked them with his records. I have them with me, sir."

"Moto," the chief said. "That's not a name. It is a suffix."

"Yes," Jack Rhyce answered. "That's what Bill Gibson told me."

"Oh, yes; Gibson. That's a tough one. It's no fun sitting here on this job, hearing that people you've raised and been fond of are gone. It's no fun because you can't do anything except send out more. Maybe you'll face it yourself sometime. I'm not going to hold down this desk forever, Buster."

His thoughts were still such a long way from home that it had almost skipped his mind that the chief sometimes called him Buster. At another time, the open hint the chief had given him that he might be in line would have awakened a thrill of pleasure, and his conscience told him that it should right now.

"I don't think Bill had a hard time, sir," he said. "I'm afraid it was different for Miss Bogart."

The chief picked up a pencil and tapped its eraser end softly on his desk.

"I've often wished this business were not coeducational," he said, "but then, the score more than makes the trip pay off. We can scratch Skirov and this Big Ben character, but what's your evidence on what happened to Pender?"

"The word of this Mr. Moto," Jack Rhyce said, "and there was a piece in the paper before I left that Mr. Pender was struck and run over by a truck in Tokyo."

"It's a queer thing," the chief said. "I used to be something of a specialist on the prewar Orient, but I never heard of this Moto. Of course, they're devious over there."

"You might have missed him because he was abroad, sir. If you want my suggestion, I would inquire from State. From what he said, he would have been some sort of embassy attaché. And I have another line on him. He said his cousin is a baron who owns a semi-European house in Miyanoshita—that is, if he was being straight. I can fill out the description and get it in the works."

"Yes," the chief said. "We ought to get a line on him. It's hard to understand why Bill Gibson didn't know him."

"I have a hunch that maybe this Moto is like you, sir, from one or two things he let go."

"If it's all the same with you," the chief said, "I'd rather not be like a Jap. I don't forget the war."

"I didn't mean it that way, sir. But now you've brought the matter up, I'd rather be like Mr. Moto than most of them. I only intended to suggest that he's behind the scenes, like you, in some dummy office. He's getting on, you know, for the rough stuff, chief."

"That's right," the chief said. "I'm getting on, myself. As I said, I won't be warming this chair indefinitely. But let's stay with one thing at a time. I'd like to get a little more of the feel of this Moto, Jack. I'd almost like to hop a plane and go over and take a look at him."

"I think you'd find it hard to come up with him, sir. I don't think he'd have appeared at all if he hadn't set me down for this Big Ben. One thing else about him—he's as slick as a whistle with a shiv—and I ought to know."

He felt no enthusiasm for what he was saying; still, he was no longer being two things at once, as he sat there in the chief's office. He was not a do-gooder any more, enamored of an enthusiastic American girl whose profile he could not forget,

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whose hands were both strong and delicate, whose loyalty and humor were both impeccable. He was out from cover.

"He sounds like a right guy," the chief said.

"If I were guessing, I'd say he's from the nobility, sir, or in the very high officer class. He might have been something in the imperial household, educated in America—the East coast, I should say. But I'll get it all down on my report and put it in the works."

"Well," the chief said, "that's enough for a quick run-over. Are there any other loose ends that we ought to tie up?"

"That's all, sir, except for disposing of Miss Bogart's personal effects. I brought them with my luggage, they're outside."

"I'll attend to them. That's one of the tough things about where I sit, Jack."

"By the way, sir," Jack Rhyce said, "I suppose Ruth Bogart is a cover name."

"The Ruth's real, the Bogart isn't. If I were you, I'd only be inquisitive when you're asked to be, Buster."

He appreciated the chief's reproof, but also he resented it.

"When you've been in the business ten years, sir," he said, "and trained on the Farm, and have all your personality knocked out of you on the road, even so, sometimes you can't help being personally interested if you have to throw in with someone for a while. Occasionally, in spite of finishing school, you can't help being human, sir."

The chief picked up his pencil again, but he did not tap it on the desk. From where he sat, he had frequently to deal with temperament. He understood better than most psychiatrists the inevitable results of long repressions.

"I forgot to remark, you're looking tired, Jack. I know you've had it rough, but I know you, and it's nothing that a couple of weeks off and some sleep won't fix."

His diagnosis could have been correct some weeks ago, but it was not right intrinsically any longer. Something had happened that was new and different from the moment Jack Rhyce had seen the empty room in the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, yet he had not known exactly what had happened until the chief rebuked his inquisitiveness.

"Even if I rest up," he said, "I'm afraid I'll still stay human, chief. I won't be the old smooth-running machine again."

The chief smiled at him tolerantly. "Listen, Buster," he said, "you're in no shape to analyze yourself right now. What you need is a sedative and sleep. The doc's in from the Farm today. He'll take you home and sit with you until you cork off. Never mind putting anything in the works until tomorrow afternoon. I know enough to get the framework started."

"Very well, sir," Jack Rhyce said, and he pushed back his chair.

"That's better," the chief said. "That's my boy. Anything else on your mind before you go?"

"Only one thing else, sir. If I don't know her name, I'd appreciate it if you could see your way clear to giving me a photograph."

"So that's the way it was? I wouldn't have thought it of you, Jack. I'm sorry for you, son."

"That's the way it was. We fell in love like a couple of kids. We both knew it was a damn-fool thing to do, but it didn't spoil the operation, chief."

"She wouldn't have wanted it to. She was a very good girl, Jack."

"She wanted me to go ahead," he said. "She told me to, over the telephone. Anyway, we couldn't have found her in time."

"You didn't tell me she spoke to you."

"I left it out," Jack answered. "Maybe I should have this time. It's something that belongs to her and me. As I was saying, sometimes you can't help being human, chief."

"I'll tell you all about her someday," the chief said, "but I don't believe now is quite the time."

"Thanks," Jack Rhyce answered, "if it's just the same with you, I'd rather not know any more about her, except what belonged to us. I admit it wasn't very much."

He stood up. He had not intended to speak his full mind at that particular interview.

"As I say, it wasn't much. We both knew we were being foolish, and we didn't have many opportunities to talk, but we both decided that we'd go back to the outside when we came home. She isn't here, but I'm going, anyway, sir."

"Now wait a minute, this is all on the spur of the moment. Is it anything I said that made you come up with this?"

"No, sir, nothing that you said; but I'm going to hand in my resignation, sir."

"Now, Jack, you can't do that. You're the best man in the office. You're in line to follow me here. I as good as told you, didn't I? You can't do this, Jack."

He was aware that what the chief said was true. He had intended to talk it over and think it over, but instead it was done already.

"I've got reasons, sir."

"All right. Just name the reasons."

Jack Rhyce squared his shoulders and pulled his thoughts together. "Things happen sometimes," he said, "that you can't put into words, sir. After what happened over there, even if I stayed on the job I could never be the man I used to be. I felt it coming over me in Tokyo. Being with her made me too human, chief, and when you get too human you get fallible, and when you get to thinking about the outside you get forgetful—part of you is on one side and part of you is on the other. I've lost something, and I'll never get it back."

The chief was also on his feet. "You're talking off the top of your head," he said, "and everything you say is specious, Jack."

"You may be right, sir. It isn't so much what I say as what I feel. And besides, she wanted me on the outside. She asked me to promise."

"Jack, give yourself a chance before you start crossing Rubicons. You're going through what everyone in the outfit goes through periodically. I've seen it and heard it all. Sure, something chips off you every time you go through anything, but you're the kind it only makes sharper, Jack. I'm willing to make you a bet that in a week or so you'll want to stay in the business on account of her, and not leave it because of her. You've got too much moxie to take a step like that. Now don't interrupt me."

Jack Rhyce had cleared his throat, but he had no intention of interrupting.

"I just want two promises from you," the chief said. "Don't say anything to anyone about this talk, and promise me you won't make a decision until you've had that pill and two weeks away somewhere."

"All right," Jack said, "if that's the way you want it. I think I'll go down to the Farm."

THE END

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Bert leased a bakery for a year at $150 a month and turned out for its opening day a tempting assortment of pies, cakes and tarts. To his horror, a swarm of mice gobbled them before they cooled. Bert installed a cat and mousetraps, and baked another batch. The mice actually routed the cat. Day after day, they ate everything but the pie tins. Bert complained, then moved without paying his rent. His landlord sued for the balance of the rent under the year-long lease.

"I'm a landlord, not a mouse catcher," he argued. "I rented my property to Bert without claiming it was mouse-free. So it's all his, including the mice, for the balance of the year and he should pay up his rent."

"I wouldn't mind a few mice," Bert said broad-mindedly. "But this place was so infested that it was impossible to operate a bakery there. As I couldn't use the property for the purpose for which I rented it, I shouldn't have to pay more rent."

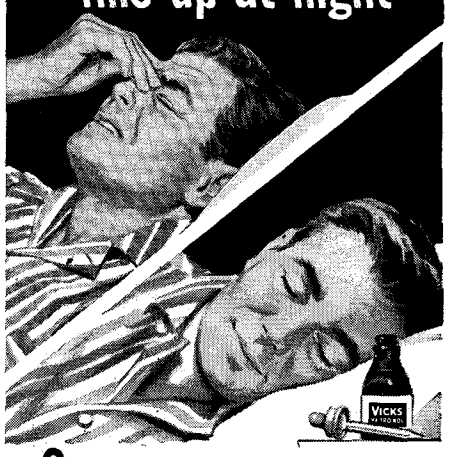
If you were the judge, would you make Bert pay?

• •

Bert did not have to pay. Usually a tenant rents property "as is." But where a landlord fails to correct a condition which makes it impossible for the tenant to use the property for the purpose for which he rents it, that amounts to "constructive eviction," the court said, and the tenant may vacate forthwith.

Based upon a 1945 Minnesota decision.

When your nose fills up at night—



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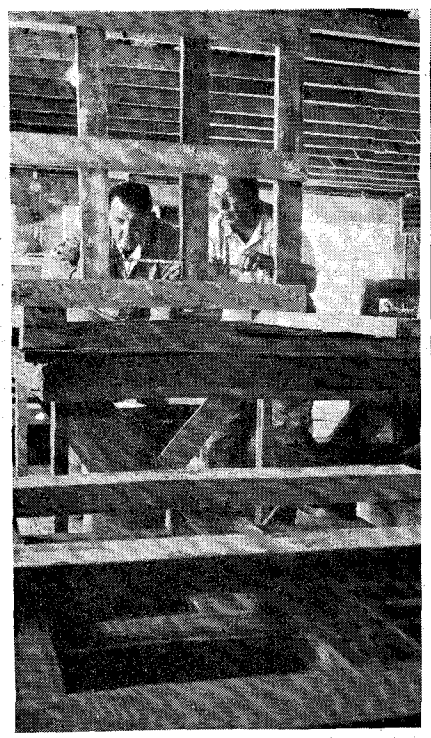
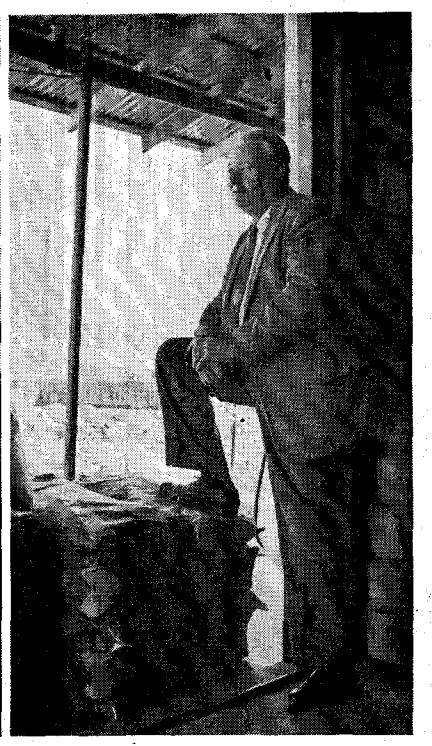
WESTBORO, MASS.—old New England town which owes much of its present prosperity to Bay State Abrasive Products Co., supplier of grinding wheels and abrasive cloth for General Motors. (President Orello Buckner of Bay State inspecting shipment for Fisher Body of his latest invention—open mesh abrasive cloth.)



SUB-SUPPLIER—Ronald Lattinville building pallets for Bay State to ship grinding wheels to GM.

SUCCESSFUL DRUGGIST — Bill Blois, whose drug company thrives on Bay State business.



SUCCESSFUL OIL AND LUMBER MERCHANT—Noah Nason, who prospers with Bay State.

PROUD SELECTMAN—Herbert F. Goodwin, head of Westboro government, explains his town's low tax rate.

PLEASED PUBLISHERS—young Herb and Carolyn Stanger, who were able to revive Westboro's old weekly.

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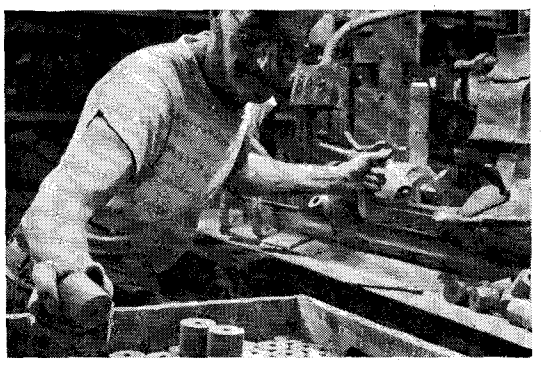
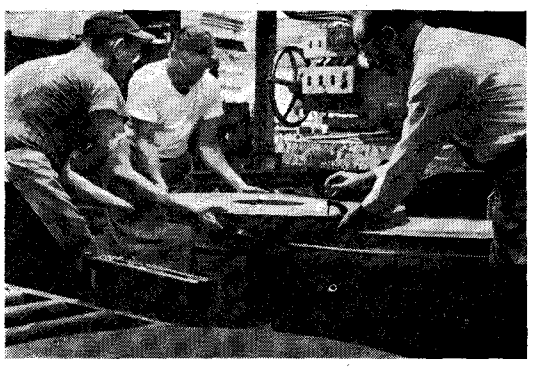
GENERAL MOTORS SUPPLIER—Administrative Building of Bay State Abrasive Products Company—thanks to early help from GM—and its own progressive management, now proudly ranks as one of the largest in its industry.



WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS—Cecil Schofield, old-time Bay State employe, operating cylindrical grinding machine which turns out internal grinding wheels to smooth the surface of ball bearing races for GM's New Departure Division.



"KNOWS" TO THE GRINDSTONE—Nick Moffa, graduate of Northeastern Bay State student-exchange program and General Foreman, checking dimensions of crankshaft grinding wheel for General Motors' Pontiac Division.

How a modern inventor aided Eli Whitney's home town with the help of General Motors

NO MATTER how small your business—or where it's located—Ralph Waldo Emerson is *still* right. If you manufacture something folks want, they'll make, in his words, "a broad, hard-beaten road" to your door.

Take the case of Orello Buckner and the little town of Westboro, Massachusetts. After the old straw hat factory burned down, Westboro was strapped for outside money—until Orello Buckner and another ambitious young man, Leonard Krull, came along with an idea.

Birth of a Corporation

THE IDEA was a pretty simple one. Orello—like Westboro's own Eli Whitney—had a gift for invention. And he and his partner figured if they could produce some of their new designs for grinding wheels and honing stones—they'd bring money into Westboro.

So in 1922 they formed a tiny corporation—Bay State Abrasive Products Company. They set up shop in a little building right next to the hat factory ruins. And, with a half-dozen employes, started turning out grinding wheels the way Orello Buckner figured modern grinding wheels should be made.

Little Business Becomes Big Business

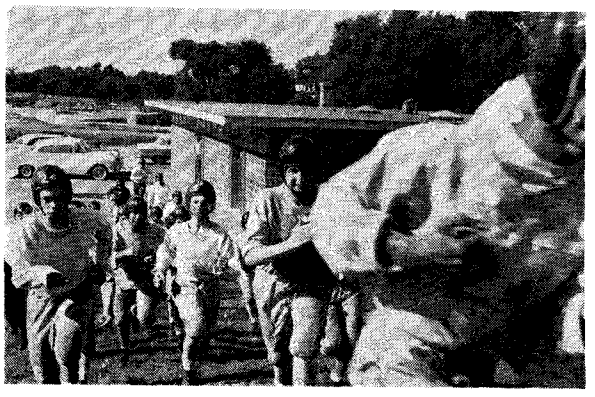
NEXT THING was to get a market for their products. And it wasn't too long before Emerson's old saying came true. Certainly as far as General Motors was concerned.

When GM's New Departure Division discovered what the little Westboro plant could do for them, they were glad to give them a sample order. This was quickly followed by other orders—until today Bay State supplies grinding wheels to GM plants from coast to coast. Fisher Body takes practically the entire output of Orello Buckner's latest development—an abrasive cloth for readying car bodies for painting. Other companies have followed GM's lead. Result:

Little Bay State is now big Bay State—one of the largest in the abrasive industry—with 1,000 residents of Westboro and neighboring towns on the payroll.

What happened in Westboro has happened in hundreds of towns and cities all over the United States. Local manufacturers have found that—if they meet delivery dates with quality products, that GM needs, at competitive prices—GM is interested in doing business with them. New money has flowed into their local communities—and every state in the Union shares in General Motors' success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside sources of materials and services for General Motors receive, in total, close to 50 cents out of every dollar that General Motors takes in.



WESTBORO'S FUTURE LEADERS—high school football squad gallops out from its new field house built largely through Bay State's $10,000 contribution.

The importance of small businesses to General Motors

The various Divisions of General Motors deal with a total of more than 26,000 business firms, supplying goods or services. More than 22,500 of these firms have less than 500 employes, and 16,000 employ fewer than 100.

General Motors—Good people to work for—Good people to deal with

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Tugboat Annie's Reunion at Sea

(Continued from Page 29)

"But why didn't ya say somethin'?"

"Unh-uh! Any feller takes a chance like that deserves to git away. Anyways, till we find out why he done it. Git goin'!"

While the tug bucked and pitched her way back out the channel, Peter went as close to the breakwater as he dared; and, with Shiftless, the deck hand, beside her, Annie switched on the searchlight again.

"I see him!" Shiftless exclaimed suddenly. "There, Annie! He just ducked down behind that big rock!"

"O.K.! Tell Peter to lay off-an'-on! An' git me the megaphone!"

Megaphone in hand she filled her capacious lungs and bellowed, "'Hoy! You on the breakwater! No use yer hidin'! We seen ye!"

Slowly, into the searchlight's livid shaft, a forlorn figure arose; soaked, wind-whipped clothes clinging to a spare, youthful frame, his features blanked out in the dazzling light. He cupped his hands to his mouth.

"You can go to hell!" he bawled.

"Up to you!" Annie told him. "It's us or the harbor police! I'll radiophone 'em right now to cut ye off at the landward end!"

He hesitated briefly; then, "What happens if I give up?"

"Depends," Annie roared back. "Feed ye an' dry ye out, fust! Then we'll see! So git over to the lee side an' I'll pick ye up!"

Instead he clambered back down to the water's edge, and, fighting the surf, plunged in, and with a few powerful strokes he was alongside, clutching with one hand a small, water-soaked gear bag.

Quickly he was hauled over the rail and stood, shivering and dripping, in the light of the open galley doorway. He was of medium height, but with wide, sinewy shoulders, and narrow hips in worn dungarees. His unshaven face was gaunt, bony, his mouth tight-lipped, while his dark, hostile gaze raked them suspiciously.

"Git in the galley an' peel them wet duds off," Annie directed, "afore ye ketch double ammonia. Pinto the cook'll fix ye some hot grub. . . . Shif'less, tell Peter to start fer home; then git the queer feller here some dry dungarees an' clear him a bunk in the fo'c'sle."

"Hold it!" the stranger rasped. "I get fed and bunked down—then what?" But, despite his bravado, there was hunted fear in his stare and he had trouble controlling his chattering teeth.

"I telled ye afore," said Annie calmly. "Then we'll see."

"Well, I don't know ——" he mumbled; but Annie interrupted.

"Listen, you," she said roughly; "I've went to a lot o' trouble to help ye, an' mebbe ye ain't wuth it. We'll find that out later. Meanwhiles ye'll do what ye're telled. So git in that galley, pronto!"

After a long, defiant stare, he obeyed and Annie turned to Hank, the husky young second deck hand. "He ain't to go ashore widout my say-so, when we git in," she instructed, and, turning abruptly, went back to the wheelhouse.

When the Narcissus arrived alongside her home dock, Annie was about to cross to the company offices to report, when she heard voices in heated altercation on the deck below. It was the stowaway, dressed now in clean, dry dungarees, trying to argue the grim-faced, determined Hank and Shiftless into letting him slip ashore.

"We'll straighten this out right now!" Annie roared, clattering down the ladder and confronting him with her formidable bulk. "Git in the messroom! . . . Pinto, fetch us some coffee!"

In the messroom he stood, tense, wary-eyed, while Annie filled two mugs and pushed one toward him. "Set down an' drink that," she said. "An' tell me what's bitin' at ye."

"Nothing to tell," he said sullenly. "And you've got no right to keep me ——"

"Set down like I telled ye!" she ordered violently; and reluctantly, staring at her, he obeyed. "Now then, what's yer name?"

He looked at her, suddenly appraising, cautious. "Between us?" he asked.

"Fer the present, yes."

"It's Rankin," he mumbled. "Robert C. Ran——"

"O.K., Bob," Annie said, her voice mild now, friendly. "What's the score wid ye?"

Gradually, reluctantly, he talked. He had jumped ship in San Francisco, he said. Unable to get a job, and hearing that the Inchcliffe Castle was Secoma-bound, he had stowed away.

"Why Secoma?" Annie asked. "Yer folks here?"

"I've got no folks!" he said shortly. "I thought maybe I'd find a job in a logging camp or on a cannery tender."

"Ye're lyin', son," she told him bluntly. "Otherwise ye'd ha' stayed on that steamer an' took a chance o' sneakin' ashore when she got in. What'd ye jump overboard fer? 'Cause that feller reckonized ye?"

"I don't know what you're talking about!" he protested quickly, and his eyes were wild—hunted—again. "Stowaways can get six months in jail if they're caught, remember?"

"There's still more to it than that!" Annie insisted stubbornly. "What is it?"

For a few seconds he debated mentally, the knuckles of his hands white against the table edge; then, quietly, "Let me ask you something. I read in the San Francisco paper that there's a ship up here—the General B. G. Appleby—that's to be taken out and sunk, or something. That right?"

"Not quite that, Bob." Annie was interested now. "She's a old attack transport what was condemned fer scrap, but she's gonna be took up to Unalaska; then filled wid concrete an' sank, to form part o' one o' them new Army-base harbors up there. They figger it's cheaper than sinkin' caissons. Fack is," she went on, "we got the job o' towin' her up there, end o' this week. Why ye askin'?"

"Nothing much," he answered briefly. "I—I knew her once, and thought I'd like to see her again, that's all."

"Ye sailed in her?" Annie asked.

"Maybe," he said, his eyes wary again, and stood up. "Now can I go ashore?"

Annie stared at him, and with an obvious effort he stared defiantly back.

"If ye do go ashore," she asked quietly, "what ye gonna do?"

He did not answer immediately. Then: "I don't know," he said dully, and over his haggard face crept utter, blank despair.

"Look, son," Annie said gently, "I'm no fool. Ye're runnin' away from somethin'—or toward it; I dunno. But what if I helped ye out a mite?"

"How?"

"Ye willin' to work?"

"Yeah."

Annie nodded. "I'll try ye out on board here, till ye make yer mind up. Ye'll git grub an' yer bunk an' a few dollars now an' then to keep ye goin', an' nobody'll bother ye. O.K.?"

"O.K.," he said indifferently, his face closed again.

"Mebbe I'm stickin' me chin out," she pursued. "But ——"

"I'm bushed!" he interrupted abruptly. "Guess I'll hit the sack."

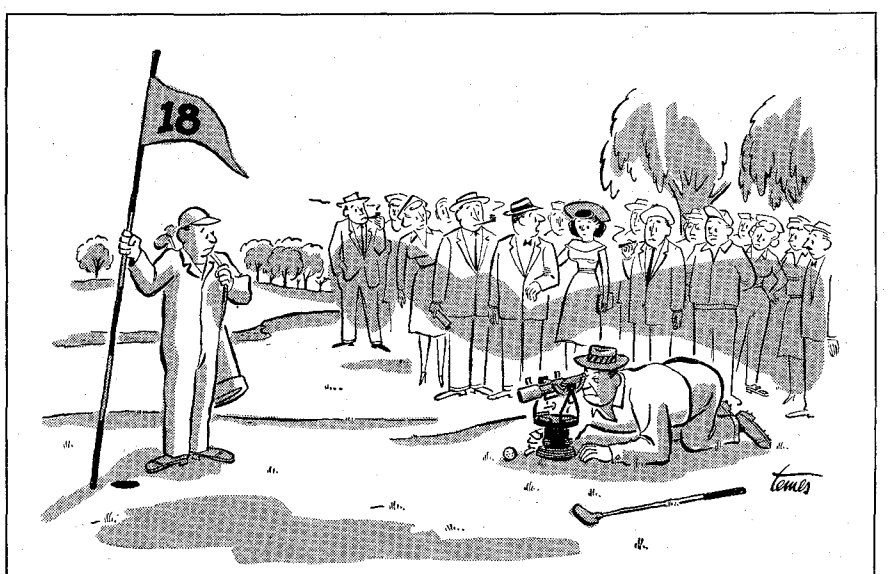
Wordless, she watched him go; then, shaking her blowzy head, and with deadly fatigue spreading through her big body, she followed him to the deck.

Before the advent of the stowaway the Narcissus had been a happy ship, but within forty-eight hours his bitter, cynical, unfriendly attitude wrought a change. He did whatever he was asked, from handling mooring lines to the hardest of physical labor. Performed it uncomplainingly, but in silence, rebuffing all efforts of his shipmates to penetrate his hostile shell. And the meals, which, heretofore, had been intervals of rough but good-natured badinage and give and take between the well-integrated crew, slipped into periods of strained silences into which not even Annie's bonhomie was able to inject the old warmth.

"Ya got to get rid of him, Annie," Peter finally warned her, late one blustery afternoon as they sat on the rail outside the galley and the rising wind thrummed through the funnel stays. "He's just a no-good skunk! Got a chip on his shoulder against the world. And whatever's eatin' him, it's no good, for him or for us."

Annie nodded, dispirited. "Ye took the words right outta me head, Peter. But I can't help it—I feel sorry fer him."

"Ya'll feel sorrier when the boys starts applyin' for a transfer to another rig," Peter grunted. "That's in their mind. So ——"



"There's a lot of money riding on this putt!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Yeah," she replied unhappily. "But I give him me word."

"Even if he jabs ya in the back?" interrupted Big Sam, the engineer, who, returning from a walk ashore, had overheard them. "Why, right now he's up at the Greasy Spoon, talkin' to Bullwinkle."

"What's that?" Instantly, hearing the name of her detested business rival, Capt. Horatio Bullwinkle, whose big tug, the Salamander, was moored across the slip, Annie's mastiff face flushed with rage.

"I'm tellin' ya, Annie," Big Sam pursued. "This Rankin character an' that big blow-gut's up there, bein' palsy-walsy over a glass o' beer. Next thing, he'll be tippin' Bullwinkle off to our towin' jobs and ——"

"That's did it!" Annie exploded, and heaved herself up onto the wharf. "I'll settle that one right now!"

Fifteen minutes later, blue eyes flashing fire, she barged into the Greasy Spoon and glared about her. There was no sign of Rankin, but Mr. Bullwinkle was not hard to find. He sat morosely in a booth, alone, industriously applying to a spectacularly bruised and swollen eye a large chunk of raw meat. And as Annie approached, instinctively he bristled; tensed for further combat.

"Stay away from me," he yelled, "or I'll kick the livin' day——"

"Why, Horatio," Annie cooed dulcetly; for instantly, at sight of his condition, her mood had softened, "what kind friend done that?"

"That skinny little squirt ya got down on the Narcissus now!" he roared furiously. "What's his name—Stankin—Rankin?"

"Is that a fack?" crowed Annie and plopped herself in the booth. "Tell me about it!" she breathed, enchanted. "An' don't leave out one teentsy-weensy thing!"

"Nuts to ya!" said Mr. Bullwinkle harshly. "I was here, havin' a quiet beer, when he come in, an' knowing he was off the Narcissus, I asked him to have one. Well, we got to talkin' and I happened to mention you, just casual, like what a high-powered numskull ya are ——"

"I know," agreed Annie understandingly, "jest like I sometimes call you—wid good reason, o' course—a lump o' decomposed shark liver, or somep'n. Or a spavined, swivel-eared ——"

"Yeah, that's it! Well, get this: 'Annie's my friend,' he says. 'You ain't gonna call her no names!'—and wi' that he hauls off an' gives me this!"

"He did?" cried Annie jubilantly. "Why, that beautiful little stinker! What'd you do, Horatio?"

"Well, I had to muss him up a leetle, o' course," said Mr. Bullwinkle virtuously. "And when he come to ——"

"Where'd he go?" demanded Annie quickly.

"I dunno. But I warn ya, Annie! Keep him away from me or ——"

"You lay hide nor hair on him," said Annie levelly, "an' what I'll leave o' you even the gulls'd throw up! Mind, I'm tellin' ye!"

She marched happily back to the Narcissus, to find Peter and Big Sam still talking. "See Rankin?" she asked.

"He's here," said Peter. "Snuck back around the cargo shed. And, brother, what a mess! He —— Oh-oh!"

Quickly Annie's eyes followed his glance; and Rankin, who had emerged from the galley with a panful of ice cubes, tried to push past them on his way to the fo'c'sle, while Annie stared, aghast, at his puffed and badly bruised face, with a dribble of dried blood snaking down from a cut on his brow. And, hastily, he thrust into his jacket pocket a cut and swollen fist.

(*Continued on Page 58*)

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(*Continued from Page 56*) "Wait a minute, son," said Annie quickly. "I jest heerd ——"

"It's nothing," he mumbled, his voice surly. "Just a little beef ashore." And, evading her eyes, he swerved around her and continued on his way.

Annie turned to the others. "That settles that, then," she said quietly. "He stays on board here as long as he's a mind to! Bullwinkle done that to him fer takin' up fer me! An' anybody what don't like it —— Yeah, Fred!"—for the dispatcher had called to her from the office landing.

"Got a hurry-up job—that attack transport," Fred told her. "There's another gale blowing up, and you'd better start before you get weather-bound. We're splitting the deal with the Salamander."

"What's that?" roared Annie, outraged.

"Underwriter's instructions," he informed her tersely. "She's in bad condition and pretty unwieldy. In a full gale it'll take two big tugs to handle her." He looked across the slip at the moored Salamander. "Is Bullwinkle on board, do you know?"

"No, he ain't!" she rasped. "He's up at —— Wait a minute!" Her sharp eyes had caught him, striding bandy-legged across the tracks at the shore end of the dock. "Here he comes. I'll tell him."

At nightfall, and with the gale steadily increasing in violence, the Narcissus was bucketing her way out along the Strait of Juan de Fuca, with the rolling, plunging hulk of the crewless attack transport at the end of a long towing wire, astern. Accompanying them, and abeam of the General Appleby, to check on how she was taking the battering seas, was the Salamander, her long, powerful black hull lost at times in an explosive burst of foam as she rammed into the solid green combers. But what Mr. Bullwinkle saw was not encouraging, and presently he called the Narcissus over the radiophone.

"Better put in someplace, Annie, and anchor," he advised, deeply worried. "She'll never weather this stuff outside the cape."

"She ridin' bad?" Annie asked, hostility forgotten, for her respect for him as a towboatman was high.

"She's sprung some plates, looks like. Anyway she's getting pretty sluggish. And if that wire ever parts ——"

"What about Neah Bay? We could lie in there."

"If ya can make it that far," Mr. Bullwinkle replied, his voice difficult to hear amid static, the scream of the wind and thunder of crashing seas. "But don't hold her out here too long! There's fog coming in, and with all the shipping in the strait, and that big hulk adrift, it'd be murder!"

"Keep in touch," Annie told him, and the tow continued.

The lights of Port Angeles, then the beacon on Pillar Point, drew slowly abeam, then astern, unseen in the rack of fog and rain and driving spindrift; and when Annie went out and staggered aft to check, all she could see of the General Appleby was a ghostly gray shape, lost at frequent intervals in a smother of white.

She was about to turn away when a movement below her on the tug's reeling fantail caught her eye, and glancing down she saw, gripping a towing bollard to prevent himself from being carried away, the soaked, shivering figure of Rankin, his staring eyes fixed on the plunging hulk astern.

"What you doin' there?" Annie bellowed. "Ye wanna git swept overboard?"

Startled, he looked up, his face a pallid, burning-eyed mask. Hurriedly he went out of sight beneath the deck's overhang, and Annie started again for the wheelhouse. But she had gone only a step or two when, high over the noise of the gale, came a sharp, cannonlike crack. Instantly, knowing what it was, she threw herself flat on the deck to avoid the deadly steel coils that back-sprang out of the dark and tumult toward her. The towing wire had parted.

Annie got up and staggered to the wheelhouse. "Stop her, Peter," she yelled, "afore we git the wire tangled in our prop!"

As way was stopped the Narcissus wildly rolled and dipped, while Annie leaped ponderously down the ladder to the deck below, shouting for her crew to man the towing winch and reel in the snapped towing wire.

"Now what, Annie?" Hank yelled, as the drum began to wind.

"We gotta git another line on board somehow!" she bellowed back, over the scream of the wind and crash of boarding seas. "Adrift out there, she's death to any vessel what hits her!"

"But s'pose ya could make fast?" Shiftless objected, staring at her with brine-inflamed eyes. "If one line can't hold, another sure won't!"

"We'll tow her outta the shippin' lane an' let her pile up ashore! But how," she groaned, "kin we make another line fast?"

"I can try it!" said a voice at her elbow, and she turned to stare into the pinched white features of Rankin, who, already, was stripping off jacket and shirt.

"You?" she exploded. "Even you can't swim in that!"

"Quit gabbing and make a light line fast to me!" he snapped, his eyes bleak. "Then get the tug as close as you can. There'll be a length of that wire hanging from her bows—and I'll do the rest!"

Without alternative, Annie snapped into action. "When the broken wire's on board, bend on the big hemp hawser!" she ordered. "Another wire'd be too heavy fer him!"

Back in the wheelhouse, Annie briefed Peter, and presently, with the Salamander's lights as a guide and the radio operators of both tugs crackling out an urgent warning to other shipping, the Narcissus approached the deeply rolling hulk of the attack transport. Peter worked perilously close to the plunging bows, and, with a searchlight's brilliant beam on the dangling wire, Rankin, clad only in shorts, poised for a brief moment on the tug's rail, then plunged, the light, strong line which he held snaking out behind him.

Tensely they watched as his bobbing head reappeared and with swift, powerful strokes he swam for the drifting vessel's high plunging bow. He waited, expertly treading water, till a heavy roll of the vessel enabled him to grasp the wire near the top; then he gripped it and, a skinny white sliver in the lurid beam, swarmed up, hand over hand, and disappeared over the rail.

The bight of the shot line tightened as, from the attack transport's fo'c'slehead, he hauled on each successively stronger length of line; and finally, by painful degrees, the loop of the heavy Manila-hemp hawser was drawn over the rail and made fast.

"Fine!" Annie bawled from the Narcissus' bridge when he had signaled. "Dive over now, an' we'll pick ye up!"

But, strangely, for a moment or two Rankin made no move. Then, wordlessly, he disappeared.

"What's gone wrong wid him?" Annie gasped to Hank, who had joined her. "Why don't he swim back? We can't wait ——"

"Gosh, Annie, look!" Hank grabbed her arm and pointed, and, incredulously, she watched as Rankin, reappearing, climbed the ladder to the steamer's bridge.

"Has he went crazy?" Annie groaned, and frantically she yelled through the megaphone for him to return. But, gaining the bridge, Rankin gave no sign that he had heard. Instead he stood, motionless, his face an expressionless blob in the searchlight's glare, staring fixedly out over the dark and turbulent waters of the strait.

"Annie!" Peter's desperate shout warned her from the wheelhouse. "We can't wait no longer! We gotta tow her inshore, 'case that line parts too!" And, frantic with anxiety, yet helpless, Annie was forced to nod assent.

By degrees the Narcissus took up the strain on the dripping hawser, and slowly, seas spouting high over her bridge, the tow responded. And tense with worry, indifferent to rain and flying spume and the battering gale, Annie remained at the searchlight, playing its beam on the laboring steamer's bridge. But Rankin did not move from his self-imposed vigil; nor, hands gripping the weather dodger, hair tossing in the wind, eyes staring into the wildness of the night, did he otherwise respond.

Steadily the Narcissus battled her way shoreward, and as the wash and turmoil of the night took on a deeper, more deadly tone, there slowly appeared, dead ahead, the goal for which they were making—a loom of high, steep, tree-crowned cliffs, their base a line of jagged reefs over which the surf crashed in menacing diapason and was thrown back in spouting, white-fanged fury.

By now both tug and tow were in the deadly grip of a swift shore current which, aided by the wind, was pushing them steadily, regardless of the Narcissus' powerful propeller thrust, closer and closer to the smoking line of reefs upon which, swiftly and inevitably now, they would be lost. But still, with Hank stationed at the fantail with an ax, to part the hawser at the last possible second of safety, Annie hung on. And then, as she watched, her big face sweating with strain under its film of icy brine, Rankin turned his head and looked across at her, as if his lost eyes sought to close the distance between them.

Annie raised her megaphone and screamed, "Jump, Bob! Jump, ye fool! We'll try an' reach ye!"

Rankin's sole answer was an upraised arm—in mute hail and farewell.

For a paralyzed second Annie stood; then she dashed to the wheelhouse and gave the sharp whistle blast which was the prearranged signal to Hank to sever the line. The Narcissus, freed from the steamer's lethal drag, sheered quickly away. A driving squall shut down. And when it cleared there was time only to see the drifting steamer poise briefly, indistinctly, on the edge of the inshore reef. Then, with a rending screech of steel plates on jagged rock as the attack transport's guts were torn out, she lurched into the foaming blackness and disappeared.

When the first streak of daylight paled the darkness, it revealed only a tumbling world of fog and surf and flying spindrift with, shoreward, an occasional half-discerned glimpse of a broken funnel lying at a grotesque angle deep among the jagged, surf-washed rocks. Then the fog swept in, and the Narcissus and the Salamander gave up their useless vigil and, with fog signals bleating, started the long, wet trip home.

Late the following day, with the Narcissus once more alongside her Secoma berth, Annie was in her cabin, sunk in black depression, when she was aroused by a rap on the door. It was Commander Cannom, of the United States Coast Guard, a burly, black-mustached man with keen brown eyes. In his hand was a message.

"Come in, commander," Annie bade him tonelessly, and cleared her wrinkled, still-damp oilskins off a chair. "Set down. What'd ye find out?"

He handed her the message. "I checked with the Navy about the clippings and diary you found in Rankin's gear bag, Annie," he said. "It's about what you figured."

"Deserter?" she asked.

"Yes. Since 1945. He was a Navy frogman—and a good one, with a fine record in action up to then. The General Appleby was his own ship—one of the attack transports scheduled for the invasion of the Marianas. She was lying in Pearl Harbor, waiting. He overstayed his shore leave, and by the time he'd sobered up she had gone."

"Then it wasn't intentional?" Annie's eyes lightened.

"I don't think so. Anyway, she had a pretty rough time during the island assault ——"

"An' a lot o' his shipmates didn't come back—is that what was eatin' on the pore kid?" asked Annie, with wet eyes.

"Probably. He's been on the run ever since. But it was on his conscience. And going with her on her last voyage was, I suppose," he ended quietly, "Rankin's way of making amends."

"Yeah," said Annie, and stood up; she added huskily: "The pore, tortured little bum."

It was a bright day, with a fresh breeze from the sea. Far across the sparkling sound wooded islands shone like emeralds in the clear, crisp air; and on the hilltop plateau where the assembled crews of the Narcissus and the Salamander stood, from among the headstones in the quiet, parklike little place, a meadow lark soared and sang.

Before them was a simple granite monument, subscribed to by them all, and nearby, with fluttering colors, was a small Navy firing squad. The last words had been said by the surpliced chaplain, the parting salute fired; and now the bugler raised his arm, and, like purest silver the liquid notes of that most poignant and haunting of all farewells—Taps—floated out on the translucent air.

Day is done . . . gone the sun
From the hill, from the lake,
From the sky. . . .
All is well . . . safely rest . . .
God is nigh.

Slowly Annie raised the back of her work-calloused paw and rubbed it across her eyes, and Mr. Bullwinkle glanced at her, concerned, and gently grasped her arm.

"Now-now, Fatso," he said consolingly. "Easy."

"I'm O.K., ye big ape," she choked; then: "Sleep well, son," she muttered, around the intolerable lump in her throat. "Ye done yer best—an' it was enough."

THE END

What most people save for a rainy day is only a drop in the bucket. JOE RYAN

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Women are Like That

(Continued from Page 31)

the swing of the package in her hand. She held it at her side by its string. It was an oblong box. It contained a pair of shoes.

It is just possible that, but for the box, she might never in all of her life have met the man. In any case, it was the box, not the girl, which accidentally hit this particular man somewhere above the back of the knees. It happened at a corner in the upper Forties. She was waiting to cross the street, still swinging the package in her hand. The man was standing right in front of her.

"I beg your pardon," she said, as he turned around.

He looked at her. Then he folded his arms across his chest, and the look gave way to earnest contemplation. The traffic stopped, and started.

"Did I hurt you?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I may be mortally wounded."

"I'm so sorry," she said, with real concern.

"It's all right," he told her, taking her arm and crossing to the other side of Fifth. "It's a wound I've been waiting for." Then, "Lunch, anyone?"

He was a tall young man in a tweed suit with a sweater under it. His face was strong and not quite handsome, and he wore glasses in heavy tortoise-shell frames. He was nice, with the sort of niceness a girl keeps hidden in the back of her mind as something to be ultimately personified. And when the moment comes, whether it be through an engraved announcement or the inadvertent bumping of a box on a street corner, Destiny should be given a fair chance to work its wonders.

"My name is Joe Smith," said Destiny's client as he steered her up toward 59th. "I'm twenty-seven and a half, going on twenty-eight. Once I sold a story to a magazine, and one day I think I'll dash off a sensitive little novel for one of the book clubs. I have two rooms, bath and kitchenette between Lexington and Third with a typewriter, a record player and an aquatint by Rouault. I'm not perfect, but you probably are. I may marry you. What's your name?"

"Lindsay," she said, laughing, thinking to herself, *It's all right. There's nothing to be afraid of. He's either crazy or he's been analyzed.*

"Lindsay. I like that."

"I do too."

"That's very well adjusted of you. People usually hate their names. Or maybe you're just placating your mother."

They walked in silence for a while before he began again. "I'm having a *déjà vu*," he said. "Where do you suppose we've met before? Was it on the Ile de France? Was it the day the bulls ran loose in the streets of Pamplona? Were you in Newport three summers ago?"

"I've never been to any of those places," she told him.

"I knew I knew you!" he said happily. "Neither have I!"

It wasn't until they were seated behind two dishes of fresh strawberries that the conversation wended its way toward the luxurious garden of philosophy. This garden bears a striking resemblance to the one in that well-known book about heaven. Somewhere amid its breathtaking setting there lurks an ever-present danger: when a man and a woman find, within the first hour, that they can discuss the abstract, it's a 6-to-1 shot they're going to fall in love.

"I think all women are nuts," Joe began brilliantly.

"That's a cliché," Lin said wisely.

"Clichés are merely recurrent truths," Joe countered, even more wisely.

"I guess you're right," Lin agreed, making the wisest move of all.

"Can I check that box for you?" Joe asked. "You seem to be having trouble holding it."

"Oh, no," Lin said, ducking her hand under the table to retrieve it as it clunked to the floor.

"What's in it, anyway? Fifty grand in cash?"

"A pair of shoes," Lin answered.

Joe laughed. "Shoes," he said. "You've been guarding them like the Hope Diamond."

"Well, they cost as much—nearly."

"How much?"

There was now a materialistic directness about him, which for some reason seemed attractive rather than brash. He sounded like—a husband, Lin decided.

"Thirty-five dollars," she told him meekly.

Joe swallowed a large red strawberry and whistled softly. "Thirty-five dollars ——"

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Hermit

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

The tortoise, introverted wight,
Draws in his shell and shuts it tight
When he's alarmed, annoyed or bored.
Later, his peace of mind restored,
He hauls his domicile around
To some serener bit of ground,
Enjoying what all hermits crave:
A portable and pest-proof cave.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"And ninety-five cents."

"Your last name Du Pont?"

"Johnston."

"Johnston. What do you do for a living—smelt steel?"

"Receptionist at Dixon, Preston, Hunt and Rosenthal."

"Who are all those?"

"Wallpaper. Next year I may get to be a junior designer."

"How much this year?"

"Thirty-five a week. But it's just a start. Mr. Hunt says I can work myself up."

"That's for sure," Joe said. "I could work myself up terribly over a thing like that. What about taxes?"

"I don't think a lot about taxes. I mean, if you think about taxes, it feels like you're not making as much."

"Logic," Joe mused. "A whole week's salary for a pair of shoes."

Lin lifted the box from her lap and set it beside her plate, where she gazed at it fondly. "Logic," she said. "What's logic got to do with anything?"

"Nothing, I guess. Except, of course, that you're living beyond your means."

"Only ninety-five cents' worth, and I had that left over from last week. Where are you? The Internal Revenue Service?"

"Advertising. Copywriter." He leaned forward on his elbows. "Tough business. Take last week. This big new account comes in and wants an Original Approach. Scented soap. And I'm the boy. 'You're original,' my boss says. 'Go write something.' I tell him there's nothing new under the sun."

"That is tough," Lin said, fingering the box string.

"Was," said Joe, smiling. "Suddenly I have it."

"Suddenly? Just now?"

"This minute. I looked at you, and there it was."

"Me?"

"You! I looked at you and I saw the whole pitch. Like that, it came to me!" He snapped his fingers. "Advertising is a form of literature. All great literature is based on truth. Right?"

"Go on," she said.

He put his hand over hers and stared into her face. Then he cleared his throat and said softly and truthfully:

"Listen, Sweet, don't be a dope. *You* don't *need* no scented soap!"

The waitress arrived with the check, and Lin yielded reluctantly to Joe's suggestion that he carry the treasure for her as they left the restaurant.

"Zoo?" Joe asked.

"Fine," Lin agreed. "Haven't been there for years. The last time was when I was about seven. My mother took me, after a long siege of shopping. I can't remember just what happened, but as I think of it now, I get the feeling that somehow it was very important."

What did happen? she wondered as they crossed to the Park side. *It was a day in spring, and I was wearing a navy-blue jumper, and I wanted something.*

"I go often," Joe was saying, leading her past top-hatted cabbies, who waited, quaint shades from a bygone era, beside their horses and carriages.

"Would the female shoe fetishist care to ride in style?" he asked.

"At five dollars an hour?" Lin asked, shocked. "I've got on flat sandals! We can walk!"

"Aren't you getting rather practical all of a sudden?"

"You can't get over it," mused Lin.

"Over what?"

"The price of the shoes."

"Yeah," said Joe. "I guess I can't."

"You know something?" said Lin. "For somebody who's going to write novels, there are some areas of life you're terribly nonunderstanding about."

"Oh, really?"

Lin, quickly contrite, took his hand in hers and smiled warmly. "I didn't mean that," she apologized. "It has nothing to do with being a novelist. It simply has to do with being a man, I suppose."

"Well, good," said Joe. "At least we can change that."

There are high, flat rocks in Central Park, made for playing King of the Mountain; sidewalk circles covered with the strange chalk art of children: tremendous heads on tiny bodies, sticklike arms growing out of ears; hopscotch diagrams with their threes and sevens drawn backward; large, crooked words carrying the stanch conviction of propaganda posters: ARTHUR IS A MEANY. ISABEL TOLD A LIE. There are winding paths with signs which caution: NO BICYCLES—mere tokens of propriety, since bicycles have never learned to read. An occasional policeman wanders through, transferred from a lonely shift in the Holland Tunnel or night patrol on the Queensborough Bridge, too grateful for the daytime of April to enforce the law with more than a pleasant warning or two.

Lin and Joe walked slowly, speaking with the casualness of people who know that there are years ahead in which to

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handle urgencies. It wasn't until Joe began playing with the box that the talk turned back to it and its contents. He tossed it up into the air before him and took three quick steps forward to catch it.

"Don't miss," Lin said. "They'll get all banged up."

"How fragile can they be?" Joe wanted to know, as he tucked the box under his arm again.

"Extremely," said Lin.

They had reached the zoo now, and they sat down on a bench near an outdoor llama pen. A group of children leaned over the rail and stiff-legged baby llamas licked popcorn from their palms with warm pink tongues.

"Describe them," Joe said, placing the box on the bench between them.

"The shoes?"

"The shoes," Joe said. "The shoes a girl works a week to pay for."

"Well," she began, "they're black patent leather. Just the narrowest strips of black patent leather crossing over the toes and around the ankles."

"For this kind of dough they couldn't cover the toes?"

"And the heels," Lin went on, ignoring him—"the heels are black and very thin and at least four inches high."

"Great for mountain climbing."

"That's for goats," Lin argued. "I'm a woman."

He looked at her for several long seconds. "Point," he said finally.

"You see," Lin continued, "you just don't understand. I know they're crazy shoes. I know they're too expensive. As a matter of fact, I even know they're a little—unrefined, sort of—if you get what I mean. I mean my mother wouldn't —— Well, that isn't the basic issue, anyway. It's the way they made me feel when I tried them on!"

"How did they make you feel, exactly?"

"Exactly, I don't know. But in general, wonderful. Just wonderful. And the thing you have to understand, Joe, is that the way a woman feels is the way she actually is, deep down inside—which is really the only place it counts. See what I mean? When she believes a thing, it's so."

"Oh," said Joe.

"You're not convinced," Lin said, with a sigh of resignation. And as she sighed she was again carried back to that vague but strangely important day fourteen years ago—the day she had gone shopping with her mother. What was it they had shopped for? And what had she wanted so badly? Like a lamp snapped on at the end of a dark hall, she suddenly remembered—a pair of shoes.

Ridiculous, her mother was saying. *What you need is a good strong pair of brown Oxfords.*

No, came her own voice. *I want patent leather!*

You'll wear them once and outgrow them.

I'll wear them every day.

Black patent-leather slippers? To school? Really, Lindsay.

Why not?

Impractical.

But I want them!

They had left the store—with the brown Oxfords.

And now, on the park bench, she knew that the thing she had just tried to explain to Joe was the same thing she had wanted to tell her mother that day so long ago, and couldn't, because she was a child then, and didn't know how.

The children with the popcorn moved off to another cage, and a little girl came up to take their place, tugging at the hand of a navy-blue-clad governess.

"Look, look!" said the little girl, straining toward the pen. "A little horsy!"

"*Il n'est pas un cheval*," said the governess. "*Il est un*—llama."

"Nice horsy," crooned the child happily. "Nice, nice horsy."

"Llama," said the nurse.

"It's the horsy the princess rides in the story!" cried the little girl. "You read it to me in the story! Don't you remember?"

"In the story *c'est un cheval*," said the nurse firmly. "In this cage in the Central Park Zoo, *c'est un* llama!" Then, taking the small hand in her large gloved one, she led the child unwillingly away.

"Good-by, little horsy!" called the little girl over her shoulder.

"Llama," said the nurse as they passed the bench on which Lin and Joe were sitting.

"Horsy," came the child's voice as they disappeared around a bend.

"Horsy," said Lin to Joe quietly.

Joe smiled. "Sure," he said.

They were silent for a time, and then Joe lifted the box and laid it in Lin's lap. "Put them on," he told her.

Lin, still caught up in the scene which had just taken place, looked at him slowly, as though from a trance. "Put them on?"

"The shoes. Put them on. I want to see them."

"Now? Right here?"

"Right here."

She thought for a minute. "All right," she said. "All right, I will!" And, swiftly a child herself once more, her face lit up with a shining excitement. "You hide your eyes, and when I say 'Ready!' you can open them!"

"It's a deal," Joe said. He closed his eyes and cupped his hands over them.

Lin jumped up.

He waited a second. "Now?" he asked, still playing the game.

"No!" Lin called. "Not yet!"

"What's taking so long?"

"The ankle straps! The catches are stiff!"

"Well, hurry up!"

An interminable length of time seemed to pass. Then, suddenly, Lin called, "Ready!"

Joe lowered his hands and opened his eyes.

"Here!" Lin cried to him. "Over here!"

Joe stood up and turned.

Silently, he stared. She was standing beneath a half-budded maple. The honey hair which she had worn up in the narrow ribbon was down now, touching the shoulders of her cashmere sweater like a matching helmet. Beside her lay the flat brown sandals.

He looked then for the shoes—the shoes that had cost more than a week's salary and were black patent leather with strips across the toes and crazy, tottering four-inch heels.

"Do you like them?" she asked; and he saw the pride in her face, alive with the kind of beauty she had tried to tell him about—the kind of beauty that comes from inside. What had she said? "The way a woman feels is the way she actually is."

Then he looked down at the shoes again. But in that one brief moment of understanding, when feeling washes like a tide across the shore of reality, they disappeared from his sight. And in place of them, stuck lightly to her heels, as though some strange and mythical wind had blown them there, were the small golden wings that are made for goddesses.

THE END

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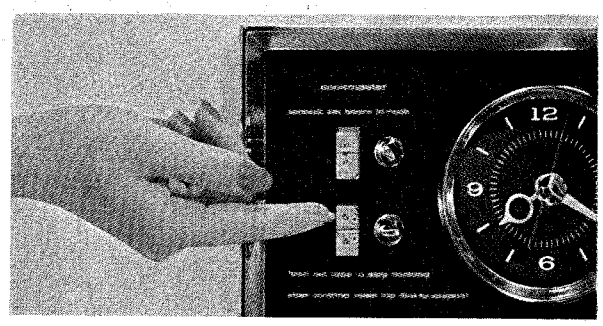

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What We Learned About the American People

(Continued from Page 25)

the speeches Eisenhower and Stevenson have been making out here.

FARMER: Had a lot to say, didn't they? (*Spits finally and emphatically, and walks away*).

In the end, after a hard day's work, when we totted up the totals, the Ridder-Alsop poll came out:

Eisenhower	8%
Stevenson	0%
Don't know or won't tell . .	92%

As a result of this inconclusive experience, I was a trifle skeptical of the whole polling business. Then one day last spring I lunched with the astute Louis Harris, who was at the time a partner in the Elmo Roper polling organization—he has since started his own firm. The subject of President Eisenhower's personal popularity came up. Was it solid and real, I asked, a decisive political phenomenon? Or was it a product of expert publicity and Republican wishful thinking?

"Why not come with me and find out?" Harris said. He explained that he was soon to do some polling in Chicago, and in Gary, Indiana. If I wanted to come with him, I could talk to the voters, too, and reach my own conclusions. I found out a lot in those two days. I found out, for example, the answer to the question I had asked Harris. "The President's popularity," I reported, "is genuine and deep-rooted, and it will be extraordinarily difficult for the Democrats to counteract it."

Thereafter my brother Joe and I traveled thousands of miles, to Oregon and Washington, to Illinois and Indiana and Iowa and Wisconsin, to New Jersey and New York and Pennsylvania, to farms and slums and rich suburbs and small towns, talking to people, not only about how they were going to vote but about anything else that might interest them. And we found out a lot more.

One thing we discovered is that people are not politicians (I had long suspected that politicians are not people). As a result, the technique of interviewing people is entirely different from the technique of interviewing politicians or other public figures—something Walter Ridder and I overlooked on our ill-fated expedition. A politician loves to be interviewed—it gives him a chance to advertise himself and his views. The best way to find out what a politician knows or thinks is to ask him, usually as bluntly as possible. But if you use the same simple approach with most American citizens, they are apt to conclude, like our farmer, that you are poking your nose in where you have no business to poke it.

Accordingly, the professional pollsters have worked out a technique of interviewing wholly different from ordinary reporting. First, you make a careful study of the economic, racial and political complexion of the area to be polled. Then you arm yourself with a pile of question-and-answer sheets, which somehow have a reassuring effect on the citizenry. You adopt a manner as solemnly impersonal as a sewer inspector's. You go out and ring doorbells, and as soon as somebody comes to the door, you start talking right away—thus: "I've been doing a survey of opinion among your neighbors here and over the state and the country and I wonder if I could ask you a few questions it will only take a minute and I'm not selling anything and I won't use your name or anything now do you mind telling me did you get around to voting in 1952?"

As soon as you get an answer to this noncontroversial question, you can be virtually certain the nosier questions will also be answered. It seems to be a rule of nature that a person who has answered one question will go on and answer others, even far more personal and searching ones. But you don't rush your fences. Getting a little bit nosier all the time, you ask six or seven further questions before you get to the nubbin and ask your victim how he or she actually intends to vote this year.

This little-steps-for-little-feet technique works like a charm. After I'd learned the technique, I asked Ridder to come along with me again, on another test of farm sentiment, this time in Iowa. Remembering 1952, Ridder went along strictly for laughs. But this time, to his surprise, we talked to more than forty farmers in one day, and we got not a single "Well, I guess I'll keep that to myself."

Other essentials of poll-taking are a willingness to go anywhere and a lot of brass. Going anywhere means, for example, climbing to the top stories of condemned buildings in the Harlem slums, past suspicious dark eyes peering through peepholes in doorways, and through smells you never knew existed. As for brass, I learned a lesson from my mentor, Lou Harris, on that first expedition, when we came up to a suburban house in Indiana and saw through the picture window a young couple in a passionate embrace. I plucked nervously at Harris' elbow, pointing out that the man looked tough and quick-tempered, and that anyway these people would be in no mood to answer questions about politics. But Harris stolidly rang the doorbell. The couple answered all his questions, too, despite a certain visible impatience.

Feeling the people's pulse not only takes persistence and brass, it is also hard, sweaty work—forty interviews a day in the farm areas, seventy-five a day in the cities, whereas a Washington reporter thinks he's killing himself if he averages four or five interviews a day. Is it worth it?

If what you want is state-by-state, to-the-last-percentage-point predictions of what is going to happen in an election, it is not worth it. By the end of the campaign, we felt confident enough that Adlai Stevenson had failed to counteract the President's "genuine and deep-rooted popularity" to predict—rather nervously, remembering 1948—that the President would win by a "handsome majority." But by that time, a lot of other people, who had not done any hard, sweaty work, were making the same prediction—and we were, to be frank, surprised by just how handsome the President's majority was.

There are just too many imponderables to permit dependably accurate, percentage-point predictions of an election outcome. One of the first things you notice when you go out polling is that at least nine out of ten people say they intend to vote. Since you know that a 60 per cent turnout is a good national average, you know that three out of these nine are liars—unconscious liars, no doubt, but liars all the same. And there is really no way on earth to determine who these self-deceivers are.

There is also no way on earth to determine whether people are really going to do what they say they are going to do. One phenomenon was very striking in the last campaign. It was the number of people who said they liked Eisenhower, did not like Stevenson, but that all the same they meant to vote "Democratic" (they always said "Democratic" rather than "for Stevenson"). If you were a pollster, you put these people down for Stevenson. But were they? Even at the time, as we wrote, we suspected that a lot of them were not. And, since the election, we are sure of it.

There are other utterly unpredictable phenomena—what the public-opinion experts call "terminal horror," for example. Terminal horror operates in favor of the incumbent candidate, especially the incumbent President. A man goes into the voting booth fully intending to vote for the challenger. But then he suddenly starts thinking that the President, whatever his faults, is a known quantity, while the challenger represents the dread unknown—and things could be a lot worse than they are. So he finds himself, to his own surprise, voting for the known against the unknown.

Terminal horror operated repeatedly in favor of Franklin Roosevelt, according to the experts, and it was certainly a key factor in Harry Truman's 1948 triumph. I am certain that it also accounted in part for the whopping size of Dwight D. Eisenhower's majority. The desperate international crisis which descended on the world in the last days of the campaign accentuated the voters' dread of the unknown, and many turned instinctively to Eisenhower.

It is just not possible to measure in advance the effects of terminal horror. It is just not possible, in short, to find out precisely how people are actually going to vote by going out and asking them—although you can certainly get a pretty good idea of how things are shaping up. But if you go out and talk to people, not only about how they are going to vote but about the issues, the candidates, the state of the nation, the state of the world, and even the state of their digestions—if that's what interests them—you can find out a lot about how we Americans live and what we are like, and about the American voter as a political animal.

What follows does not pretend to be a detailed analysis of the recent election—we leave that to the able Sam Lubell, a much more experienced feeler of the public pulse. It is, instead, an attempt to describe what we found out about the American voter as a political animal and as a human being.

We found out, for example, that a great many Americans go barefoot in their own houses in warm weather, and the male members of the family are also often naked to the waist. We found out that a lot of people keep the television on all the time, the way you'd keep the furnace on in winter, and most of them pay hardly more attention to it than you would to the furnace. We found out that the vast majority of Americans are friendly and hospitable, once they are convinced you're not playing any tricks on them, but that the poor are more hospitable than the rich. In the poorer sections, the weary pollster is much more likely to be asked to come in and sit down than in the richer suburbs. Elderly ladies are also more hospitable than pretty girls, who never—perhaps wisely—ask you in.

We found out that we Americans are a pretty sober lot. The best time to poll is in the late afternoon and evening, because the man of the house is at home then. But on most residential streets, the lights begin winking out at around nine o'clock, and you've got to stop. And you're never, never offered (*Continued on Page 65*)

Next Week...

A Daring New Brain Operation
For "Shaking Palsy"

He Digs Hollywood Gold
The Inside Story of Irving Lazar's Amazing Movie Deals

To Sea in a Jeep
An Adventurous Young Couple's "Impossible" Tour to South America by Car

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PARIS,
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In Color
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(*Continued from Page 63*) a drink, not even a glass of beer, not even by the most hospitable.

We found out that most Americans—bar a small economic fringe of wealth and poverty—live very much like one another. Particularly in the postwar housing developments which surround our cities like vast encampments, and which have changed the whole pattern of American life, you begin to feel as though you were at a magic-lantern show, and that something had gone wrong with the mechanism, so that the same scene appeared again and again on the screen.

You walk up the concrete path toward the neat, small, one-story house, past the well-kept patch of grass (What happens to the householder who refuses to care for his grass? Is he lynched by infuriated neighbors?) to the front door, which is surrounded by carefully tended shrubs and flowers. You ring the bell or knock, and someone comes to the door—often, as previously noted, in bare feet or naked to the waist. You start your spiel, and get that first crucial question answered. Then, if you are lucky—and especially if you are not in too well-heeled an area—you are asked to step inside.

The door opens directly on the living room. On one side of it is the television set, the new hearth of the American home, and facing the television set is a big couch, often covered with translucent plastic for longer wear. Usually, on the plastic-covered couch or sprawled on the floor in front of the television set, there are two or three or four or even more healthy-looking children, who look up at the stranger without interest and then back at the set. That was another thing we found out—that America these days is literally crawling with children.

There is often a wall bracket on one wall, with ivy growing from it, and on the other a reproduction—a hunting scene, an old master, sometimes a modern painting. Joe discovered one of the few absolutely dependable rules of polling. If there were modern reproductions on the wall, and especially if the lady of the house wore a horsetail hairdo and toreador pants, the household was passionately pro-Stevenson. Van Gogh flower reproductions don't count, but Picasso makes it a sure thing. Everything in the house, or almost everything, is new—most of us, it seems, don't like old things.

Obviously not all Americans live the same way. Lots of people still live in apartment houses or in the bigger, older houses with such now-archaic but not altogether inconvenient characteristics as porches, attics, cellars and two stories. Some Americans are very rich, and some very poor indeed, as anyone can attest who has visited the slums of Chicago or Harlem—where many people keep a cat to deal with the rats and a dog to deal with human enemies. But if you leave out the small minority of the very poor and the much smaller minority of the very rich, the differences in the American style of living—the difference between the two-bedroom development house of the union worker and the businessman's suburban split level—are differences of degree, not of kind.

The television screen and the living room may be bigger in the split level, but the same neat, new, comfortable, casual, mechanized, sober and industrious life is lived in both. And what is true of the urban residential areas is true of the farm country, too, especially in the Middle West. As you go from door to door through the Iowa or Wisconsin or Indiana countryside what you see does not much interest you, because you are used to it. But it is almost unique in the world. For you see no vast landed estates, no châteaux, no manor houses, no peasant hovels with a cow or other livestock performing the function of a furnace in cold weather. You see an unending succession of family-owned farms, and none of the shutterless clapboard houses is much smaller or much larger than any other.

Perhaps it is because we have traveled so much abroad, in pursuit of our livelihood, that this outward aspect of American life impressed us so much. For here in America, surely—or nine tenths of America, at least—you find the old dream of the true egalitarian society realized beyond the wildest hopes of a Jean Jacques Rousseau or a Tom Paine.

But when you peer behind the outward seeming of the American scene, you soon find that the people who live in the houses that look so much alike do not necessarily think or talk alike. You meet, as you go from door to door, all sorts of people with odd—but not necessarily wrong—ideas, like the elderly accountant in Milwaukee who was passionately convinced that all other issues paled into insignificance beside the wastage of the soil—"Our land is turning to desert," he said. You meet highly intelligent people, and stupid people, and happy people, and sad and lonesome people. You meet, indeed, a rich and fascinating human and political variety.

Yet a pattern of sorts soon begins to emerge, and as we traveled about the country ringing doorbells, we began to find out things about the American voter which we did not know before or knew only dimly. One of these things seemed to us of decisive political importance, and at the same time mystifying. It is the way almost all the voters acquire a very sharp, very vivid and, in most cases, very similar mental image of the candidates. This is true even of those—and there are a great many of them—who rarely read anything about politics and always switch off political speeches on the radio or television.

A big majority of the people we talked to, including a great many of those who said they were going to vote for Stevenson, liked their mental image of Eisenhower better than they liked their mental image of Stevenson. They liked Eisenhower better in just the same way that you might like one neighbor more than another. As a man in Moline said, "Ike's the kind of man you'd like to have over for a cook-out." Or as a housewife in a New Jersey suburb remarked, "I guess Stevenson's a fine man, but he seems like the kind of man you couldn't get to be friends with easily."

Stevenson is, in fact, a warm and friendly man, according to those who know him well. He had genuine admirers, and not only among ladies in toreador pants. But he himself once complained of his "failure to communicate" with the voters, whereas the glow of the Eisenhower personality communicated itself so successfully that people could almost warm their hands at it.

This curious ability to "communicate," to get through to the voters, to appeal to them emotionally as one human being to another, is a mysterious thing. Franklin Roosevelt had it, too, after all, and there have rarely been two people more different than Roosevelt and Eisenhower. (And Thomas E. Dewey lacked it in 1948, just as Stevenson lacked it in 1952 and 1956.)

Perhaps there was a small clue to the mystery in the word "sincere" which we heard again and again applied to Eisenhower, and hardly ever to Stevenson. A kind of warm earnestness, an ability to say simple and even shopworn things with evident conviction, is an essential part of the mysterious ability to communicate. But it is only a part. The way the voters make up their minds about the candidates so quickly and positively, as though by some extrasensory perception, remains buried in the enigma of the human personality. But we learned that it was a very much more important factor in politics than we had realized before we went out to ring doorbells.

We learned other things. We learned, for example, that the notion that America is a vast matriarchy ruled by grim-jawed females is a myth. In the overwhelming majority of American households the male still wears the pants—the political pants at any rate. Again and again—especially on the farms—you hear the same thing when a housewife comes to the door: "Well, now, he hasn't made up his mind yet how we're going to vote."

We also found out that a great many American voters are a great deal more class-conscious—that is the only word for it—than we had imagined. Over and over again, anywhere in the country, we heard the same phrase repeated in one form or another with metronomic regularity: "Eisenhower is a good man, and I don't go too much for Stevenson, but the Republicans are for the big shots, and the Democrats are more for us little guys." A surprising number even used the alien phrase "for us working-class people."

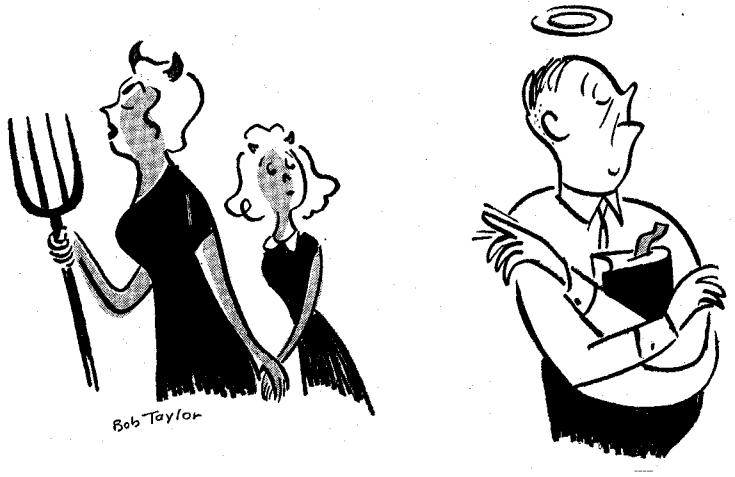
It seems strange that so many Americans, in this prosperous egalitarian country, should think of themselves as "little guys." But they do. Many of the people who think of themselves as "little guys," moreover, live in neat houses with well-kept lawns, with a good car parked outside, and like as not a freezer and a washer-dryer in the kitchen.

Obviously, the little-guy complex was born in the depression and the New Deal. Obviously, it is the great central asset of the Democratic Party. Obviously, it is also the central challenge which Dwight D. Eisenhower and the Republican Party face in the second Eisenhower Administration.

The Eisenhower personality, the years of Republican prosperity and the fading of the memory of the depression have already combined to lessen the political impact of the little-guy complex. It operates much less strongly among the younger people than in the older generation. "They say the Democrats are for the working people and the Republicans are for the big shots," one handsome young steelworker in Pittsburgh remarked, "but I can't see I'm any worse off."

Given four more years of prosperity and the successful accomplishment of President Eisenhower's stated intention of remaking the Republican Party in his own image, and the little-guy complex may cease to be an important political factor. But it is still an important political factor today, as witness the Democrats' capture of both houses of Congress in the face of the Eisenhower landslide. And the existence of this class-consciousness in what is, after all, the nearest approach to a classless society yet devised, struck us both as a surprising and deeply meaningful political phenomenon.

We also soon found out that the public personalities and political issues which are a political writer's bread and butter are very far removed from the day-to-day life of most Americans. It is not an entirely happy discovery for political writers—who tend to be pompous, self-re-



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Like most men, John married a girl of his own faith. Sixteen years later, he was shocked when his wife changed her religion and induced their fifteen-year-old daughter to do likewise. Unable to live happily in a house of divided worship, John sought a divorce.

"I married a wife of my own faith and it is legal cruelty for a man of my strong religious convictions to be forced to live with a woman of another faith," John contended. "Further, she had no right to persuade my young daughter to change her faith."

"Marriage did not make me or my child a slave to my husband's wishes," the wife replied. "As Americans, we have a right to be free to worship as we please."

If you were the judge, would you grant John a divorce?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

John lost. The court said, "In this land of religious liberty anyone may quite properly change his religious faith if he chooses," and the rest of the family must learn to live with the change.

Based upon a 1955 New York decision.

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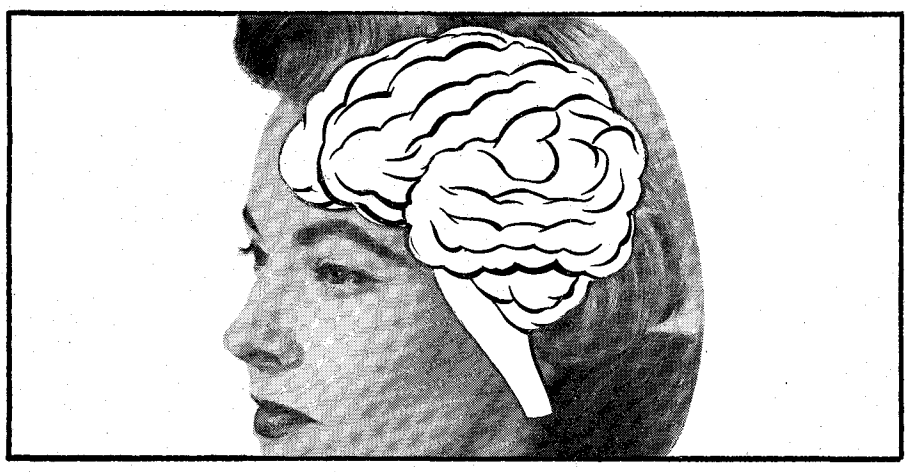

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garding fellows—that their chosen field ranks way below baseball, say, in public interest. I polled several precincts in Milwaukee in September, and I quickly realized that everybody was deeply interested in the fate of the Braves, and hardly anybody was deeply interested in the outcome of the election. As a result of our experience, I'd guess that politics—in detail, at least—rates in general interest somewhere between baseball and badminton, and rather closer to badminton than baseball.

I remember the sad-faced elderly lady in Chicago who worshiped Eisenhower, but added, "Isn't it too bad that Stevens had that heart attack?" A great many people seem to think that Estes Kefauver's name is Kehoffer, or sometimes Cowfever. A surprising number of Negroes evidently believe that the Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation was a law personally passed by President Eisenhower—"He passes this law and then he don't do nothing about it." Many people apparently dislike Vice-President Nixon on the odd ground that he is "too radical." And when Adlai Stevenson unwisely injected the issue of halting hydrogen-bomb tests, a lot of people concluded that he wanted to "give our bombs away to the Russians."

We found, to be sure, remarkably astute and well-informed people in unexpected places. My brother recalls, for example, an old farmer of Finnish descent in Oregon, who lucidly explained how the Soviets intended to use Colonel Nasser as a catspaw for the capture of the whole Middle East—something the great minds of the State Department had not then by any means cottoned onto.

Even so, any politician who expects the mass of voters to know the issues in detail should have his head examined. Stevenson clearly suffered from the illusion that the voters read or heard all his speeches. Yet by the same token, any politician who thinks he can fool most of the people most of the time should also have his head examined. As old Sam Blythe used to say, "It's always a mistake to play the great rancid American people for boobs."

The great rancid American people are quick to suspect that an attempt is being made to play them for boobs, and quick to resent it. I am sure that Stevenson's stand on the draft, hailed as a political master stroke by some around him, hurt him badly. "He's just after the mothers' vote," people said. I am just as sure that the soil-bank plan, which was supposed to bail out the Republicans in the hard-hit farm areas, hurt more than it helped. "It's just an election-year stunt," the farmers said, even farmers who had pocketed handsome Government checks.

Above all, where you find in individuals total apathy or appalling ignorance, you also come away from the whole experience of talking to hundreds of Americans with an impression of collective sanity and wisdom. Before we started ringing doorbells, my brother and I had become half convinced by the distasteful picture of the American electorate painted by many professionals in both parties. It was a picture of a feckless people, indifferent to danger, wallowing happily like so many Gadarene swine in domestic prosperity.

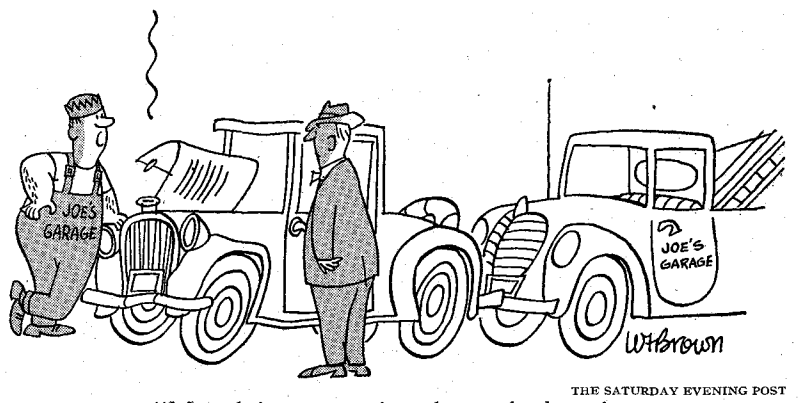
It was a totally false picture. Of course it is true that many Americans are ill-informed on the details of defense and foreign-policy matters. It is also true that too many Americans believe that wanting peace and achieving peace are virtually synonymous. But my brother and I came away from our experience convinced that the deepest preoccupation of the vast majority of Americans is not with the state of their pocketbooks, as most politicians maintain, but with the state of the world and American responsibilities in that world. The vast majority of Americans are, in a word, patriots, and, after all, that is not very surprising.

But the most lasting impression we have carried away is personal rather than political. It is how nice Americans are. It is a special kind of niceness, born of a fearless, unquestioning confidence in the American future, and, even among the self-designated "little guys," an innate sense of personal equality, personal dignity and personal freedom.

I remember polling a poor street in Gary, when I revisited that city toward the end of the campaign, and coming suddenly on a little nest of recent escapees from an Iron Curtain country. They were all together in a row of old houses down one side of the street. It was impossible to talk to them. I would knock, and they would open the door a crack and peer timidly out. "No, no," they would say, "I am sorry, I cannot answer such questions, I am sorry." And they would shut the door and scurry away.

No doubt they were nice people too. But the knock on the door had a special meaning for them. It was with a sense of real relief that I moved on up the street and talked to people for whom the knock on the door had no special meaning, and to whom free and open talk came as naturally as breathing. "Well, Eisenhower's got a lot of big shots around him, but I just don't go for that Stevenson." "I don't know too much about politics, but the way I see it ——" "I don't think too much of either of them." "Well, now, they're both good men, but like my husband said ——"

It can get a bit repetitious at times, talking to the people the place is full of. But it is good to know that America is a big and strong country, filled with sober, free-spoken, hard-working, very nice people. And there is no better way to make this discovery than by going out and talking to them. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"My advice to you is to leave the keys in the ignition and hope somebody steals it."

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Confessions of a Choir Director

(Continued from Page 30)

Two of the reasons that I have never been plagued too much with these difficulties are that I have had the extremely good fortune to be associated with tolerant, understanding churches and choirs, and I will have to admit that I have been pretty independent. Except for three years, all my choir directing has been done as an avocation. When one is independent and knows that he can go to some other church or doesn't need the job at all, he can tell the pastor, the official board, the pastor's wife, the organist or a recalcitrant in the choir to go jump in the lake. And sometimes it's fun to do it.

Right here I want to go on record that in my experience the most charitable, gentle and understanding people that I have known are choir members. Of course, some are stinkers. Take, for instance, a man whom I shall arbitrarily call Mr. Martin.

Mr. Martin is a prosperous, level-headed businessman. His sound advice is sought in the Chamber of Commerce, his civic club and by friends. Then he joins the choir. He has a fair baritone voice and has been quite valuable in his high-school and college glee clubs.

... ...

I Hate Winter

By Ivy Houtz Woolley

Some folks enjoy winter—
At least that's what they say.
When leaves turn brown,
though,
I turn blue—
And stay that way till May.

... ...

He is very sure he is just what the choir needs, and the director is delighted to have the respected Mr. Martin in his flock. How mistaken can he be! At rehearsals Mr. Martin becomes a spoiled child. He never has been before, but he is now. He pouts when he is not assigned a solo in the anthem that he thought he should have. He turns red, clams up and, after controlling his temper as long as he can, gets up and walks out. He comes to service the next Sunday, takes his place in the choir and everything is all right again. He tells someone he had to leave rehearsal for an appointment. But the director knows what happened. The fellow was hurt. The minute this solid citizen became a member of the choir he became a prima donna.

Another little item that your choir director has to contend with is the dear soul who has sung in the choir for forty years, pre-empting the same seat and singing off pitch every blessed one of those forty years. In my experience this person has invariably been a wonderful, winsome personality and the soul of constancy. Her voice snaps, crackles and pops, and her tonal quality is akin to that of a rusty door hinge. What to do with her?

I won't do a thing that will hurt her feelings. She has as much right in the choir as the organ console. I have had some success with an oblique approach. I have a talk with the dear lady, assuring her how much her faithfulness has meant to the church and to the choir. In this I am perfectly sincere.

But now comes the hard part. Would she consider changing to the alto section? Her musicianship and experience are needed so much there because there are seldom enough altos in any choir. It is devious and two-faced. Your own choirmaster, if he is kind as well as efficient, has had to resort to this or other subterfuges more than once.

Here is another problem. Are you, as a member of the congregation, offended because you have to look at the hypocrites singing in your choir? You say to yourself, *I just don't see how she has the nerve to get up before the congregation every Sunday when everyone knows the life she has led. That poor director must be embarrassed to death.* Not this one. She has as much right to be in the choir as she has to be in the congregation. It may not be very good taste on her part, but she has a perfect right to be there. It is the Lord's House from the front door to the back, and I am in perfect agreement with Galloway's pastor, Doctor Selah, in what he says so often from the pulpit, "The church is the gathering place for sinners, not a school for saints."

And deliver me from coping with preachers or preachers' wives, either of whom have had a little musical education. The ones who are really fine musicians are seldom a problem. It is generally those with a smattering of training who have an abundance of opinions. One of their formulas goes something like this: The wife comes to choir rehearsal and, in the sweetest manner ever, says, "Doctor Blank thinks it would be very appropriate if you would use As Torrents in Summer because his sermon on Sunday will be titled The Flood of God's Love."

The example is extreme, but no more so than some of the suggestions that directors have had from these well-meaning teams—all offered with the good intent and purpose of correlating the sermon and the music, an admirable practice, but one that has to be done with perception and good taste or it can become ridiculous. The thoughtful pastor will certainly attempt a co-ordination in his service, but not at any cost.

In my experience, I have had to work with only one preacher who caused me sleepless nights, but he was a dilly. He had been a world-famous rodeo cowboy back in the early 1900's—competing in the top rodeos and holding many world records. After being converted, he rushed through a sketchy theological training. Possessing an amazingly shrewd and forceful personality, coupled with a prodigious lack of tact and absolutely no polish, this fire-eating zealot, by some quirk of circumstance, was called to the pulpit of one of the prominent churches in a city in Illinois where I was director of music.

He lasted only about eighteen months, but that was long enough to disrupt the church, the choir and the Sunday school. When he first appeared on the scene, the church was the foremost congregation of seven of its denomination in the city. When he left, it had to close its doors. He was the type that would stop the congregation in the middle of a hymn and say, "Let's sing something with a little pep in it." On one occasion he interrupted the choir during the singing of the anthem and announced that, because of the length of his message, he felt he should begin that minute so he wouldn't keep his congregation too long after twelve noon. He was a crude prima donna. There are other prima-donna types including the bigots and pseudo-intellectuals, who, with their lack of balance, display vast areas of ignorance in dictating the music policies of their pastorates. Lest I be misinterpreted, I hasten to say that, as the

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supreme temporal authority in a congregation, the pastor should control and dictate the policies of all branches of the church's work. The choirmaster should make every effort to co-operate with him. If differences of opinion can't be resolved, I can see only one way out—the director should resign. If he doesn't resign, he should be dismissed.

The influential patron saint of a congregation can be no end of worry to a choirmaster. You probably have one in your church. He is the largest contributor to the church coffers. It is a foregone conclusion he is a member of the church board and probably the chairman.

I have had to contend with two extreme cases of these self-styled guardians of the church's welfare. One of them had hired the organist before I arrived on the scene. She was quite personable, but only a fair musician. She lost no time impressing on me that I was to leave her strictly alone—no suggestions, no corrections. Her salary was augmented substantially from a separate fund set up as a portion of the aforementioned benefactor's contribution.

At that time I was a youngster in my first and only full-time directing position. I did what so many directors have done and are doing today when their entire livelihood depends on that job. I capitulated. I am glad it happened so early in my career. In spite of the handicap of not being able to control every factor of the music, I made a fair success of this position for three years; however, I made up my mind that I would never go through that sort of subjection again. My alternative was to treat church work as an avocation and enjoy it rather than be worried by it, so, in 1929, I went into radio, and later into television with some success. This placed me in a more independent position regarding church work.

The second experience with the layman-type shepherd of the flock found me in a much more tenable position. The gentleman stopped me on the street after I had been with his church for two weeks and enthusiastically informed me that he had just hired a fine soprano. He just knew I would be delighted with a voice of her caliber and pleased to know that the expense was not coming out of the music budget.

After twenty years' experience, I knew this situation was dynamite. We battled it out right there on the street. I assured him that I appreciated his intentions and that I had great respect for the ability of his protégée, but that I could not tolerate the arrangement with its attending implications, and its effect on the balance of the choir.

The situation had to be resolved right there, and it was. I let him know I would take it to the board where the decision could go only one of two ways—keep his singer or me. After considerable sputtering and fuming, the gentleman said he would relinquish his project.

One sad fact the choirmaster faces is that poor taste in church music is amazingly prevalent. This is true in many of the so-called "leading churches," although they should be expected to encourage the better music.

On occasion I have used my Wahabi Shrine Chanters in my church. The nature of the public appearances that this Masonic group makes dictates a more florid type of singing, as they are primarily for entertainment purposes. Even our sacred selections are of the dramatic type. We have always been received with enthusiasm by church congregations. This never fails to give me cause for reflection, and I keep coming up with the same answer—the majority of churchgoers want to be entertained.

Just let me use an anthem with some Fourth-of-July effects, plenty of big, fat, roaring passages, throw in a few breath-taking loud-to-soft and soft-to-loud gymnastics, then wind up with a circus ending, and, brother, I am in! They love it.

The next Sunday the choir sings a lovely, deeply spiritual Brahms Motet—music that is woven from the heart and soul of a devout musical giant—and what happens? Nothing. The music was "nice!" Thank God I have a choir that is perceptive, amused and totally unruffled by the whimseys of 3500 individuals in our congregation.

The definite trend in the modern Protestant church toward entertainment value in the music and its presentation is naturally deplored by the proponents of the traditional. It can be attributed in part to radio and television glamour choruses, along with the full treatment of lighting effects. One small facet of my consciousness can countenance the new effort. I feel a certain sympathy for the millions of churchgoers who have had to put up with drab, warmed-over anthems all their lives and are glad to get a little action! Yet the propriety of church music must be preserved lest the sanctity of sincere worship be lost in an ecclesiastical vaudeville show.

One of the things that a successful choir director won't do is to cram his own pet form or grade of music down the throats of the choir or the congregation if they don't like it or don't understand it—that is, he won't do it obviously. If he feels the music of his church needs upgrading, he had better go about the change-over in an exceedingly careful manner.

So many young directors just out of college have found through bitter experience that ideals are great until you start labeling them. I will compromise on some occasions with the caliber of music I use, but, in general, I have found no reason to use anything but the great classical and the best contemporary church music.

As a kid in small towns on the Western plains, I made up my mind that classical music was for the birds. The reason for this is obvious to me now. The only times I heard classical selections they were performed by a fat, wheezy soprano laboring through Hark, Hark, the Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings or the town violin virtuoso who "took lessons" at the county seat and who was appallingly inept in sawing off Humoresque. I didn't realize then that it was the performer I didn't like, not the music. People usually like the best when it is done well.

When a director goes to a new church, the transformation to a better class of music must be handled unostentatiously and with tact. Most congregations, because they are made up of human beings, don't want to be educated in music; so I am not going to stick my neck out and let them think they are being educated. One of America's great showmen has said, "Don't spend a nickel trying to educate the public." Of course, he was speaking of the entertainment business categorically. He may have been thinking of the attempts that were being made in those days to foist operatic sopranos on circus crowds.

The first and foremost cause of bad music is poor directors, although the standard of directing and repertoire is generally ascending. One great factor is a growing realization among many denominations that good music is often the difference between a progressive church and a dead one.

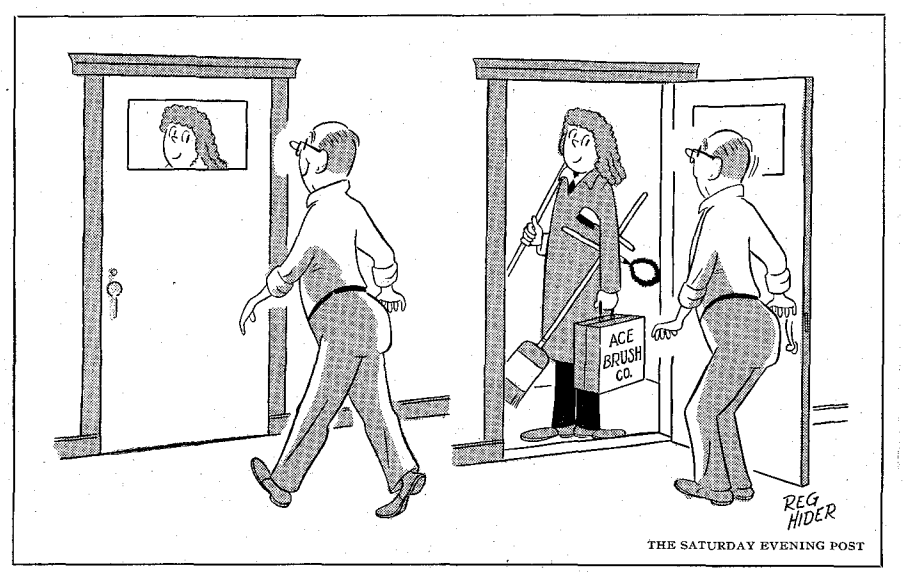
A new look and a new sound have been added to church music in America during the past twenty-five years, and are becoming more potent each year. It is the influence of highly trained graded-choir specialists who possess church-music degrees. These young men and women are generally sound musicians and have the added advantage of intensive organizational training. Where one of these is employed full time, it is not unusual to find six to ten regularly rehearsed choirs in a church of no more than 1500 members. Each group in the lower ages has its own specialized repertoire and course of study, calculated to prepare them for the step up to the next choir.

It was not my good fortune to enjoy this sort of training when I was a youngster, and I certainly have no quarrel with it. The objections that have arisen to greater choir organization invariably stem from somebody's lack of personality, tact and common sense.

Quite often the young director of music, on fire with enthusiasm, tries to take over the entire church and feels misused if the pastor and congregation do not agree that the whole church program should revolve around him and his department. I know of instances here in the South in which the choirs are wagging the church. The services are often three-ring circuses.

I attended a service in a Gulf Coast city in which three choirs participated. A "cherub" choir of tiny tots, lined up in front of the rostrum, lisped through a little song at the beginning of the service. Later the offertory response was sung by a high-school-age group from the balcony in the rear. Just before the sermon, the adult choir sang an anthem—all this, with the introit, responses and amens coming at one from every side.

It was all quite overpowering, and I am the last to say that it wasn't good entertainment. I was reminded of the Olsen-and-Johnson shows, and wondered if the next act was coming from the vestibule or from under the pews. I am not so sure that a little showmanship is out of place in co-ordinating an interesting service, but some of the production gimmicks can make the whole thing become too slick to be sincere.



Churches have often been stuck with contracts that have saddled them with unsatisfactory music-staff members. For that matter, I understand it even occurs in the case of pastors. I have my own little working agreement, which has proved satisfactory over a period of thirty years. It operates on a month-to-month basis. The understanding is that I may tender my written resignation with a month's notice, and the church can ask for it if my services are undesirable.

A cagey music committee usually jumps at this sort of agreement because it seems to be all in their favor. Before the negotiations are completed, I insert the observation that under this sort of understanding there will be no undue pressure exerted on me from any source concerning my policies or artistic decisions. I follow this with a quick reminder that they have the perfect right to dispense with my efforts, but please just leave me alone. It has worked like a charm.

I am sure that certain observations that I have set forth thus far indicate that I am a little cynical in dealing with churches. Perhaps I am, but I want it distinctly understood that it is not because it is a church. It is simply that churches are made up of groups of rather loosely bound, independent people with all the capacities for human frailties.

Churches possess definite personalities as divergent as those of human beings. They run the gamut from large to small, rich to poor, cold to friendly, and formal to evangelistic. Their tastes in music are as diversified as their personalities. A tricked-up arrangement of Onward, Christian Soldiers, loaded down with all sorts of gingerbread embellishments, can be highly inspirational in one church and totally unacceptable as a vehicle of worship in another. At Galloway Memorial we feel that, in the main, the choir and congregation appreciate the more formal church music. During the past eleven years we have presented almost all of the major oratorios from the Messiah to Bach's Mass in B minor. We also enjoy presenting that which we consider the best in contemporary oratorios, such as Walton's Belshazzar's Feast.

I consider this an ideal situation and am grateful for the confidence that this great church gives me. I haven't always been so fortunate, however, and I am sure our music does not please all of our friends all of the time. This just can't be done. I use challenging music for two reasons. One is that it contains more worship-meaning for our congregation. And second, it interests my choir. A choir must be challenged to sustain its interest. I don't want my choir members to attend rehearsals through a sense of duty, but to anticipate eagerly an hour and thirty minutes of searching out the beauty of great masterpieces. A director who uses classical or dramatic music for showing-off purposes should be fired.

My own peculiar philosophy colors my thinking—of this I am sure. I expect my pastor to be subject to the same temptations and foibles as an ordinary layman. I am not shocked when a layman falls short of being a saint. Old Joe Doak, who is a screwball in his office, on the street and at the Rotary Club luncheon, is not apt to redo his personality when he joins the choir. The choir and the congregation are the same people. They are just sitting in different places. THE END

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Wausau is no longer lumber country. But Employers Mutuals has stayed. So have the men who guided it from the beginning.

How come?

Because they knew that something good had grown up there. A certain way of doing business that was good. An almost *personal* character. A fairness that bent over backward rather than forward. Policyholders and their employees kept saying that Employers Mutuals were "good people to do business with."

There was a "Wausau personality" about us that people seemed to like and we didn't want to lose.

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We're still "Wausau." But today there are offices of Employers Mutuals of Wausau in 101 cities. "A little bit of Wausau" is near you, wherever you live. And we're still good people to do business with.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

"Good people to do business with"

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The Success of an Utter Failure

(Continued from Page 35)

on a fashionable, tree-lined Minneapolis street with the sound of laughter in its name, for the address is 112 West Minnehaha Parkway. His wife, Joyce, is an attractive blonde, and she has borne him four healthy, happy children who hardly ever give him any ideas for his comic strip—contrary to the popular snap guess. Schulz gets practically all his ideas while doodling at the drawing board. There are two new cars in the driveway, though Schulz won't ride in his wife's predominantly pink convertible.

"It makes me feel silly," he says.

The house within is a showcase of upper-middle-class comfort, from air conditioner in the bedroom to baby grand piano in the living room to pool table in the basement—not to mention an electrical-appliance-manufacturer's dream of a kitchen and breakfast room. From his home it is a short, easy drive to his penthouse studio in downtown Minneapolis—supplied free of charge by Art Instruction, Inc., the correspondence school from which he received his only formal art training, and for which he served five years as a member of the staff. There he works about twenty-five hours a week, at a task which he finds fascinating. Schulz has never wanted to be anything but a cartoonist.

He is as well disciplined personally as he is professionally. Schulz does not smoke, drink or swear. "Good grief" and "rats" are his entire expletive vocabulary, and he uses both of these in his comic strip. He is also deeply religious. A member of a fundamentalist congregation in Minneapolis in which everyone tithes, Schulz teaches Sunday school, is president of the board of trustees, serves on the board of Christian education and sometimes preaches the Sunday sermon.

Schulz sleeps well. Once, however, some months ago, he woke in the middle of the night with a disturbing thought.

Good grief, he said to himself, *who are all these little people? Must I live with them for the rest of my life?*

These were sobering questions, for the little people born of Schulz's off-beat imagination are not to be lightly dismissed. There is, for example, Lucy, the female critic incarnate, the disturber of mental peace. I Was a Fuss-Budget for the FBI is among the titles in Lucy's library. Lucy, of course, is the one who defeated Charlie Brown at checkers 10,000 times in a row.

Then there is Schroeder, the musical prodigy, who keeps a bust of Beethoven on his toy piano, stays home from school on Beethoven's birthday, and would lay down his life if it would do Beethoven any good.

How does Schroeder perform classical works when the black keys are only painted on his piano?

"I practice a lot," says Schroeder.

Schroeder told Lucy she might be able to play, too, if she practiced.

"You mean you have to practice to play the piano?" sniffed Lucy. "I thought it was just fool luck."

Schulz, a classical-music addict himself, heard recently that a music school in Florida had hung three portraits on the wall—Beethoven on one side, Brahms on the other, and Schroeder in the middle.

Another contemporary of Charlie Brown is known as Pig-Pen. He is an incredibly dirty child, though he "thinks clean thoughts." The question arises as to whether Pig-Pen is a product of heredity or environment; the decision is that it must be environment because he "is covered with it."

"I have affixed to me the dust of countless ages," Pig-Pen announces. "Who am I to disturb history?"

Linus, Lucy's baby brother, finds security most of the time by sucking his thumb and holding a blanket against his face. Every now and then, however, Linus displays an astounding flash of competence. Charlie Brown tries to explain basketball to him. Linus takes the ball, dribbles it smartly, then shoots a basket in the nearest waste can without even getting up off his diaper. Or, playing outfield, he will spot a fly, remove his thumb from his mouth, fold his blanket neatly and place it on the ground, catch the fly, rifle the ball to the infield, then go back to thumb and blanket.

Snoopy, a Walter Mitty type of dog that likes to pretend he is a cobra, or a lion, or an alligator, zips idiotically in and out of the panel, frequently coming a cropper—as when he zooms through a series of croquet wickets and finally crashes head-on into the goal stick. But Snoopy of late has taken to dancing on his hind legs, thereby achieving a certain superiority over the children because he is able, while dancing, to ignore them.

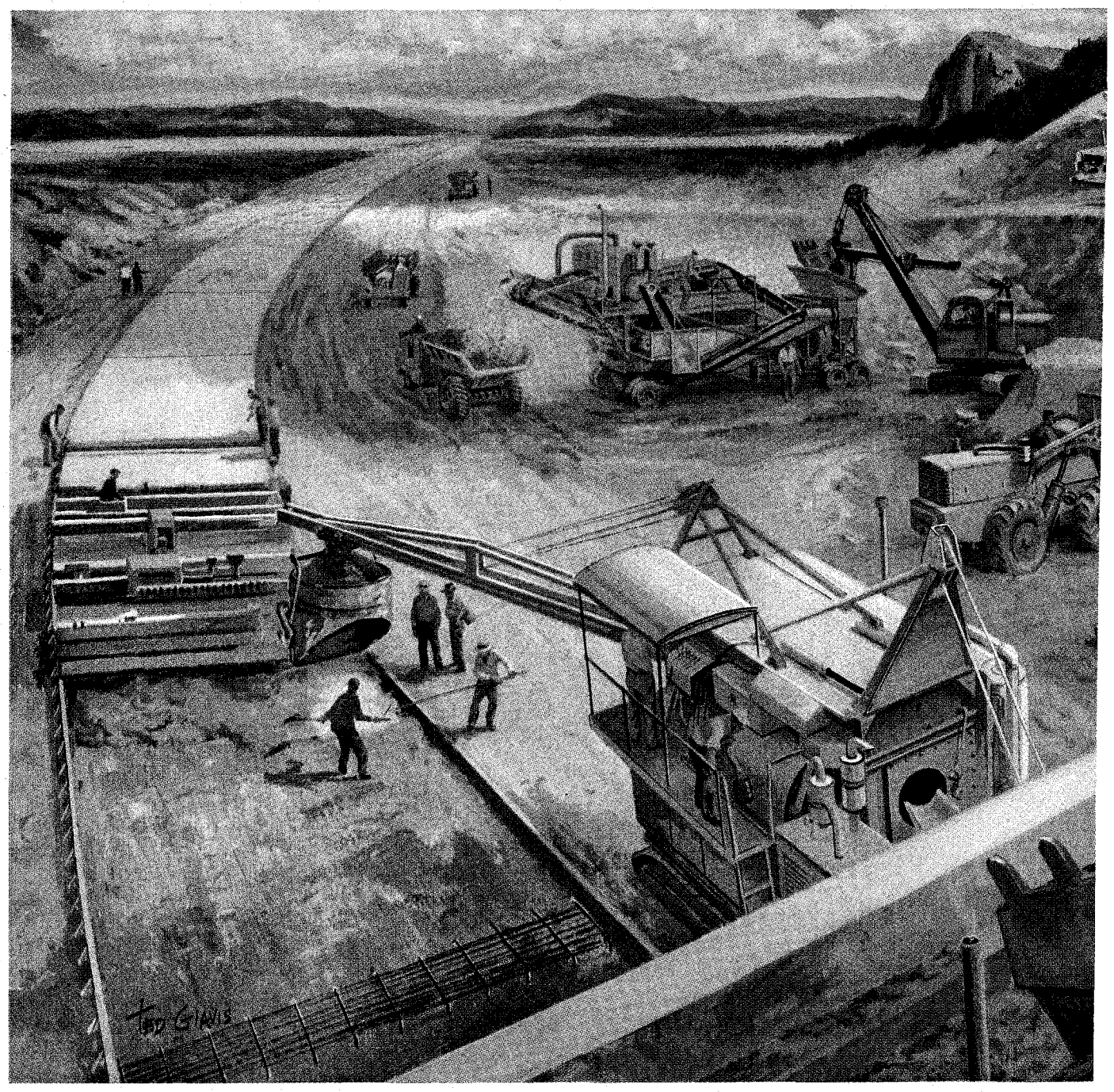
"Floods, fire and famine!" cries Lucy, while Snoopy dances. "Doom, defeat and despair!" But Snoopy dances on.

"I guess it's no use," Lucy sighs. "Nothing seems to disturb him."

Four days later, Charlie Brown watches Lucy dancing in an imitation of Snoopy.

"If you can't lick 'em, join 'em," Lucy advises.

What's the most versatile



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Patty and Violet, two little girls who team up with Lucy in making Charlie Brown do penance for existing, and Shermy, a little boy who appears when Schulz needs an extra little boy, complete Schulz's cast.

The fact that such an assemblage has waked Schulz only once is an indicator that here is a remarkably stable, well-adjusted human being.

Yet there is a strange loneliness in Schulz, an eagerness for approval that suggests the Charlie Brown in his system hasn't been entirely worked off onto the strips of white paper on which he neatly inks his characters.

"I'm more interested in praise than money," he told me at one point during a recent visit to his home in Minneapolis. Later, while we were shooting pool in his recreation room, he sank the eight ball in the side pocket, chalked his cue and said reflectively, "You know, I suppose I'm the worst kind of egotist—the kind who pretends to be humble."

Schulz is, in fact, a rather complex young man, though not nearly so complex as his fans seem to be trying to make him. In the six years he has been on the national scene in the person of Charlie Brown, Schulz has acquired enough misconceptions about himself to last him a lifetime. He has become philosophical about it.

"Cartoonists don't live anywhere," he observes. "They aren't real people."

Prior to my Minneapolis visit, I was chatting with Schulz in the New York office of the syndicate—United Feature Syndicate—which distributes his work. Schulz was still in a mild state of shock from his appearance the previous evening on Tonight, an NBC television network show. First he had been brusquely denied admission to the theater from which the show originates; no New York theater usher could believe that anyone as mild in manner as Schulz was scheduled to go on the air. With that straightened out, Schulz was admitted, only to find his time on the air reduced to about thirty embarrassing seconds.

"It was good for me," Schulz observed. "Made me realize that I'm only a semi-celebrity."

At this point Schulz received a telephone call from a young woman representing the Democratic National Committee. She was obviously an egghead-for-Adlai, for she told the baffled Schulz that he was "the youngest existentialist," that she was sure he must be for Mr. Stevenson, and wouldn't he do some cartoons to help the cause along?

Schulz responded that cartoonists had no business getting involved in politics, in his opinion, but he thanked the young lady politely and observed that he was flattered by her opinion that he could help shape the course of history.

"Besides," he told me later, "I'm an Eisenhower Republican." At the moment, however, he was more concerned with another question.

Many a jaywalker tries to go through traffic exactly as if he were a motorist.

ELDON PEDERSEN

"What," he inquired, "is an existentialist?"

I mentioned Jean Paul Sartre, the French intellectual who is the leading light of existential philosophy.

"Oh, yes," said Schulz. "I read about him in The New York Times, where he said it was very difficult just to be a human being, and the only way to fight against it is to live an active life—that's very true." That, he added, was all he had read of Sartre. So much for existentialism.

Recently, too, the New York Society for General Semantics asked permission to use some Peanuts strips in a textbook on semantics. Schulz is an inveterate fusser over the words he uses in the dialogue he puts in the mouths of his babes. While he will yield to editorial supervision from the syndicate on matters involving commas and dashes, he regards himself as a precisionist in the selection of words. It is a subject on which he stands his ground. "Nobody tells Hemingway," says Schulz. Nevertheless, he had to look up "semantics" in the dictionary.

Schulz fans have written him to suggest that he must have been psychoanalyzed. He has not, and a less likely candidate for the confessional couch would be hard to find. He has yielded, slightly, to what would appear to be a conspiracy to make an egghead out of Charlie Brown, in that he tried to read Toynbee. He soon discovered he was a man who knew when he was licked, and gave up. When I visited him in Minneapolis, he was yawning his way through Proust. He did read all of Tolstoy's War and Peace, even before he saw the movie.

The speculation among followers of Peanuts as to what Schulz is really like has caused Schulz to do some thinking on the subject himself.

"I've been trying to figure out whether I'm smart or dumb," he told me, "and I've about come to the conclusion that I'm just sharp. It doesn't really require

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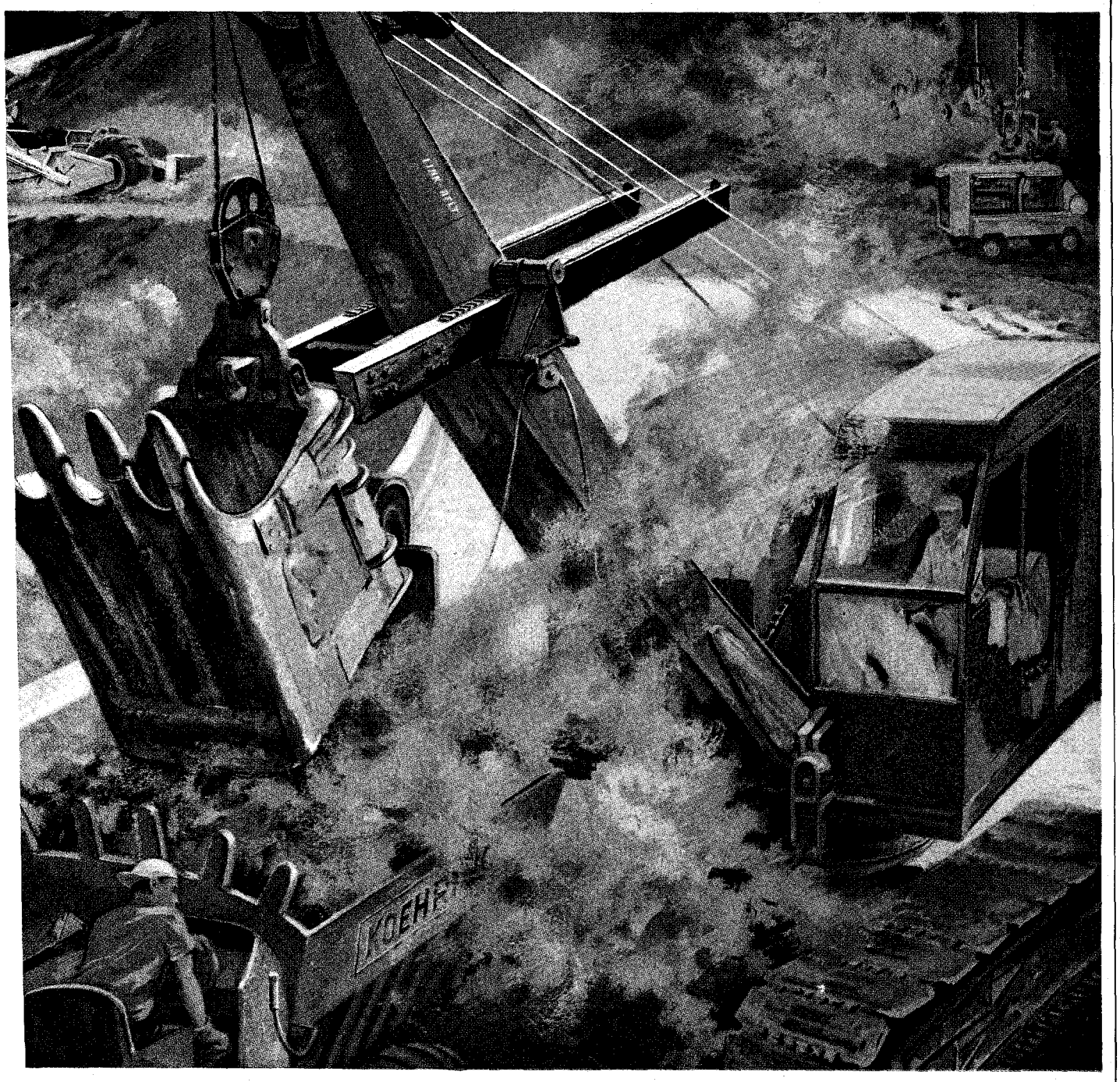

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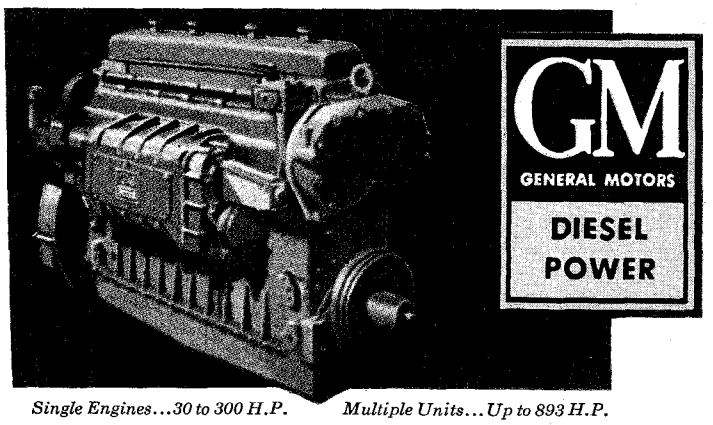

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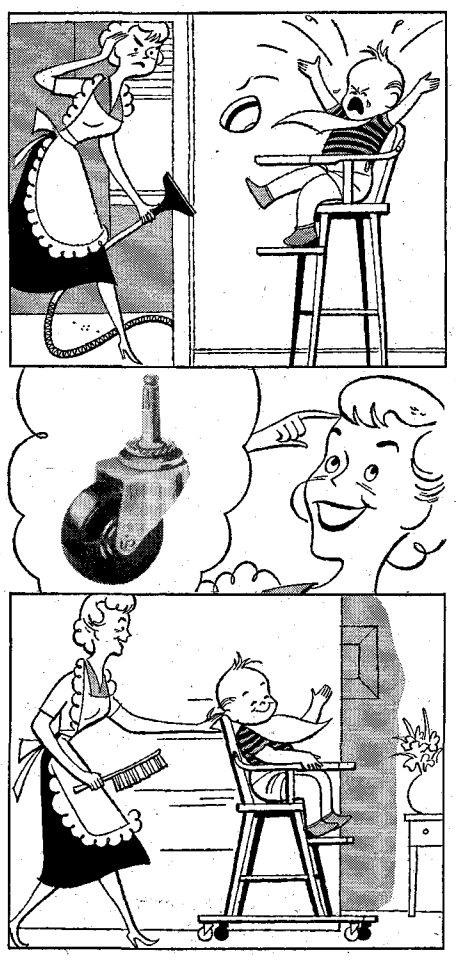

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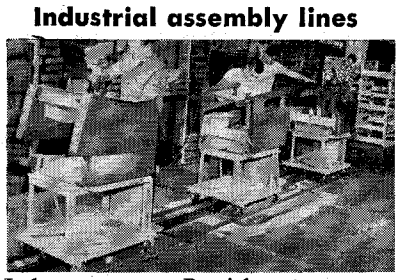

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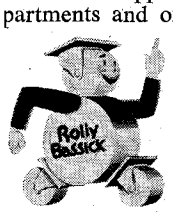

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intelligence to do the strip, but it does take a certain sharpness."

The real Charlie Schulz doesn't like to be called Charlie, and prefers the nickname Sparky, given him when he was an infant, after Sparkplug, the horse in the Barney Google comic strip. He could draw a recognizable Popeye when he was in the first grade, and dates his ambition to be a cartoonist from that time. He was known in later school years, to his distress, as The Timid Soul, after yet another cartoon character.

But Schulz is at a loss to explain where he acquired his dedication to the lively art of cartooning.

"There were no artists in the family, but there were a lot of funny people," is as close as he can come to it. "My grandmother had a sly sense of humor; so did my mother and my aunts. That was the Norwegian side of the family. Dad's side, the German, was more serious."

Schulz's mother died in 1943, shortly after he entered the Army for World War II duty as a machine gunner. His father, Carl, is a handsome, white-haired, senatorial-appearing individual who has operated the Family Barber Shop at the same corner in St. Paul for thirty-nine years. He is enormously proud of his only child's success, though dubious about the way he has achieved it.

"It is a peculiar way to make a living," the son agrees.

Dad Schulz is also somewhat miffed that he must spend ninety cents every two weeks for a Minneapolis paper if he wants to read Peanuts, for the strip does not appear in the St. Paul paper he is used to reading.

"Dad's a conservative," Charlie Schulz observes. "It took him twenty years to have a telephone installed in his home, and he still doesn't have one in the barbershop. I sure wish I could be as popular as he is, though. Friends are always telling him he should run for mayor of St. Paul, or something like that."

Dad Schulz, however, is quite content to go on cutting hair, including free haircuts for his son. Charlie sometimes brings along one of his fat monthly pay checks, and the two of them just stand there in the barbershop, staring at the $4000-plus figures on the check and laughing at the delightful joke fate seems to have played, while the other barber in the shop clips away at a customer and pretends not to notice.

Charlie Schulz's feeling that his father, or practically anyone else, is more popular than he, appears to stem from his schoolboy experiences. These, in turn, resulted from the fact that he was too good at his studies in his early school years. He skipped two and one half grades in his early bouts with learning, and the result was that he was, later on, the youngest and smallest boy in his class. Thus his spectacularly bad showing in the eighth grade and in high school, scholastically and socially, occurred because he had been pushed along too fast.

Not that it bothered him too much, as Schulz recalls it. "I just waited for three o'clock to arrive and got on back to my own neighborhood where things were better," he says.

Something somewhat parallel occurred several months ago in Charlie Brown's now-famous comic-strip battle with the kite. Schulz had Charlie Brown get his kite caught in a tree. Charlie Brown's solution of the dilemma was to resolve that he would stand there for the rest of his life, holding onto the string of the immobilized kite. For eight straight days, Charlie Brown did just that, while tension mounted among the fans of Peanuts. How would Charlie Brown ever be extricated from this fix?

Finally, in the comic strip, it started to rain. Charlie Brown was advised to come indoors because he was getting soaked. Charlie Brown asked whether the kite was getting wet too. He was told that it was. Whereupon, he smiled, dropped the kite string and walked away, victorious.

This sequence raised editorial eyebrows from coast to coast, for no cartoonist had ever before dared to have absolutely nothing happen in his comic strip for eight days. It also moved one cleric to sermonize on "first-rate dedication to second-rate causes." But to Schulz, it symbolized the little fellow with a problem who can't do anything about it but just hold onto it and wait for something to happen. As such, it was an expression of Schulz's personal philosophy.

"You've just got to let things go along," says Schulz, "ride them out and see how they turn out in the end. There's no use swinging right and left and trying to solve all your problems in one day. It's a policy of moderation."

All through his school days, Schulz was spending much of his spare time drawing, and later, before he entered the Army, he took the correspondence course in cartooning. He was living in St. Paul and the school was just across the Mississippi River in Minneapolis, but Schulz was too ashamed of his work to visit the school in person. He mailed in his lessons and waited for the postman to bring back the critique.

Two weeks after Schulz was drafted into the Army, his mother passed away. The clergyman who preached his mother's funeral sermon whetted Schulz's interest in religion. Prior to that, the Schulzes had been "what you might call drifted Lutherans," in Schulz's own phrase. In any event, Schulz looked up the preacher again when he returned from the war and became a devoted church worker.

He had, in the meantime, grown up in the Army. He gained twenty-five pounds during basic training, drank his first and only bottle of beer one hot day, became fascinated with machine guns and interested in being a good soldier, and finally reached the front with the 20th Armored Division in Bavaria shortly before the war ended. Schulz was a staff sergeant leading a light-machine-gun squad. As he and his men were mopping up in a German village, he was about to arm a concussion grenade and toss it into an artillery emplacement which still harbored enemy troops, for all he knew, when he saw a little dog wandering into the emplacement.

Schulz stayed his hand. He wasn't going to kill a little dog just on the chance that there might be men there who would kill him. And, fortunately, there were no German soldiers in the emplacement.

"I guess I fought a pretty civilized war," he recalls.

When he returned to St. Paul, however, Schulz returned to a lonely and unsatisfactory life. For a time he was a member of the "52-20 Club," the ex-GIs who got twenty dollars a week while they were job-hunting. He spent most of his time playing golf. Then he went to work for a while lettering the comic pages of a religious magazine published in St. Paul. Finally, one day, and much to his astonishment, he was summoned to Art Instruction, Inc., and asked whether he would like to work on the staff, criticizing the work of other would-be cartoonists.

The cartoons he had been so abashed about, in his prewar days as a student, evidently showed more promise than he realized. In any event, a new world opened up for him. While he still lived in St. Paul with his father, over a liquor store in an apartment into which the liquor store's electric sign flashed dismally until eleven o'clock every night, and while he sometimes had whole weekends with nothing to do but sleep, he did find congenial friends at the art school.

Through them he became interested in classical music, and with them spent enjoyable evenings playing hearts and listening to recordings. Through them, also, he met Miss Joyce Halverson, sister of a member of the school staff, and they were married in 1949 when Schulz's pay had risen to sixty-five dollars a week.

Not long after he was married, Schulz began doing a once-a-week cartoon for a St. Paul newspaper and then, to his surprise, started selling an occasional cartoon to The Saturday Evening Post. Finally, when he had assembled about eight cartoons which had been published in this magazine, and some of his strips from the St. Paul paper, he bundled them together and prayerfully mailed them off to the United Feature Syndicate.

The odds against him were as high as 1000 to 1, for the syndicate receives around twenty ideas for comic strips a week, and can take on only about one new one a year. Something about Schulz's work struck a spark at the syndicate, and in October of 1950 Peanuts ventured forth into the world in eight daily newspapers. It has grown steadily in circulation since, a Sunday panel has been added, and three book collections of Peanuts strips have been published.

Schulz hates the title, Peanuts, but the syndicate found that Li'l' Folks, the title Schulz had suggested, already was copyrighted by another cartoonist. As Schulz warned at the time, Peanuts has caused confusion ever since among new readers who think there must be a character by that name in the strip—until they learn otherwise.

This confusion is as nothing compared with the confusion that has come into the life of a Minneapolis artist friend of Schulz whose name actually is Charlie Brown. He admires Schulz so much that he can't be annoyed at the theft of his name. Besides, he has to admit that he rather gets a kick out of having people at parties ask him how come he was invited, or "Where's your kite, Charlie Brown?"

Some weeks ago, though, Charlie Brown decided to try for a job as a social worker. The man who interviewed him, unfortunately, was a Peanuts fan.

"So Charlie Brown wants to work, heh-heh," the interviewer said. "Well, well, well."

All that Charlie (For Real) Brown could do was hang on to that old kite string and wait. Sure enough, the man finally did get around to asking what his qualifications were. And if the flesh-and-blood Brown does get a little tired of having people burst out laughing when he is introduced, or of having them say, "Yeah, and my name's Lucy," he does feel that it is at least making strangers care about who or what he is.

Charlie (The Comic Strip) Brown got to worrying in one recent strip about the fact that nobody cared about him when he had a sudden inspirational thought that "I'll bet Doctor Spock cares about me." Sure enough, not long afterward, Schulz received a letter from Dr. Benjamin Spock, the famous pediatrician whose book on child care is a must for so many young mothers.

"You can tell Charlie Brown that I care about him very much," said Doctor Spock. And, somehow, Schulz has made millions of others feel the same way. Just why, Schulz himself is not too sure, but without too much arm twisting he would be willing to settle for the opinion expressed in an anonymous letter he received from Columbus, Ohio.

"Hey, Schulz," the letter went. "You're a damn genius. A Fan." THE END

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Treachery at Rock Point (Continued from Page 37)

down to tie the gelding's reins to a rear side brace of the wagon. It was after he had climbed back into the wagon that Tom managed to give him a meaningful look and tell him, "We'll be bringing a surrey in with our baggage and gear. How about leaving it at the yard while we're away?"

"Sure thing."

"Then I'll see you along about three. Have to make a stop at the bank to tell Baker about our trip before he quits for the day."

On the way out to the road Will idly wondered why Tom had decided that Carrie shouldn't know what was being loaded into the wagon tonight. But then when he thought of what this would mean to the bank, and to Tom, he understood. Tom Knight wasn't taking any unnecessary chance, not one.

Once every now and then only one or two players—or sometimes no one at all—showed up at Danbo's house for the nightly game. Tonight was one of those times, Red Byrd, owner of the Oriole mine, being the only man on hand by nine-thirty.

Danbo, always willing to gamble, suggested blackjack. They played for the better part of an hour, the deal switching back and forth, Danbo winning consistently.

Finally Byrd tossed the deck aside in disgust. "Not my night, Lyle. Let's call it quits."

Danbo nodded and reached over for the cigar box at the table's edge, offering the mine owner one of his fine Havanas. "How're you boys going to make out with your concentrates, now that the trains aren't running?"

Byrd shrugged his powerful shoulders. "Going to rig a bin for mine and put a guard on it till we can haul again."

"And what'll the bank do with more of the pure stuff coming in every day?"

"Baker's talking about using guards too. It's one hell of a note, Lyle."

"So it is."

Byrd rose to leave after several more minutes. And Danbo, at a loose end for spending the rest of the evening, decided to do what he had on several other such occasions. When they went into the hallway, he followed Byrd's example in reaching his hat and overcoat down off the mirrored stand by the front door, saying, "Think I'll walk along with you as far as the War Paint. Might find a good game going."

He found Charley Forrest, owner of the War Paint, sitting on the lookout's stool at a faro layout, and asked him, "Where's the big game tonight, Charley?"

"Back table," Forrest answered agreeably, for it was their habit to pass business back and forth between them.

Danbo made a fifth at the back table. By midnight he was four dollars the loser and, not particularly interested in the game, decided to call it a night.

Charley Forrest bought him a drink on his way out, receiving in return one of his mild Havanas. Danbo started up the street feeling that the evening hadn't entirely been wasted. For one of the men at his table, a stranger, had been reckless with his money, even though losing, and had shown more than a passing interest when one of the others mentioned the nightly high-stake game up at Danbo's house on Lupin Street. The gambler suspected he would see the man again, and in his own parlor. He presently came to the long, deserted stretch of walk leading past the stores on upper Grant, above the hotel. Just why he happened to glance across the way at the darkened, barred window of the bank, he was never to know. But he did look that way.

His glance was swinging ahead once more when, out of the corner of his eye, he caught a faint glow of light reflected in the bank's window. His eye shuttled back there again in time to see the light more plainly. Then, in two more seconds, it flickered out and was gone, to leave the window in total darkness once more.

Pausing at the walk's edge, Danbo wondered if his imagination might be working overtime. But then in a few more seconds he saw a team and wagon draw out of a narrow side alley two doors above the bank. The team swung toward him at a slow jog and the wagon rattled past bringing him more stiffly erect as he made out two figures sitting the seat. One was Ned Oakes. And the other man, unmistakable because of his size, had to be Will Speer.

Danbo, bewildered by the sight of this pair abroad at this time of night, was completely confounded when he added their being here to what he had seen a scant half minute ago—the light flickering in the bank's window.

Now, watching the wagon pull away in the darkness, he became further mystified on seeing it swing sharply into a side lane that led down to the river.

That moment a muted, metallic rattle sounded across to him from directly opposite. In another moment a figure moved down the walk toward the lights of the hotel and the saloons at the center of town. He caught his breath sharply as recognition came. This man was Tom Knight.

Danbo stood in a paralysis of incredulity, trying to make sense of what he had just seen. Why should Ned and Speer, along with Tom Knight, be paying this furtive midnight-hour visit to the bank? Why should they be using a wagon? And why had they left the place separately?

Suddenly Danbo had a thought that came with the force of a sledge-hammer blow between the eyes. He could feel his pulse pounding at his temples as excitement hit him. And almost without thinking, he moved out into the street and then across it, ignoring the far walk so that his steps would be muffled as he hurried to the head of the alleyway down which the wagon had turned.

When he reached it, the first thing that caught his eye was the neatly spaced row of coal-oil lanterns marking the line of the Belle's main deck beyond the levee below. Then, in another moment, he made out the wagon and team pulling in alongside the foot of the river steamer's staging plank. Danbo stood there for a good quarter hour.

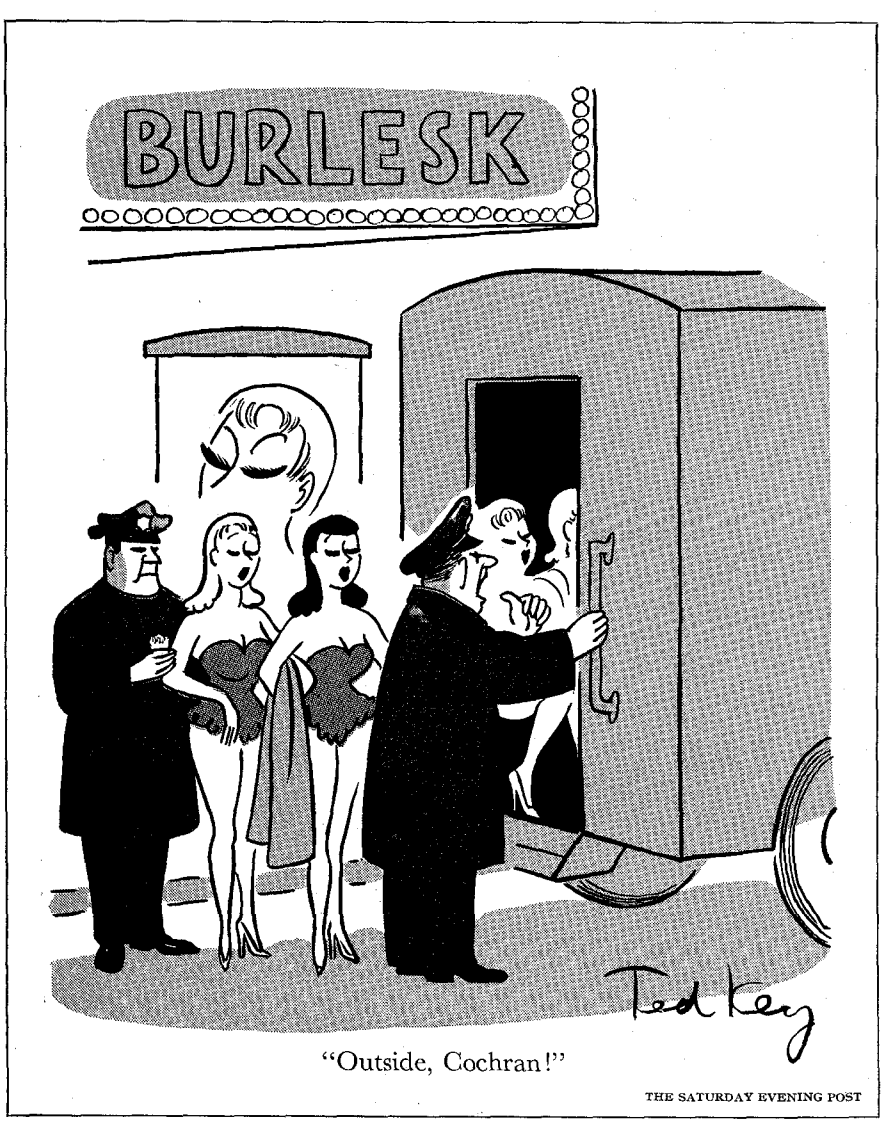
Finally he witnessed something that was all the proof he needed of a growing conviction. Eight or ten men, two of them carrying lanterns, filed down the gangplank onto the levee and gathered about the wagon. Then in several more moments he watched them turn the wagon and slowly push it up the stage onto the Belle's foredeck.

The lanterns down there presently moved off the foredeck to leave it in semidarkness. Finally he turned away and walked quickly up the street in the direction of his house, his thoughts weighing the things he had to do throughout the remaining hours of the night.

First of all, he would have to get out to Rush's abandoned cabin and find Kelso. That was no more than an hour's ride each way. When he got back to the house he would have to pack a small trunk and probably a suitcase. Finally, he would have to make sure of getting his belongings down to the levee early, very early in the morning.

Danbo didn't yet know how he was going to explain his presence aboard the Belle when she started downriver in the morning. But he would think of a likely story, a good enough one to give him the chance of proving out his hunch on what he thought had been loaded aboard the wagon in the alley behind the bank tonight.

The Belle and the levee lay in the chill shadow of the high eastern rim, but early morning's strong sunlight played brightly across the still-swollen river and the far shore as Carrie and Ned, wearing coats and standing at the forward rail of



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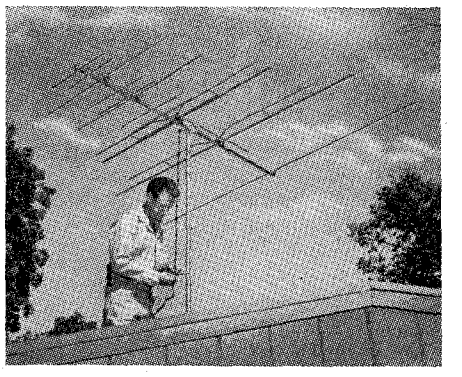

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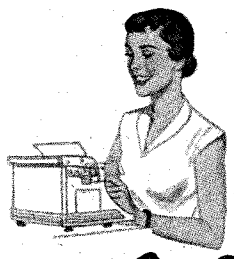

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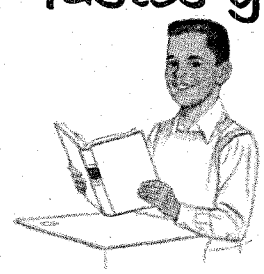

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the cabin deck, watched the roustabouts below moving in and out along the broad staging plank, loading the last of a clutter of barrels and crates from the levee onto the main deck.

Ned had surprised and pleased Carrie by his cheerfulness ever since joining her and Tom Knight in the hotel dining room for an early breakfast. He had several times laughed in the hearty, near-boisterous way she had almost forgotten. And as he had been driving them down here in a buckboard he had once surprised her by impulsively putting an arm about her waist and looking past her to say to her father, "Tom, what say we stretch this thing out and take an extra week gettin' back? I'm sick of the sight of this town. Do us all good to loaf and be away a while."

"Suits me. But let's see how we feel a week from now. If I know Will, he'll be itching to get back to work."

"Will was away for two years without itchin' to get back." Ned's tone had been larded with a heavy irony. "So this once he can do what someone else wants for a change."

Now, standing close beside him and leaning with elbows braced on the rail, Carrie was recalling his sharp-edged words as she peered idly below, watching her father and Will, who were sitting on the tongue of Crow Track's tarp-covered wagon just forward of the head of the staging plank. She hadn't until this morning known that Ned bore Will any animosity for his long absence. Curious as to why he should feel this way, she nonetheless decided to postpone asking him about it, not wanting to risk dampening his rare good spirits.

She looked around to him to catch his eye and nod below now. "You'd think those two would get up here and be more sociable. Or are they afraid someone's going to help themselves to what's in the wagon?"

Something she had said made Ned's glance move nervously away, made him smile and say quickly, "You never can tell about the gangs on these boats. Besides, girl, we don't need company. It's been a long time since we've been by ourselves, you and me."

"Too long, Ned." She reached over to lay a hand on his. "So, beginning right now, let's try and make up for it, shall we?"

Her fervent wish that moment was to bring to life again that old feeling of closeness and trust she had once shared with this man. She supposed she had loved him back then; she knew she could still care for him in the same way if he would only crawl out of the shell he had so strangely used of late to hide his emotions.

Yet, as had happened so many other times, he didn't respond just now. Even as she spoke, she noticed his glance straying toward the levee. He abruptly stiffened at something he saw down there, his face lost its ruddy tan and he breathed softly in awe, "I'll be damned! Where does he think he's going?"

She looked down there to see a handsome black pulling a buggy toward the foot of the staging plank, and recognized Lyle Danbo as the man holding the reins. His black man sat beside him with a wicker suitcase across his lap. A small brass-bound trunk rode in the rig's bed behind the seat.

"He must be coming with us, Ned."

Her curiosity had been roused by Ned's strange reaction at sight of the gambler. And now she grew even more curious at noticing the hard set of his jaw as he curtly nodded.

"You don't like the man?"

"Sure. Why wouldn't I?"

Ned's tone lacked conviction, and it was plain to Carrie that he had been caught off guard by her question. Baffled and irked by his volatile mood, she picked this moment to mention something that had been troubling her these past few days. "Ned, you never told us you were making him your partner. Tom and I didn't know till we saw the new sign on the yard gate the other morning."

He looked around at her with a slight flush tingeing his slender face. "Didn't know myself until a day or two before the sign was painted. He'd been a big help, Carrie."

"We didn't know about that either."

He smiled sparely, guiltily. "My fault. But for just that once I'd decided to try and go it alone. Danbo had offered to throw five thousand dollars into the business for a half interest. At first I told him I wouldn't need it. Then finally—well, one thing after another piled up on me and it began to look bad. So in the end I made the deal with him. Guess I should've let you and Tom know about it."

"No, not necessarily." Carrie sighed gently in regret over having let their talk take such a serious turn. "Besides, none of it matters now that Will's back and Danbo's out of it."

Ned seemed to be only half listening as he watched Danbo step down from the buggy and hail one of the deck gang to come for his trunk. Then from above came the sudden moan of the whistle to send several of the roustabouts running out along the levee to unhitch the Belle from the pilings.

Carrie and Ned stood silently watching as Danbo and the last of the deck crew came aboard. Then shortly a capstan began rumbling, the heavy stage was drawn in and the Belle drifted out from the levee.

It struck Carrie just then that Ned's solemnity was too contagious to be tolerated any longer, for from the outset she had eagerly and happily looked forward to the moment when the Belle should start downriver. So now she stepped back from the rail to say with forced heartiness, "Let's get down and see what Tom and Will are up to."

Ned wasn't even looking at her. He had faced around and was watching Lyle Danbo climb to the head of the wide, railinged stairway some twenty feet away.

"You go along, Carrie," he told her, still eying the gambler. "I'll be down later."

She left him then, walking to the stairway. Danbo nodded to her, tipping his hat with a flourish as she passed. "Good morning, Miss Knight. A fine day to be on the river."

"A fine day, Mr. Danbo."

She had one last glimpse of Ned as she started down the stairs. His face seemed stiff, tight-set in anger as Danbo joined him. And Carrie, completely mystified by what the past five minutes had shown her, hurried down the steps feeling a sense of release and a sudden strange longing to be with Will Speer.

Lyle Danbo was the soul of affability as he came up to Ned and held out his hand. "Wasn't sure but what you folks had changed your minds about going. Now that you haven't, it means at least the first part of the trip'll be bearable."

Ned ignored the gambler's hand. "How did you find out, Lyle?"

"Find out?" Danbo echoed in bland innocence. "Find out what?"

"You know damn well what! Who told you? How'd you know?"

The gambler let his jaw sag open in pretended bafflement. "Man, what're you talking about? How do I know what? All I do know is that I'm going down the

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river as far as Bismarck to catch a train to Omaha."

Ned shook his head savagely, for the moment speechless as he glared down at the smaller man. He knew he had said more than he intended, but his heady anger and his rock-solid conviction that Danbo must know what had been loaded aboard the wagon last night made him cast aside all caution.

Danbo, cocking his head in speculation, said gently, quietly, "Come to think of it, you must be talking about last night. About you and Speer being at the bank with Knight and then bringing that wagon down here. I just happened to be coming home after a late game at Charley Forrest's and saw you. It struck me as a deuced queer time for you two to be driving around the town."

"So you do know." Ned's tone was lifeless, utterly weary. "Suppose we lay off the small talk and get to the point. You're not ——"

"Suppose we do," the gambler cut in. "Beginning with why you didn't count me in on this."

"Lyle, you try and lay a hand on that gold and I'll ——"

"Whoa, now, my boy! Just step off and take a look; see where you stand. I'd hate to have to say a thing or two to the right people."

"But, good Lord, think what you'll be doing to me!" Ned's hushed tone took on a pleading note. "If anything happens—anything at all—Will and Tom'll know who's responsible. I've got ——"

"Why would they? With the gang of roughnecks that's working this boat, anything could happen to that wagon and what's in it. If it happens when you're standing watch over it, then it just happens is all." Pausing, Danbo eyed Ned closely to ask, "You're taking turns standing watch, aren't you?"

Hesitantly, Ned nodded. "We are. Will stayed with it last night."

"Which means your turn'll come along tonight. Fine."

"Look, Lyle. I swear I'll rig it so you have your chance at an express box when we get back. But don't touch this. Tom and the bank couldn't last it out. The bank'd have to close its doors. Tom could even lose Crow Track."

"Wait'll I reach for my handkerchief and have a good cry," Danbo drawled caustically. He smiled coolly then, continuing, "I took one licking a couple nights ago. This time I don't take another. We'll split even. But we get what's in that wagon and if anything goes wrong it's your hide they'll be tearin' strips off of."

Ned reached up to push his hat back and wipe the beady perspiration from his forehead.

The gambler, taking in his sickly look, remarked mildly, "Who's ever going to know about us if we play it right? I'll tie a gag in your mouth and maybe you'll have to take a lump on your head. Except for that, neither of us'll have a thing to worry about. Now why not forget Knight and his bank and get our heads together on this?"

Ned turned away, thrust his hands into his pockets and paced across to the rail of the stair well, then back again. He seemed to have a better hold on his emotions as he faced Danbo once more to ask, "How will you manage your end of it? The minute you turn up missing, they'll know who did it."

"Don't you worry about that. I won't turn up missing."

Ned's eyes went narrow-lidded. "Which means someone'll be helping you. Someone already on the boat or someone on the shore? Who?"

"Let's forget you asked that, friend. If you don't know, you can't give it away. Besides ——"

"Kelso?" Ned interrupted, his tone sharp, accusing.

"That's a poor question to be asking," the gambler coolly replied. "You know as well as I that Matt Kelso's at least a hundred miles from here right now and still riding."

"I don't know it."

"Don't you trust me?"

"No."

Danbo's lips drew out to a thin, hard line. His glance didn't waver as it met Ned's boldly. "All right, so you don't. But, brother, you play along with me or ——"

"That works two ways, Lyle. I can talk, too, tell what I know. Then where would you be?"

"You talk?" Danbo laughed softly. "Where's your proof of anything I've done? Just where? You don't have any, not any. And where's mine against you? First, there's Grace Drew. We can stop right there."

Ned for a moment had thought he'd dented Danbo's confidence. Now he saw he hadn't. The man was without nerves. Somehow, either through calculation or just plain luck, he had managed to accomplish what he had just claimed; he had left Ned without a shred of proof against him throughout their several excursions beyond the limits of the law. And apparently he had planned this bold move just as sagely as he had the others.

Bleakly, resignedly, Ned accepted the fact that he was pitting his wits against a better, a shrewder man. He stood a long moment trying to foresee the consequences of his giving in to the gambler.

Then, as had happened so many times before, he closed his mind to what those consequences might be and said wearily, "Tonight then. Late, after midnight. Will tells me they tie up along the bank right after sundown. Which ought to be a help to you." As an afterthought, he bridled, "Only stay away from me from now on."

"And have Knight and Speer wonder what's wrong?" Danbo shook his head. "Nope, that'd never do. Matter of fact, by afternoon we may have a game going in the saloon. You might do worse than to sit in and make things look friendly, like they're supposed to be."

Caroline had no sooner joined her father and Will at the wagon than she sensed that the main deck was strictly a man's world, no place for a woman. Nonetheless she enjoyed being down here. She was quite aware of the bold stares of the roustabouts as they lugged part of the freight they had loaded this morning across to the hatches. Their language was as jovially coarse as that of range-bred men, but with a slight difference. Most men she had known always made it a point to speak mildly and politely when around a lady, whereas these roughnecks didn't seem to mind her overhearing their saltier offerings.

She blithely ignored all this in her fascination of watching what was going on along the crowded deck. Upward of a dozen men and boys were loafing nearby, these being deck passengers who had paid next to nothing for their passage and had brought along their own provisions. They would sleep wherever they could find a place among the boxes, barrels, bales and sacks that crowded the fore part of the deck.

Carrie had all but forgotten what it was like to be aboard a river boat, though now memories of that other trip up the river four years ago when her mother was alive came flooding back to her.

There were the same sounds and smells, the rhythmic pulsing of the engines, the sweetish odor of blended lubricating oil and live steam, the ring of the signal bell, the waterfall swishing of the big paddle wheel astern.

The Perfect Squelch

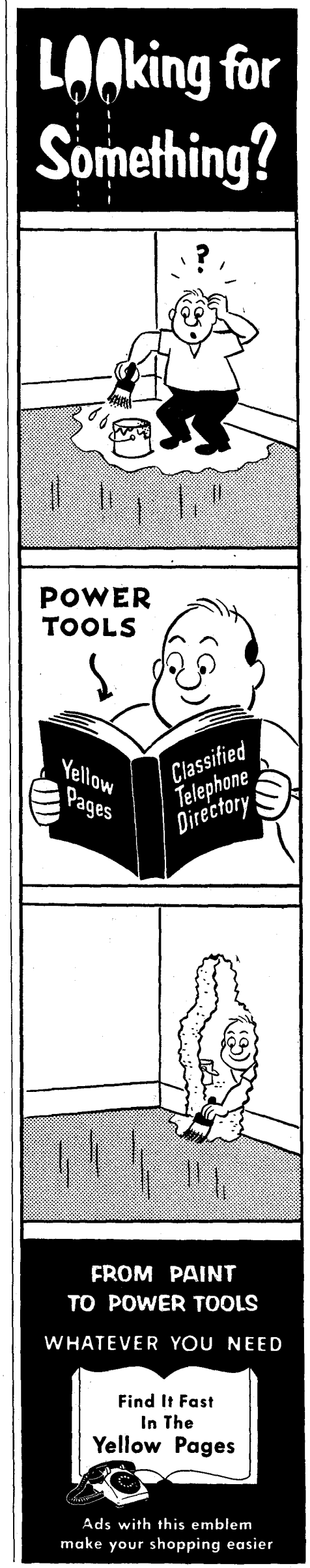
The motion-picture producer, notorious for his uncouth speech and manners, made a boast of the fact that he had succeeded despite a marked lack of education. He constantly hounded his well-schooled subordinates. One of his favorite tricks was to call last-minute meetings of his staff and writers late in the day "to pick what brains you got."

After dallying most of the day over minor matters, the producer summoned his unhappy henchmen to a conference just as most of them were ready to go home.

"Gang," he began, "I just learned somet'ing new. Not one of ya can guess where I went last night, I betcha."

Before a single yes man could pipe up, a disgusted writer asked, "Night school?"

Lon Jones



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CORN'S GONE GETS-IT GOT IT! GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

Stokers, bare to the waist, hauled cordwood to the boilers. A gangling boy was feeding the dozen or so horses—Crow Track's and Ned's and Will's among them—in a row of stalls running beneath the main staircase. Two deck hands were coiling lines near the capstans and at the base of the high "grasshopper" booms that might later be used to hoist the Belle over shallows and mudbanks. There was an orderly confusion about all this that both intrigued and baffled her, making her begin to understand why Tom and Will preferred being down here for the time being rather than up above.

The three of them had been making only sparse conversation as they watched all this, and now Will caught her eye to ask, "Anyone else like to go up top for a look around?"

Carrie realized that he was perhaps thinking she was embarrassed by what she was seeing and hearing down here. She was on the point of telling him how much she was enjoying it when, abruptly changing her mind, she answered, "I would." She looked at her father. "How about you, Tom?"

Knight shook his head. "Rather just stand here and soak in the sun while I watch someone else work for a change. You two go along."

She didn't, of course, realize that Tom had a very good reason for remaining with the wagon as she led the way across to the main stairway, where Will joined her. As they reached the head of the stairs, she looked around to see Ned and Danbo still standing by the rail, their backs turned. That sight gave her an uneasy moment that passed quickly as she went through the wide doorway into the lounge, Will beside her.

The Belle's passenger list was a short one this trip, and as Carrie and Will made their way down the saloon's carpeted center aisle there were fewer than a dozen men, and only three women, seated along the double rank of round, oilcloth-covered tables enjoying either coffee or whisky served by two colored waiters.

"Want to see our room, Will? It's next to the big one we had four years ago."

Carrie led the way across to a door numbered "14" and pushed it open. The cabin was light and clean, plainly furnished with two wooden beds, a washstand and a single straight-back chair.

Will smiled sparely as he looked in at it. "You're in luck. Ned and I drew one you couldn't whip a cat in. So I'll sleep on deck, like I did last week. More air."

"And maybe fewer bugs?"

She laughed softly at Will's wry grimace, thinking just then how much freer and more at ease she felt in being around this tall man than she had some minutes ago in Ned's company. It wasn't a very charitable thought, she realized, though it was nonetheless a fact that she had to face.

As they left the saloon by way of its rear door, Carrie asked, "All the way up?"

"All the way."

So they walked on back to climb the rear stairway—hardly more than a steep, railed ladder—to the hurricane. Up here, a good twenty feet above the river and with no railing to lend a feeling of safety, Carrie quickly took Will's arm and pulled him in from the deck's edge.

The Belle's superstructure was like everything else about her, practical in the extreme. The wheelhouse, lacking any ornamentation, stood on a waist-high platform so that its rear window could look out over the roof of the texas, a double-cabin structure that provided living quarters for Hargutt, his mate and the occasional pilot Hargutt was compelled to hire between Omaha and St. Louis.

Hargutt shortly happened to notice Will and Carrie standing there, and beckoned them across. "Help yourselves to that bench up forrard," he told them, leaning out of the wheelhouse's window and pointing to a slatted bench sitting well ahead of the two towering stacks. "Best seat on the boat."

Will nodded his thanks and was turning away, Carrie still holding his arm, when the captain called, "By the way, Speer, how would you feel about some meat huntin' come another hour or so?"

"Meat hunting?" Will didn't understand.

"Yeah. We swing a twenty-mile loop around some swamps and cattail brakes once we've taken on wood at Crampton's yard. Every time I run that stretch I spot maybe a hundred or two deer. Elk sometimes too. Now, if you hanker for the taste of a venison roast like I do, I can set you and your horse on the bank with a rifle. You can ride across that neck of land and meet us on the far side. It's only three, four miles, and if you have any luck at all, you could snag us a couple fat hindquarters for tomorrow night's supper."

Before Will could say anything, Carrie put in eagerly, "Will, would you—could I go along? Or would I be in the way?"

"In the way? No." Will looked up at Hargutt then to ask, "Suppose we make slow time and have you run off and leave us?"

Carrie wasn't watching as the captain smiled meaningfully and closed one eye to Will, though she did hear him answer, "Not a chance of being left. Once you're on the far side, you'll sight a big cottonwood standing all by itself over the brush. It's the only big tree around. If you're not there by the time we are, I'll tie to the bank, have the crew bait some lines and catch us some bullheads. Best eatin' I know anything about."

Will eyed Carrie questioningly, and she at once said, "I'd like to, Will. Say the word and I'll go down right now and change."

"Then go ahead. And see if Ned or Tom would like to come along."

She left him to cross to the head of the ladder leading below. And as she disappeared, Fred Hargutt observed in strict seriousness, "Once about every ten years or so I set eyes on something special like that and kick myself for bein' single. Speer, you got all the luck."

"Don't I wish I did have!"

Will had spoken involuntarily, wanting to hide his embarrassment. What he had said startled him. But then, thinking about it, he knew he had spoken the truth.

For something like twenty minutes after Carrie and Will had led their horses across the staging plank to the riverbank, they could see the Belle's filmy banner of blue woodsmoke drawing farther into the distance to the north. Finally it disappeared altogether, and still they held their animals in to a walk, in no hurry at all to make time. For, as Will had observed after they came upon a bunch of four doe and a single buck less than three minutes after leaving the river, "If they're as thick as this, let's wait till we're on the far side and save ourselves packing the meat all that way."

So they continued on at a lazy pace, speaking only now and then, thoroughly enjoying the morning and each other's company. Tom hadn't been even slightly interested in joining them on the hunt. She had found Ned still talking to Danbo. He had been highly annoyed, she suspected, at the notion of her riding out alone with Will, though he hadn't said as much because of the gambler's being there. And Carrie, harking back to his strange behavior earlier, hadn't much cared what he thought of her going.

Thinking of that now, Carrie wondered if her imagination was running riot this morning. But in recalling Ned's reaction to the sight of Danbo driving the buggy down the levee, she knew she was at least partway right in thinking that something unpleasant lay between the two men. What that something might be she couldn't even begin to guess, yet she couldn't see it as an excuse for Ned having spoiled one of the most pleasant moments she had enjoyed with him in weeks and weeks.

His edgy, unstable moods stood in sharp contrast to Will Speer's, today or any other day. She doubted that Will under any circumstance would ever want to hide his feelings and shut himself away from her the way Ned had of late. Will, she judged, was incapable of any deviousness. He could be troubled or angry or hurt, the same as any man, but deceit was beyond him.

Being with Will this morning somehow reminded her of another time, eight or nine years ago, when she was in her middle teens, when she had ridden with Will and her father on another hunt, one to track down a calf-killing grizzly. This day didn't in any way resemble that other one, for then it had been late fall and bitterly cold, with a sifting of snow blowing. But she could clearly recall how satisfying it had been to be with Will, as it was now.

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Though she had never admitted it even to herself, she supposed she had in a way worshiped Will Speer back then. He could handle a horse as well as any man she had ever known, gently or powerfully as the need arose. He had always been a fine shot, and good at reading sign. The only thing that had ever really irritated her about him had been his being so quiet, almost to the point of shyness. This had perhaps been one reason for her having gradually come to prefer Ned, whose outgiving and at times boisterous nature seemed better suited to her high spirits.

Yet even after she came to see so much more of Ned she had been very much aware of a certain subtle something in the tall man's make-up that invariably

... ...

To a Son in Boot Camp

By B. JO KINNICK

Rehearsals for death have
always troubled me:
The target practice and the
bayonet drill,
Live bullets spitting dust, and
you there, still,
Embracing earth; that's not a
show to be
Applauded by a mother; yet I
know
How soldier Washington, still
farmer-wise,
In death's plowed field before
men's grateful eyes
Planted the seedling peace and
saw it grow.
Face then the weeks of
stringency and sweat,
Of cleaning boots, of crawling
through barbed wire;
Pray that this urgency may be a
liar,
That peace, not war, will claim
your life, and yet
Sort out these learnings; save
the better part;
Lay down the rifle, keep the
warrior heart.

... ...

stirred her more powerfully than Ned ever managed to rouse her.

She was thinking of this, wondering why it should be that Will still held that same sway over her emotions, when he abruptly announced, "There's our river. So we'd better get busy."

They had topped a low, brushy rise. Looking ahead, she saw the line of the river something like a mile distant. The Belle wasn't in sight yet, nor was there any smoke showing along the northern horizon.

Will lifted a hand to indicate a higher hill close to the south. "I'll take a swing around that knob. Looks like buckbrush along the far side. Might kick something out of it."

He drew the Winchester from its scabbard and laid it across the saddle's swell, and she said, "Will, let's take in a buck and not a doe."

He nodded. "A youngster, not one with a big rack. And if we have luck we'll bring in all the meat. Never could see cutting off only the hindquarters and wasting the rest."

He swung away from her, shortly calling back, "Meet you on the far side." And from then on his eye began probing each clump of brush and each dip in the ground, for this was ideal deer cover. He rode a hundred yards, another hundred, and saw nothing moving in the brush. Then presently he swung to his left behind the hill and, looking back, could no longer see Carrie.

Off to his right lay a shallow dry wash. Until now he hadn't bothered to look beyond it. Once he did, he saw the line of a weed-grown wagon track winding away to the southeast, and idly wondered where it could lead. Presently he came to a sparse stand of stunted thin-leaf cottonwoods and drew rein, bringing his horse to a stand as he sat listening and watching. He had been sitting there motionless for perhaps thirty seconds when, from obliquely behind him, he caught the muffled hoof falls of some animal. He looked quickly around and through the trees to see a rider leading a pack horse along the wagon track.

His first impulse was to ride on through the trees and speak to this man, whoever he might be. But then it struck him that this would be pointless, for he had no desire whatsoever to pass the time of day with a complete stranger and perhaps spend so much time talking that Carrie might begin to wonder what had happened to him. He was almost hidden, he doubted he could be seen, so he stayed where he was, leaning forward slightly in the saddle, so that he could reach his horse's nose and cut off a whicker if the animal threatened to signal the stranger's.

The rider was shortly out of sight beyond the trees. Will heard him draw on past, then presently saw him again, this time much closer than he had been. Suddenly something about the look of the stranger's horse, a bay with one white front stocking, roused his curiosity. He had the feeling he'd seen the animal before. Yet the thought had no sooner struck him than he was questioning it, though he realized that this man might well have been in Rock Point within the past several days.

At any rate the matter wasn't important and he presently dismissed it from mind, by which time the rider and pack horse had dipped over a far rise and disappeared. He waited out another three or four minutes, not wanting to run the risk of a shot possibly attracting the stranger's attention. Then he rode out from the trees and along the side of the hill.

He didn't sight a deer for all of another five minutes. When he did, he had already spotted Carrie off to his left at a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile. Four deer broke from a thicket of scrub oak and bounded away to the north, almost on a line with Carrie. He brought his rifle to shoulder, waited until they had moved well out of line with the girl, then squeezed the trigger. An instant after the rifle's sharp bark, a spike buck crumpled to the ground.

Carrie heard the shot and came across to join him, watching as he dressed out the buck.

He made quick work of it and, finished, heaved the carcass to his horse's back, roping it behind the saddle.

"There's the Belle," Carrie told him as he was wiping his knife and hands clean on the tall grass.

He looked upriver and saw the steamer drawing out from a point of land in the near distance. "Hargutt misses his chance at those bullheads," he said as he stepped into the saddle.

In another quarter hour they were leading their horses back aboard the Belle.

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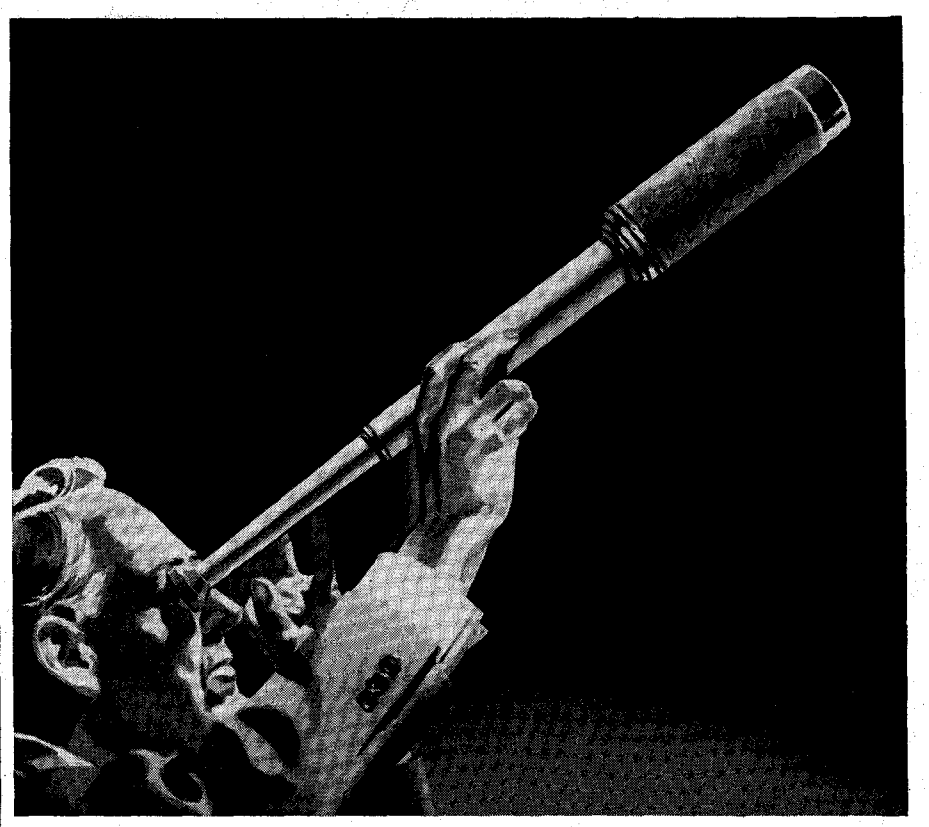

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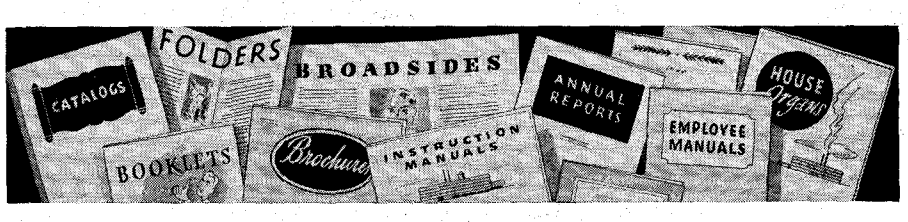

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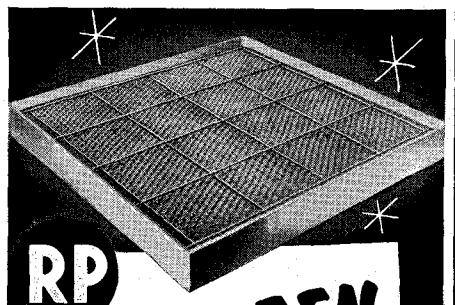
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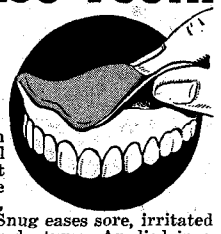
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Butch Has a Pair of New Arms

(Continued from Page 23)

errand, and the father, Robert C. Tipton, was in the house with Preston, aged six, and the baby, Bruce, aged four months. Suddenly he heard a sharp report like a shot, and the lights went out.

Hurrying outside, he saw Bud running toward him from the woods, shouting, "Butch climbed a tree and touched the wires! He's dead!"

Butch was not dead, but when Robert Tipton reached the wood and made his way through the thick underbrush, he saw the apparently lifeless form of his son hanging head downward from the top of a slender oak tree near the fence. By a miracle, one foot had caught in a crotch, saving him from a headlong plunge to the ground sixteen feet below. Carefully, so as not to dislodge the limp figure above him, the father climbed up hand over hand, and just as he grasped the child, the tree, under their combined weight, bent over across the fence and threw them into the road, Butch, fortunately, on top.

Neighbors summoned the Charles County Rescue Squad. Wrapped in a blanket to protect his seared arms, Butch was taken to the Physicians Memorial Hospital in LaPlata for first aid and then rushed to Georgetown University Hospital in Washington, where for five days he hovered between life and death. The amputation of both arms was indicated from the first, but the aftermath of the shock and dehydration caused by the burns made that hazardous. The question was whether he could regain enough strength to withstand the operation before the poisons generated by the seared flesh invaded the rest of his body. On the sixth day, his condition took a turn for the better, and when it improved again the seventh, Butch was taken to the operating room for what is known surgically as a bilateral disarticulation—the amputation of both arms at the shoulder.

Butch's vitality and generally healthy condition brought him through the operation without complications, and his parents might have spared themselves the worry of how to tell him about it. Robert and Kitty Tipton, who had haunted the pediatric ward from the night of the accident, were sitting at his bedside the day after the operation, when Butch looked down at the bandages that swathed the entire upper part of his body and said, "Well, dad, I guess I won't need that bicycle you were planning to get me for my birthday."

Three days later Butch was out of bed. Within a week he was a threat to the peace and quiet of the pediatric ward, playing soccer by himself up and down the hallway, his friendly, freckled-face grin confounding all efforts of the nurses and attendants to restrain him.

"I've been a nurse for twenty years and have a ten-year-old of my own," said Mrs. Bess Dubin, who attended him during the days when his life hung in the balance, "but I've never seen a braver child. He never whimpered."

Now circumstances, which had been so cruel to Butch Tipton, took a turn in his favor. Georgetown is one of a growing list of hospitals with a department of physical medicine and rehabilitation. This comparatively recent specialty helps patients overcome many kinds of disabilities. One of the most important services is the rehabilitation of amputees. Medical progress in this field has kept pace with the development of prosthetic devices, which in the last decade have revolutionized the lives of so many men and women, and are just beginning to do the same for children.

Artificial arms and legs, of course, have been part of medical practice from ancient times. But before World War II only a small proportion of the thousands of owners of artificial limbs gave them full use. At the close of the war the Army established a prosthetic research laboratory at Forest Glen, Maryland, to learn why. A survey showed, first, that prostheses, generally made of leather, wood and steel, were heavy and cumbersome. Perspiration absorbed by the leather harness made hygiene difficult. The Army lab developed substitute materials of plastic, aluminum and nylon webbing that lightened the limbs, simplified hygiene and at the same time reduced their cost.

Further investigation revealed that amputees commonly discarded their artificial limbs because they did not fit or because they had never learned to use them. Too often a surgeon had performed the amputation without regard to the later fitting or wearing of a prosthesis. And limb makers had no medical staffs to train their "customers" adequately. A new concept, the amputee team, was evolved. The team, which may draw on specialists in medicine, surgery, psychiatry, physical medicine including therapy of various types, prosthetics and vocational counsel, works as a unit from the time the amputation is first considered until the patient is trained to use his prosthesis in everyday life. This new approach was adopted in civilian medical practice—there are ten times as many civilian as there are veteran amputees—after the war, and broadened activity and employment for thousands of men and women. But this was for adults; little attention was paid to children.

The expense of constant refitting as a child grows older was one reason. But the Michigan Crippled Children Commission, created in 1946 and the first in the country initiated exclusively for children, found that parents frequently shied away from an artificial limb through a mistaken sense of guilt. They suspected hereditary factors in congenital cases—entirely unwarranted from the medical viewpoint—and felt an indirect responsibility in cases involving accidents. The guilt complex often became an aversion against a prosthesis.

The Michigan commission also found that children, when properly fitted, are as a rule more adaptable to rehabilitation than adults. The prosthesis seems to become a part of them; some even insist on wearing them to bed. Following this pioneering work, the National Research Council's Advisory Committee on Artificial Limbs joined with the Orthopedic Appliance and Limb Manufacturers Association, a nationwide trade group, in a program to scale down the improved prosthetic devices to child size. A new type, the "passive" hand—having no moving parts—was developed for infants too young to master mechanical manipulation.

All these improvements in the techniques of rehabilitation added up in Butch's favor when he reached Georgetown hospital. In performing the amputation, the surgeons strove to save every particle of bone, every bit of healthy tissue that might serve as a cushion, every strand of muscle that could help manipulate the artificial arms to come later. While the process of healing and skin grafting was still going on—except for his arms, Butch had escaped with only a small burn on his right side—a physical therapist aided in exercising the muscles of his shoulders and back, now more important to him than ever.

"The new approach to treating amputations," said Dr. Robert C. Rush, who with Dr. Albert F. Fleury performed the operation on Butch, "has been a big factor in treating Butch's case and many others like it. But the understanding cooperation of his parents has also been helpful, and in the final analysis Butch most of all has been responsible for his own progress."

It might be added that the community contributed substantially too. The night of the accident Bennett Gambrill, proprietor of the Highway 301 Restaurant, where Mrs. Tipton had occasionally worked as a waitress, placed on the counter an empty pickle jar with a slit in the cover, labeled "Butch Tipton Fund." As word of the accident spread, similar jars appeared in communities all over Charles County. Neighbors, friends and people who had never before heard of Butch Tipton staged benefit baseball games, oyster roasts and clambakes. Within a few weeks donations deposited in the Charles County Trust Company passed the $5000 mark. Fully as much was collected in a Washington fund sponsored by the Reverend Wade Safford, priest in charge of the Episcopal parish in which the Tiptons live and who baptized Butch the day of his operation. The Tiptons are a family of modest means, and the two trust funds will aid them immeasurably. Butch's first set of artificial arms alone cost almost $1000, and he will have to be refitted every twelve months or so for the next several years.

After discussions between Mr. and Mrs. Tipton and the doctors, it was agreed that the best incentive Butch could have would be the prospect of rejoining his former classmates in the fifth grade in the fall. He had missed only about two weeks of school and stood well scholastically. Although Butch himself had never considered school his main ambition in life, the thought of getting back spurred him on through the situps and weight lifting of his physical-therapy sessions. By the first week of August, his scars had healed sufficiently for him to be fitted for his first arm—the left, as he was left-handed—which he had to learn to operate reasonably well before he would get the other. When it was delivered and fitted three weeks later, his training really began.

A double shoulder amputee like Butch operates his artificial arms with two basic movements—pushing his shoulders forward and back or up and down. The upper arm and the shell which holds it snugly to the shoulder are one piece, but the forearm is hinged at the "elbow." The two-fingered terminal device, or hook, as most wearers call it, is attached at the "wrist" by a swivel joint which permits it to be rotated. The wrist is revolved manually or by pushing it against something, but the forearm and hook are operated by wires sheathed in steel tubing. By pushing his right shoulder forward, Butch can raise his left forearm through an arc of about 135 degrees, and by raising his left shoulder he can lock the arm at any desired angle in between. While the forearm is in the locked position, the forward or backward movement of the shoulders, instead of raising or lowering the forearm, opens or closes the two fingers of the hook. If it sounds complicated, that's because it is, at least at first.

"After you get the hang of it," Butch explained to me, "it's not so hard. Look."

He was seated at a desk in the occupational-therapy clinic of Georgetown hospital, his left arm locked at about ninety degrees. With a shrug of his right shoulder, he released the crayon with which he had been coloring a drawing in a book, and, with a slight turn of his body,

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reached for a pencil close by, grasping it just above the point. A normal person, of course, uses two fingers and a thumb to manipulate a pencil, but as Butch had only two fingers, he drew the pencil toward him on the desk until the point extended a couple of inches beyond the edge. Next, with a body movement, he pushed the pencil down against the edge of the desk to flip the eraser end back between his fingers in the writing position. Then with studied movements of his body he carefully scrawled in the corner of the page, "Butch Tipton." An interesting side light is that his writing with an artificial hand closely resembles his normal writing before the accident, indicating that handwriting characteristics are determined through the eyes and cortical centers rather than by the kinesthetic, or muscular, senses.

For Butch, body movements are essential in operating his artificial limbs. In brushing his teeth, for example, he holds the brush in a fixed position and shakes or nods his head instead of moving his hand. Almost everything he needed to do, it seemed, had to be learned over again. Opening a door, switching on a light, turning the page of a book—each action was a new combination of body and shoulder movements that had to be practiced time and time again to get the right co-ordination. Eating was the most difficult project of all. The left forearm is raised through its entire 135-degree arc by pushing the right shoulder forward only about an inch, and the last ten degrees—the slip 'twixt the cup and the lip—is the hardest. Butch learned to manage solids such as a cooky or a candy bar, without much difficulty, but a cup of milk, he found, called for infinite, patient practice.

Butch had trained only two weeks with his left arm when the opening day of school arrived. But it was decided that he would probably progress faster by practicing in the classroom than by remaining in the hospital until he was fitted for the second arm. He fell back into the school routine almost as though he had enjoyed a normal vacation instead of a three-month stay in a hospital.

"I wondered a little," said Miss Virginia Mudd, the fifth-grade teacher, "about how to handle the situation so that Butch wouldn't feel self-conscious. But I needn't have. Apparently the children had talked over that very thing among themselves. The first day they showed that they were glad to have him back again, but beyond that they didn't make a fuss over him. There were some things Butch couldn't manage, of course, and whenever he asked, they helped him cheerfully. Otherwise they just let him do for himself, and he seemed to like it that way."

This matter-of-fact approach banished any trace of self-consciousness Butch might have had. He and Bud went to school and came home on the bus with the other kids in the neighborhood. He played soccer at recess and participated as much as possible in school activities. At Halloween, when Bud announced he was going to the school party as Peter Pan, I asked Butch whom he was going to represent.

"Why, Captain Hook," he said, holding up his arm with a smile, as though to say, "Who else?" He did, and had a wonderful time.

A few days after Thanksgiving, Butch's other arm was ready, and his training began anew. He found that, in some ways, managing two arms was much more complicated than handling only one. Often he had to stop and figure out just what to do to make the darned things work together. But in other ways his second arm helped. Now, instead of using a book to hold the paper he is writing on, he can use his other arm, the way he did before his accident. With two hands, he can hold his book up before him to read instead of reading it flat on his desk. He can use one hook to rotate the other much more easily and accurately than he could by pushing it against something. The second arm also gives him better balance for running or just sitting, an important factor when you're wearing a harness all day, even though it weighs only about five pounds. The old type would have weighed ten or fifteen—about a quarter as much as Butch himself.

Butch still has many tedious hours of training ahead before he will be able to manage, say, a knife and fork. It will take months, perhaps a year or more, of constant practice for him to master the complexities of dressing himself. But judging by the determination he shows during his training periods twice a week at Georgetown hospital, the doctors believe he will eventually be able to achieve both of those objectives, even to tying his own shoes. He may need a little help now and then, and perhaps a gadget or two—a buttonhook to button his shirt, a snap-on tie—but, for the most part, his prospects of being able to take care of himself are good.

The Butch Tipton story, as it might be called, represents a significant change in the whole approach to rehabilitation. For many years the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation, of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, has had a Federal-state program to prepare handicapped persons, including amputees, for useful employment. But no financial assistance under this program may be extended to anyone, no matter how severe his handicap, until he has reached the minimum employable age in most states, which is sixteen years. Until recently, had it not been for the generosity of a sympathetic community, Butch might have had to wait six years to start his comeback. Congenital-amputee children have waited much longer in the past. Attitudes are different today.

"Why wait," asks Dr. Charles H. Frantz, of the Mary Free Bed Children's Hospital in Grand Rapids, Michigan, where the Michigan Crippled Children Commission research was carried on. "In their normal growth and development, children pass through very definite stages of motor skills—sitting, crawling, standing and walking—on a definite, predestined time schedule. The child with a total or partial lack of an extremity has the same time schedule as a normal child.

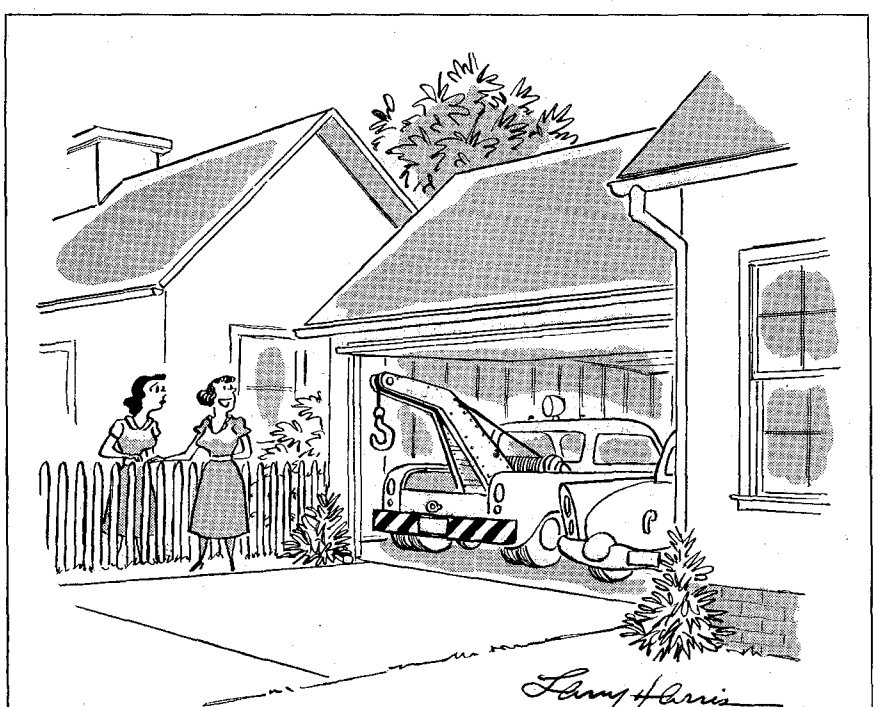
"An appliance should be fitted to the toddler when he attempts to stand. Babies as young as six months will tolerate a passive type of prosthesis. Children as young as twenty-four months have been taught to operate a terminal device they can open and close at will.

"Several above-elbow amputees have mastered the terminal device and a mechanically locking elbow joint at thirty-three months. The potential of a child often astounds the people working with him."

A survey of 300 children of all ages treated under the MCCC program showed that nearly 100 per cent of the leg amputees had learned to wear and use prostheses, and between 80 and 85 per cent of the arm amputees had been successfully fitted. Two thirds of the children were surgical amputees. Congenital amputees predominated in the preschool, lower-age group.

Largely as a result of this pioneer program, child amputee centers have since been established in several states while others have added facilities for treating children in their adult clinics. Only last February, the Federal Children's Bureau made available a special grant so that children in any part of the country where state or local agencies are unable to provide adequate treatment may be sent to the MCCC center at Grand Rapids. All medical, hospital and even transportation expenses can be met by this Federal-state program if other means are not available. The program is intended to aid preschool children especially, so that they can be well on the way to adjustment before they enter school.

Butch Tipton's return to school exemplifies the fuller life new medical techniques and modern prosthetic devices offer today for thousands of other young amputees throughout the country. Butch did want to be a jockey. He's not so sure about that now, although he still wants his own pony. Maybe he'll be a singer or an artist—his best subjects are music and drawing—and maybe he'll change his mind half a dozen times, as boys do. But he has no doubt about succeeding at something he wants to do. THE END



"... and after I learned to drive
Fred felt we needed a second car."

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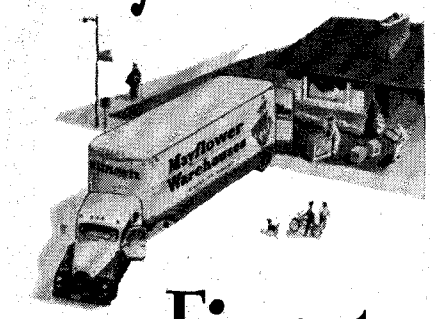

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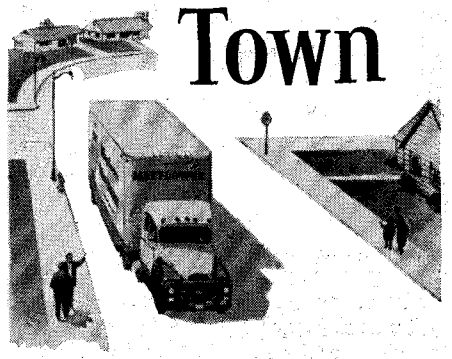

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We Made the "Impossible" Tour

(Continued from Page 19)

was drawing to a close. The sun sank down to the rim of the world, and then began to rise. Twilight, night and dawn fused into one. Now it was the twenty-second of June, our seventh wedding anniversary. Helen was twenty-eight, I was thirty, and our dog, Dinah, was seven years old.

We followed the Steese Highway southwest to Fairbanks. From there the Alaska Highway led south through greener country, across the Alaska-Canada border. At Watson Lake, wartime roadbuilders had put up signs pointing to their home towns. When we arrived, a wild pincushion of boards pointed to all parts of the world. We added our sign to the others—a red-and-yellow board that said: CAPE HORN, 17,000 MILES.

Then we drove on to California, where we began assembling the jeep that I'd disassembled three years before, chipping rust from the hull, patching holes and repainting. At the end of six weeks the jeep looked as it had in 1942, when it was new. Designed during the rush of war, the amphibious jeep had a conventional sixty-horsepower engine and six-speed gear boxes, all set in a steel tub. Two differentials and four wheels hung from springs outside. Power was transmitted by drive shafts through holes in the hull that were sealed with rubber. A propeller and a bilge pump were driven from the rear of the transmission, a rudder connected to the steering wheel, and there was a power-operated capstan winch on the bow.

It was a clever little vehicle, but it was too slow, and easily swamped in rough water. We enclosed the open cockpit with a water-tight cab, framing it with oak and plywood, and extending it a foot and a half over the rear to make room for two bunks. On the sides of the cabin we mounted racks to hold eight five-gallon Jerry cans, two for water and six for gasoline. With the sixteen-gallon gas tank inside the hull, we had a forty-six-gallon capacity, enough for an estimated 600 miles by land. At sea, since there was no way to transfer fuel from the Jerry cans to the main tank, we would be limited to forty-five miles of travel at one stretch. But we planned to beach-hop, coming ashore each night to camp, so we considered this no handicap.

For better traction we mounted oversized tires on specially built wheels. To reduce weight, we converted the electrical system from twelve to six volts, eliminating one battery and mounting a lighter generator. We built storage space beneath the bunks, and in cabinets above them. For mountain curves we installed a blasting horn, and for crowded streets a gentle doorbell. Although we never intended to be out of sight of land, we mounted a small compass.

By the middle of December, 1954, the jeep was ready. A road test showed she had a top speed of forty-five miles an hour. Christened with a pop bottle, La Tortuga, the two-and-a-half-ton turtle was ready for her salt-water test. We took her down the small-boat ramp into Balboa Bay a week before Christmas and chugged around the harbor. La Tortuga's top speed was just under six knots; in reverse, her progress was almost imperceptible.

Though the test was a success, there was still the matter of packing, a job that took three days. As each item was jammed into place Helen checked the list:

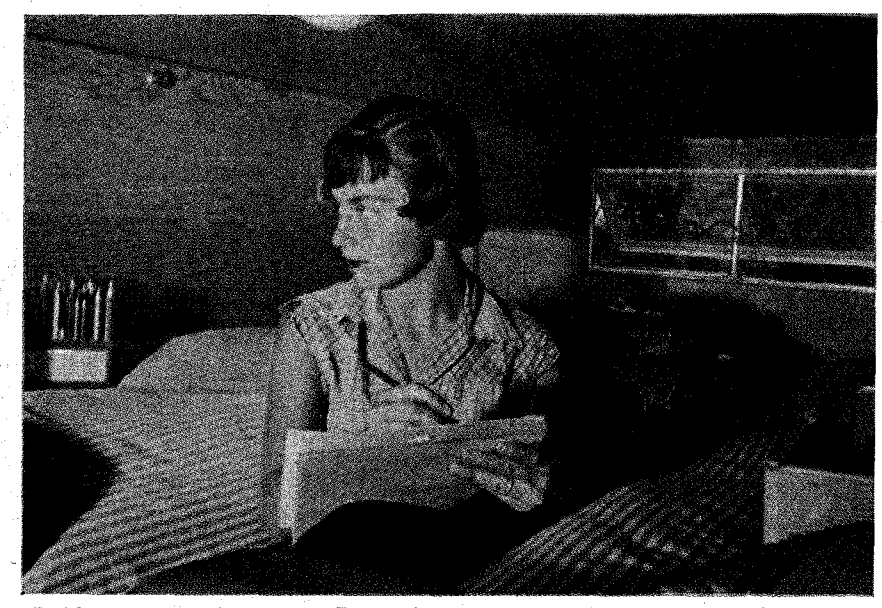
Upper cabinets: traveling clothes, library, sewing kit, first-aid kit, paratrooper stove, coffeepot, canned stores, folders of maps and documents (passports, inoculation records, police-clearance certificates, Dinah's health certificate and jeep-ownership certificate).

Forward bow compartment: spare parts, tools, machete, ax, shovel, anchor, rubber life raft, winch cable and hand bilge pump.

Lower holds: suitcases and three-week supply of emergency rations sealed in taped coffee tins, including walnuts, dried fruit, powdered eggs, powdered milk, chipped beef, vitamins, and dog meal for Dinah.

The camera cases, typewriter and portable radio rested on a bunk where they would be cushioned against road shock. We stored our photographic film in a camper's ice box with silica gel for humidity control.

Early in January, 1955, we drove over the border from Nogales, Arizona, into Mexico. That evening we camped off the road in a clearing where tall organ cactus pointed to a reddened sky. While Helen turned back our sleeping bags, I lit the stove. We dined on bon-voyage gifts from friends—fried chicken and fruitcake, cheese, cookies and shortbread. When we climbed into the jeep for the night, Dinah tried to take my bunk—it was her daytime bed—but I ordered her into a front seat. Through the open rear window came a cool breeze. Stretched out on my air mattress, I sighed happily and fell asleep.



Inside the amphibious jeep, Helen Schreider sketches scenery from her bunk.

After a week of leisurely driving and camping we checked into a hotel in Mazatlán for a bath. From there the paved highway wound through steep cliffs. Bus and truck drivers smiled at the name "La Tortuga" printed on the side of the jeep. Their own vehicles were proudly named El Toro or Huracán or Lupita. The fact that we had given our jeep a name made us members of that great fraternity of *choferes*, a respected profession among Mexicans.

At the end of three weeks in Mexico, we had covered only 1100 miles. We were taking plenty of time for sight-seeing. At one small town, San Juan de los Lagos, we saw a stockily built youth being led down the road blindfolded, his head crowned with thorns and his bare chest studded with cactus spines. A vast crowd was gathered in a nearby field, watching an Indian ceremonial dance.

Wooden spears clattered against wooden swords as spangle-caped Aztecs and armored Spaniards fought a mock battle of the conquest. Behind them walked a white-robed priest leading the annual pilgrimage of San Juan de los Lagos. The pseudo-Aztecs and Spaniards continued their shuffling dance, whirling to the plink of tiny stringed instruments. And then, as if at a prearranged signal, the crowd dispersed. It was time for the afternoon siesta.

Mexico City was our last big-city stop before the first gap in the Pan American Highway, between Mexico and Guatemala. There were important details to attend to—reinforcing the jeep's sagging springs, buying provisions and procuring a visa for Guatemala. Within a week we were rolling down Mexico's fine Pan American Highway, past quiescent volcanoes, over a 10,000-foot pass, and down to a dry region of cactus and sage.

We headed for Tehuantepec, a coconut-palm and sugar-cane town near the Pacific. When we stopped to buy meat for Dinah, we found ourselves in a matriarchal town. The Tehuantepec women looked seven feet tall in their white headdresses. The market, run by women, was a no man's land. Though I paid for the meat, the butcher lady ignored me completely and handed it to Helen. I took the hint and stood aside.

A young Zapotec man offered me a drink from a bottle of murky yellow *mescal*. "We don't really mind if the women run things," he said. "They're beautiful, and probably more efficient than we are. Besides, they outnumber us."

For a short distance out of Tehuantepec, the road led through more palms and sugar cane. La Tortuga was riding high on her new springs. The extra clearance they gave her would be essential if we followed our 1951 route into Guatemala, for there was still no connection by road between the two countries. The normal way to enter Guatemala with a car was to drive some 700 miles from Mexico City to Arriaga, and load the vehicle on a railroad flatcar. The railroad ran for 160 miles along mountain slopes to Tapachula, where a road continued south into Guatemala.

In 1951, instead of loading our jeep on a flatcar at Arriaga, we had driven another fifteen miles over a narrow road to Tonalá, and continued south from there on an oxcart trail. There were trees to fell, swamps to bypass, mud holes to fill with branches. Although it was only 150 railroad miles from Tonalá to Tapachula, we drove 220 miles in eight back-breaking days to get there.

This time we had heard rumors in Mexico City that Guatemala was building a highway to connect with Mexico's at El Ocotal, on the north side of the mountain range. To investigate this possibility, we passed up the branch road to Arriaga and continued 200 miles to the border.

At El Ocotal, the road stopped at a barrier of forested mountain. Two Guatemalan border guards told us that construction was progressing from the other end. There was still a twenty-five-mile gap. We back-tracked to the cutoff for Arriaga.

Arriaga, a town of whitewashed adobe fifteen miles from the Pacific, was hot and humid. Insistent railroad workers followed us through the streets, wanting to load us on a flatcar. The only visitors Arriaga ever had were those who were shipping to Tapachula by rail. But we drove on, following a rough gravel road from Arriaga to Tonalá, where the temperature was 110 in the shade. From there, with clouds of dirt billowing inside the jeep, we followed a pair of oxcart ruts through brown underbrush. It was near the first of March, the height of the dry season; there had been no rain for months.

The trail led over arid hills, down into barrancas and on through a dry river bed. In the rainy season it would have been impassable even to oxcarts. We overtook a coppery-skinned native and invited him to ride with us. Pablo seemed to enjoy jouncing over fallen trees and around stumps in our "boat car," as he called it. Repeatedly he assured us that the next town, Tres Picos, was "*muy cercita*"—very near. After two hours of Pablo's "*muy cercita, muy cercita,*" we came to a clear stream and decided to make camp. Pablo continued on foot.

Two months of living in La Tortuga had taught us how to set up camp quickly. In less than an hour we had bathed in the river, made up the bunks, clipped the screens over the windows and top hatch, and begun eating our supper of packaged mushroom soup, powdered coffee and dried fruit, topped off with salt tablets, vitamins, and a quinine preparation for malaria.

Early the next morning the creak of oxcarts awakened us, and white-clad natives came to bathe in the river, greeting us with a bright "Good morning." We were feeling very cheerful—we had traveled fourteen miles in only five hours the day before. On to Tres Picos!

As it turned out, Tres Picos was less than a mile away, but it took almost an hour to get there. News of our coming had preceded us, especially news of Dinah. Naked little boys ran after us as we rolled between two rows of grass huts.

"Reen Teen Teen!" they shouted in unison. "Reen Teen Teen!" There were no theaters, no movies. How they knew of Rin Tin Tin I have no idea, but to them Dinah was Reen Teen Teen and they wanted a good look at her. We stopped the jeep and opened the door. Dinah looked out, grinning.

"*Ole,* Reen Teen Teen!" they cheered.

From Tres Picos, the country was more open, but our speed never exceeded five miles per hour. There were rocks to clear from the path and lightning-struck trees to bypass, and in the arroyos Helen stood up in the hatch like a tank pilot to direct me when the long bow of La Tortuga cut off my view of the twisting ruts ahead. The jeep became a furnace. Our thermometer registered 120 degrees Fahrenheit.

We zigzagged over grassy hills where hidden stumps battered the bottom of the jeep. Sometimes we crawled forward in the lowest gear. And then the digging began. The still heat hung like a blanket as we cut down high centers and filled in ruts. At

(*Continued on Page 82*)

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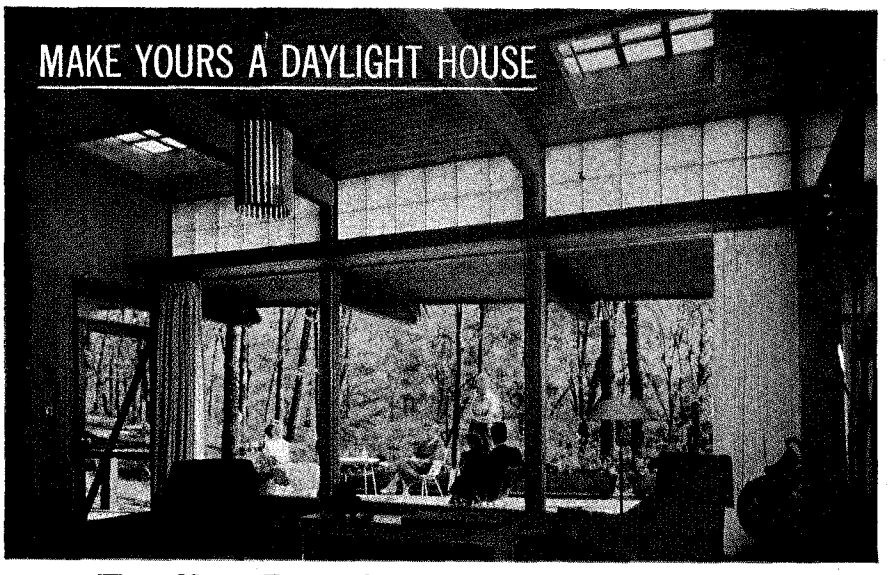

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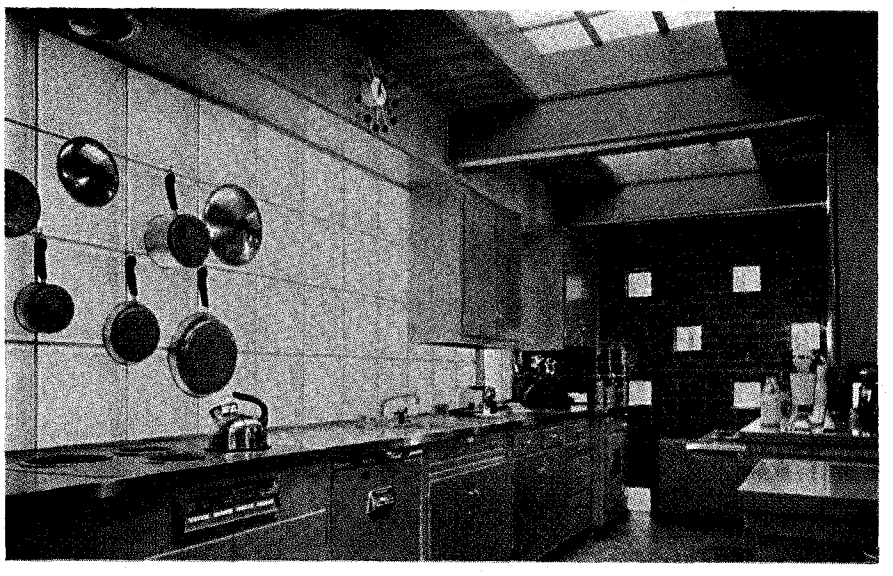

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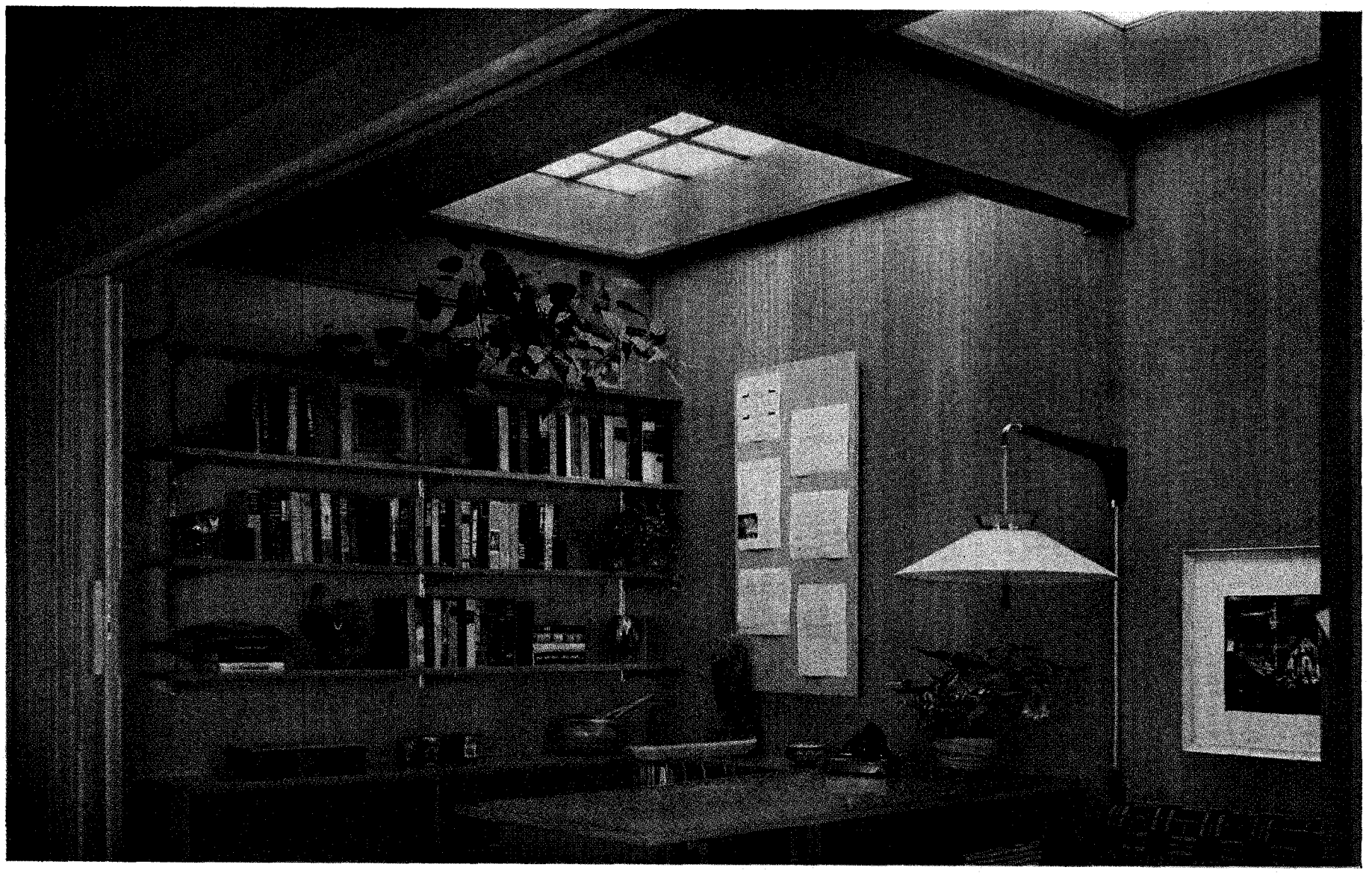

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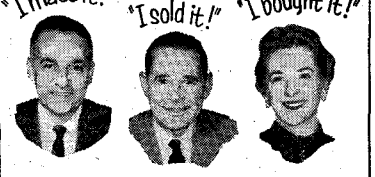

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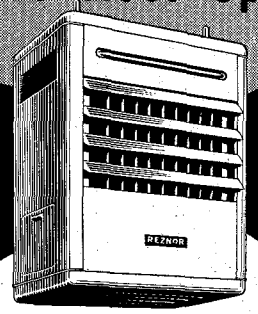

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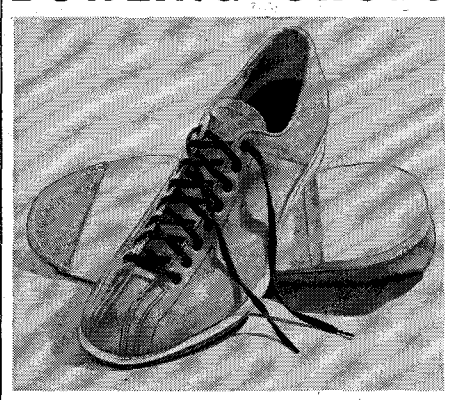

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Take a minute each day to sprinkle soothing, cooling Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder on your feet and into your shoes. You'll have another day of real foot contentment. Dr. Scholl's eases new or tight shoes . . . lessens perspiration . . . helps prevent Athlete's Foot. 15¢, 40¢. Large economy size 75¢. Try it!

Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER

(*Continued from Page 80*) nightfall we mounted the screens, sprayed the inside of the jeep with insecticide and fell into exhausted sleep, without a thought of food. We had covered only ten miles since Tres Picos.

By midmorning of the next day we had dug our way another mile. Now the trail became a steaming marsh. We eased into the shallows with four-wheel drive engaged. After twenty feet the jeep came to a halt, its wheels spinning. Before they could dig in, I put La Tortuga in reverse and backed out. We tried it again, hitting the mud as fast as we could. The jeep began to sink. We watched helplessly as black ooze rose over the wheels toward the doors. Only the boatlike body kept the jeep from sinking still deeper.

"What do we do now?" Helen asked. "Wait six weeks for the rains to float us out?"

"This is what we have a winch for," I answered.

We had 200 feet of half-inch-diameter Manila rope. With one end lashed to a tree, I took two turns around the capstan. Helen engaged the winch gear. I kept a strain on the rope so it couldn't slip on the capstan, and inch by inch La Tortuga crawled ahead, pushing a wall of mud. We had moved only a few feet when the rope snapped. I fell sprawling into the mire.

I spliced the rope and we tried again. It broke in another place. Again and again the rope parted, and again and again I spliced it, until my fingers ached. Perspiration burned my eyes; black slime covered my clothes. Each time I moved the slippery rope to another tree ahead, it became a greater effort, and with each splice the rope grew shorter. After four hours it was reduced to less than three fourths its original length—and we were only halfway through the swamp.

I tried doubling the rope. It snarled continually as the two strands piled up on the capstan. I had to cut them free. Pulling, cutting, splicing, we moved forward with painful slowness, the rope becoming shorter with each foot of progress. We were within fifteen feet of solid ground when the right-hand wheels rode up on a submerged log.

"Cut the power!" I yelled. But it was too late. The jeep leaned over, and jellylike mud rose to the door where Helen sat operating the winch and throttle.

"Jump!" I shouted.

Relieved of her weight, the jeep straightened out. Helen scraped mud from her jeans and climbed back in to engage the winch while I kept a strain on the rope. Weak and shaken, we reached firm ground once more. I felt no elation at all, only numbness at the thought that there might be more of the same ahead.

We continued just far enough that afternoon to escape the clouds of insects that swarmed over the swamp, and stretched out on top of the jeep, gasping for air. A white-haired man came along the trail, whistling, as is the custom in Chiapas when approaching a stranger. Helen asked if there was a river nearby.

He shook his head. "No, not for many leagues. But I have a well, and I live only a league from here, in Joaquin Amaro. You may bathe there and spend the night with me."

But the thought of traveling three miles to his home was too much. We had covered only half that distance all day. We thanked him and he went on his way. As we lay on the damp bunks that night, we heard through a haze of exhaustion the cry of a jaguar.

We slept late the next morning, and as we were getting up we heard the same tuneless whistle. It was Señor Cabrera again.

"You must not leave your dog out at night," he warned. "Several cattle were killed by *tigres* a few nights ago near my village." He waved his hand in the direction we were headed. "My wife expects you," he continued. "Stop at the first house on the right side as you enter Joaquin Amaro. Please refresh yourselves there before you go on." After repeating his warning about mountain lions, he went on his way.

We covered the three miles to Joaquin Amaro in record time, considering the speed we had averaged the last few days. The village, situated on the edge of a salt-water lagoon, was a tropical Venice; dugout canoes were being poled over tranquil water. We stopped at the first dwelling on the right. Señora Cabrera stepped from the doorway, smiling.

"I have been expecting you," she said. "My husband told me you would like to bathe."

Covered with mud, we followed her to the bathhouse, a palm-thatched stall with a stone table, a tin pail and half a gourd for ladling water. While I brought buckets of water from the well, Helen scrubbed off the dirt with a fibrous-vegetable sponge. Then she carried water for me.

Much refreshed, we put on clean clothes and joined Señora Cabrera. Her home, like others in the village, was built of mud and thatch. Hammocks hung from the walls, and in one corner a lighted candle flickered in front of a picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe.

The señora was baking *tortillas* in a clay oven. She served them hot and crisp, with a handful of dried shrimp, and for the first time we realized how hungry we were. We had eaten nothing on the trail but powdered milk, coffee and dried fruit. As we sat there feasting, I almost forgot that there were still almost 200 miles ahead of us to Tapachula. Señora Cabrera invited us to spend the night, but there remained several hours of daylight in which we could travel.

"Thank you for everything, and please give our regards to your husband."

"Have a nice trip!" she called as we drove off.

The days that followed were one continuous nightmare of digging and cutting until blisters formed on our hands, of more swamps where our rope grew shorter and shorter, of fording rivers, of hacking down trees and levering out rocks. Dulling heat drove from our minds everything but the thought of the next obstacle. But there were interludes when we found clear, flowing streams, where we could bathe and wash our clothes and replenish our supply of drinking water. Our river camps became a meeting place of two cultures. While I serviced the jeep, surrounded by curious natives, Helen washed our clothes amid amused, friendly women. They looked askance at her two-piece bathing suit; although they worked bare from the waist up, they would never think of exposing their legs.

The women asked Helen the inevitable questions—where she came from, and where she was going. Once, Helen pointed to the jeep and said, "That's our home. We're gypsies."

An old woman looked at her with compassion. "You have no home?" she asked. "Then you must come and live with me."

We continued to jolt over oxcart trails, but now we hastened under darkened skies, knowing that rain could stop us. At the end of nine days we had covered only two thirds of the distance from Tonalá to Tapachula. We knew that if we could make it to Huixtla, some twenty miles away, there was a fair truck road from there on.

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When we inquired about the cart trail to Huixtla, we were told of a new route used by trucks carrying coffee from the mountains to the railroad. We followed this road high into the mountains, where coffee bushes clung to the hillsides and waterfalls thundered to the valleys below. It began to rain. I drove recklessly, skidding around slick clay curves and bouncing over loose boulders. When we began to descend, the brakes wouldn't hold on the steep grades; they were filled with mud from the swamps. Braking with the lowest gear, we slid down the narrow road to a river, where we camped. The next morning we continued over a good cart trail. By the tenth of March we reached Tapachula, having driven 240 miles from Arriaga in eleven days, an average of almost twenty-two miles a day.

Tapachula, with its neon lights and speeding automobiles, seemed unreal to us. Blissfully, we rolled along the smooth pavement, looking for a hotel. Leaving Helen in the jeep in front of the Gran Hotel Internacional, I entered the lobby, where a group of fastidiously dressed men stood fanning themselves. No doubt I looked like a tramp. The disdainful desk clerk claimed there were no vacancies; but he finally assigned us a room, with the pointed suggestion that we bring our bags around the back way.

The next morning, while Helen was trying to persuade the laundress to wash our heaps of dirty clothes, I took La Tortuga to the Willys Agency, a mere open shed. There I supervised the removal, cleaning and lubrication of La Tortuga's mud-filled wheels. The hull was pocked with dents, and a river ford had poured twenty gallons of water through a punctured rubber seal into the hull.

While I was at work, a green jeep drove into the shed, carrying a California license plate and a University of California seal. A tall young fellow wearing a T-shirt and khaki pants descended.

With a big smile, he said, "So this is what had everyone so excited all the way from Arriaga to Tapachula! I'm Ed Markell."

"I'm happy to know you," I said. "What brings you to Tapachula?"

"Well, I'm a doctor," he said. "I'm doing research on tropical diseases for the University Medical School. When I came through on the train, I was told that two crazy Americans were trying to drive through the jungles. I should have known it would be a couple of Californians."

"It wasn't easy," I said. "How about having dinner with us tonight? I'd like you to meet my wife."

That night the three of us had a regular school reunion. After a while, Helen asked to be excused. "My stomach's a little upset. I'll be all right in the morning."

The next day I left Helen resting in our room while I went back to work on La Tortuga. That afternoon I received a telephone call from the hotel. "Your wife is sick. Come quickly and bring a doctor."

I rushed back to Helen. It was a hot, sticky afternoon, but she lay in bed shivering. Ed Markell had left town. I called a local doctor, and answered his questions as well as I could in Spanish.

"Your wife has a high fever," he said. "I think it's typhoid."

But how could it be typhoid? We had boiled all our water and taken inoculations.

"My diagnosis is typhoid," the doctor repeated. "It will be some time before you can travel again."

In the days that followed, I sat by Helen's bedside watching her temperature rise. Each day the doctor prescribed more medicine, but each day she was worse. At 104 degrees her temperature leveled off. She lay still and pale under her dark tan; several days passed before her fever broke. With relief I heard her ask for food, and when she made a few feeble puns, I knew she was going to be all right.

While Helen was regaining her strength, I finished work on the jeep and stocked it with supplies, including 200 feet of quarter-inch steel cable for the winch. Rain flooded the streets every afternoon. When we left Tapachula at last, we knew that if the rains were early farther south, too, we were due for trouble.

Once past the Guatemalan border, we began climbing steep grades in hairpin turns. Neat little villages, their streets cobbled, lined the dirt highway. In Guatemala City we stopped only long enough to procure a visa for El Salvador, and then headed for the border, steering around slides and boulders on the ill-kept road. When we stopped at the Salvadoran customs house, we saw before us the longest stretch of paved road we had seen for almost a month. El Salvador is one of the two countries in all of Latin America that have paved their portion of the Pan American Highway.

In San Salvador, the capital, Helen and I made the rounds of the Honduran, Nicaraguan and Costa Rican consulates for visas. It came as a shock when an owlish-looking gentleman at the Honduran consulate said that there would be a ten-day wait, but that he could give us a transit visa if we first had a visa for Nicaragua.

At the Nicaraguan consulate we learned there would be a two-week delay for visas to Nicaragua. It seemed that Somoza, Nicaragua's president, was suspicious of strangers. He had just dodged a bullet; this was a year and a half before his assassination. The Nicaraguan consul finally said, "I'll give you a visa under one condition—if you can get a personal recommendation from the American ambassador."

We proceeded with all haste to the American Embassy. A tall, slender young diplomat introduced himself as D. Chadwick Braggiotti, chargé d'affaires in the absence of the ambassador. In many subsequent encounters with the United States Foreign Service, we never met a man who grasped a problem more quickly. By four P.M. we had all our visas and our permit to leave El Salvador.

The next day we drove from San Salvador to the border, 112 miles away, crossed ninety-five miles of Honduran cactus and sage, and entered Nicaragua. In Managua, Nicaragua's capital, we ran into another snag—exit permits. Luckily one of President Somoza's secretaries cut red tape for us. Our trouble this time was caused in part by the strained relations between Somoza and Costa Rica's President Figueres.

Tension was mounting between the two countries, and there were reputed to be guerrillas near the border. Our state of mind was not improved by a meeting with an Inter-American geodetic surveyor.

"Don't stop for anything," he warned. "If you have a flat tire, ride it on the rim."

With that comforting advice we left Managua, planning to cross the border before nightfall. But we had overestimated the quality of the roads; that evening we made camp near the shores of Lake Nicaragua, the only place in the world where there are fresh-water sharks.

It was already dark when we finished supper. Helen was the first to notice bright lights moving across an open field. Since we were near the border, it wasn't difficult to imagine some overzealous patriot shooting and asking questions later. The lights concentrated on us.

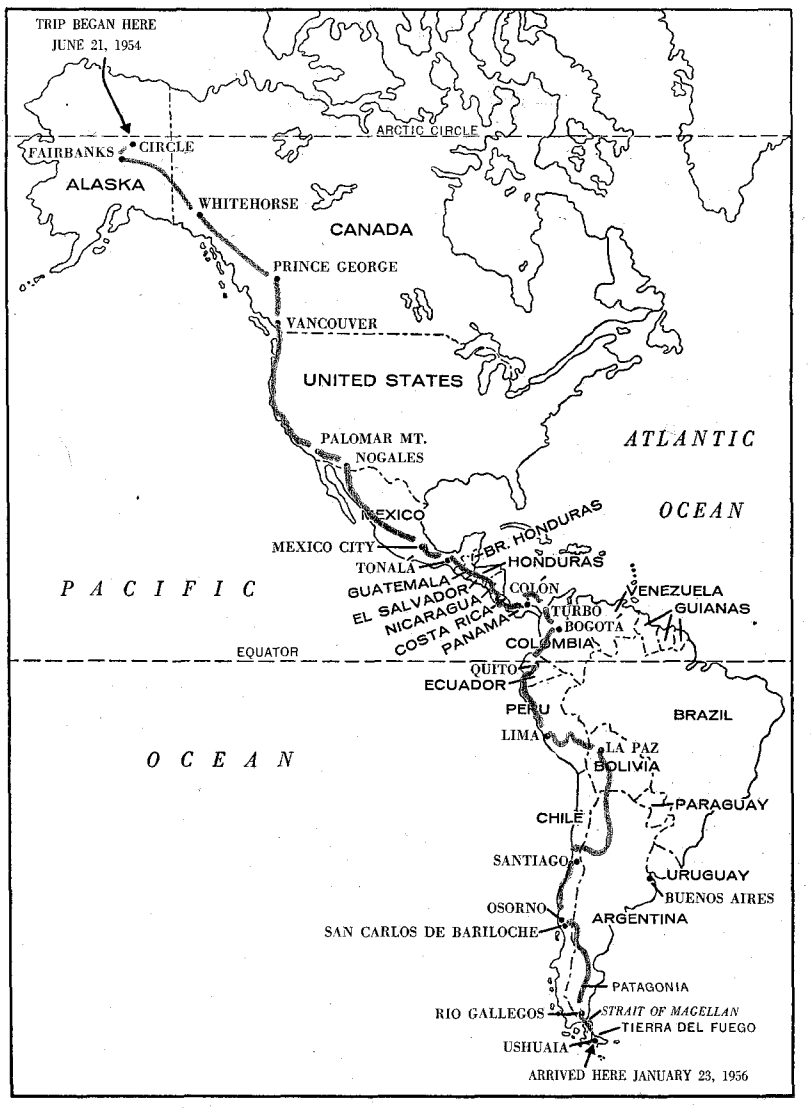
"Good evening, gentlemen!" I quavered. "We're friends! *Turistas norteamericanos!*"

There was a stony silence. Staring blindly into the lights, all I could tell was that there were six men on horseback, all armed. Eventually one of them asked in Spanish, "Where do you come from?"

"Alaska," I answered.

There was another pause, and then, in perfect English, "What the hell are you doing here?"

The lights blinked off and I was soon enjoying a cigarette with six sportsmen from Managua, who were deer-hunting. Hence the sweeping lights. Not a very sporting way to hunt, but I didn't say so.



The track of the "turtle": Frank and Helen Schreider's 18-month, 20,000-mile drive through two Americas from Circle City, Alaska, to Tierra del Fuego.

The next morning we reached the border of Costa Rica. At the wooden frontier post, all the window glass had been shot out. The captain of the soldiers on duty there was absent on a hunt for guerrillas. We had to wait for him to return before we were permitted to pass. The Guanacaste region of Northern Costa Rica is rough country—a coastal plateau of canyons, rocks and dense vegetation. Devoted principally to cattle raising, it has a wild-West atmosphere. As we drove along the narrow dirt track, every man we approached put his hand on a concealed gun.

San José, the capital of Costa Rica, was both an end and a beginning for us. Up to this point we had had past experience to draw on; henceforth everything would be one big question mark. We knew that no one had ever reached Panama in a wheeled vehicle under its own power. The customary procedure for the Pan-American motorist was to put his vehicle on a ship at the Pacific port of Puntarenas and disembark in the Canal Zone.

We felt we had a new route mapped out. From San José we intended to travel south to San Isidro del General, where the Pan American Highway ended. From there we would drive over a mountain trail down to Dominical, on the Pacific coast. At Dominical we would enter the ocean and motor from beach to beach.

At best, our plans would mean traveling 200 miles along an almost uninhabited coast, from Dominical to Pedregal in Panama, the first seaport where we could again reach a road. Our maps showed that the beach was broken by rock outcroppings. These obstacles would have to be skirted by sea, and we would need protected coves from which to land and take off. We estimated that the trip would take two weeks at most, and consume seventy gallons of fuel.

In San José, one of the first tasks on the agenda was to get firsthand information on coastal conditions. Lee Hunsaker, the United States Information Agency officer, arranged appointments for us with everyone who knew anything about the area. We studied maps and aerial photographs with Mr. Honeyball, of the United Fruit Company; Mr. Paris, of Union Oil; and Marvin Harshberger, of the United States Public Roads Administration.

But no one knew much about the coastline between Dominical and Pedregal. We were advised to look up Tommy Brower, an American who ran a small hotel at Dominical. He was supposed to know more about that part of the Pacific coast than anyone else.

When we left San José, we still had nothing more substantial to go on than an optimistic theory and an untried amphibian. We didn't even know what the jeep would do in rough water, but we were sure going to find out.

Editors' Note. This is the first of five articles. The second will appear next week.

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"Don't worry, I'm not going to sing"

THE OLD LADY had lost her voice. That rich, vibrant contralto which had rung through opera's golden age was long gone. And she made no bones about it.

Standing at the network microphones, she'd loudly promise her audience: "Don't worry, I'm not going to sing."

Yet, every Christmas Eve, she did sing. And millions of homes hushed to listen. For *Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht* does not demand a big voice. Rather, a big heart.

And Ernestine Schumann-Heink had always had that. From the beginning, when she threw away her budding career for love, only to wind up deserted with her four children. Through World War I, when she sang to sell Liberty Bonds while she had sons fighting —on both sides. Right up to the end of her turbulent life, she stayed warm, generous and brave.

Naturally, her adopted country loved her. Because Americans admire heart, and as the little stories in every daily paper show, they have plenty of it. That's one of the vital reasons why America is strong and why her Savings Bonds are a tremendous guarantee of security.

The heart and strength of 165 million Americans stand behind these Bonds.

There could be no better guarantee. So, for yourself, and for your country, invest in U. S. Savings Bonds regularly. And hold on to them.

It's actually easy to save—when you buy Series E Savings Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan. Once you've signed up at your pay office, your saving is done *for you*. The Bonds you receive pay good interest—3% a year, compounded half-yearly when held to maturity. And the longer you hold them, the better your return. Even after maturity, they go on earning 10 years more. So hold on to your Bonds! Join Payroll Savings today—or buy Bonds where you bank.

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Bitter Parting (Continued from Page 24)

I can't remember what color your eyes are," but he did not.

He heard a whisper of a sigh, and then she said, "I'm tired, Rhys. I'd never get tired if you loved me, but —— I'm going with the Craiks. I'm tired."

"And what do you think I am?"

"I don't know. Sick, I think. When you get to where you can't take or give love, you're sick. A little hate against fate, I can understand that. I can't understand hate against me. So I'm going to town and forget you for all day—just forget you."

He got up abruptly, made his way to the hall where he left his cane, sometimes a book, not for his own use, but to show students. His fingers touched the cane, touched a book on the familiar small table. Now was the moment when Gwen always came and kissed him. He stood there, waiting, wishing words he had said erased. She did not come. He reached for the door handle, then felt her hand on his arm. He withdrew and the hand went away.

"Rhys ——"

"What is it?"

"Nothing. I'm so tired, that's all."

For the first time in all these years she didn't kiss him; she let him go. Tap-tap went his cane down the walk, onto the sidewalk toward the campus. *Forget you—just forget you. . . . I am so tired.* But what did she expect? What did she want? Did she want him to accept pity, service done through pity? *I will never be humble*, he vowed for the thousandth time. At the same time, he felt anguish all through him, and a fright that was all-encompassing. *Forget you—just forget you.*

Eight steps, the heavy door, seven steps to the stairs, twenty-six steps up, forty-seven steps down the corridor to his own door.

"Oh, good morning, Jones!"

"Good morning." He clipped off the words as usual, then paused. "Is that you, Craik?"

"Yes."

"Oh. Thought you were going to town today."

"No, not I," Craik said. "What gave you that idea?"

He did not answer; he went to his desk. Students began their scurry up and down the hall, drifted into his room. . . . She had lied. She had never intended to be with the Craiks. . . . The bell sounded. He stood up and began to talk to blackness. Chaucer; he could talk about Chaucer in his sleep.

"Class dismissed," he said, after a long time.

There was a silence; then Fanny Rains said in a gentle voice, "It's only twenty minutes of nine, Doctor Jones."

"Can't you occupy yourselves for twenty minutes? Class dismissed," he said without any pause. He had always known to a minute the length of a period. They left and he sat there, shaken.

"Anything wrong, Jones?" That was Clayborne, Mathematics.

"No. Why?"

"I saw your students coming out. You look a little pale."

"Don't you ever go pale, realizing how stupid your students are?"

Clayborne gave an uncomfortable laugh. "Oh, occasionally," he said. "But there are always one or two to leaven the lump."

Clayborne went away and Rhys Jones sat there alone at his desk. Clayborne didn't like him; none of them liked him. All the same, they had to respect him. With or without eyes he had made it to the top of his field. She'd always pretended it wasn't martyrdom, staying with him, but, of course, it was. And now she couldn't stick it another minute. Betrayal—she was the one who had used the word. It was a betrayal, that she'd had to go. He remembered suddenly, for no reason, her saying, "Oh, Rhys, don't cut people down so. You mustn't, darling; it hurts!" But she'd never understood that you had to have some defense against pity. They pitied her, too, for being tied to him. "Can you spare Gwen for an hour or two to help us on the play?" Briggs or Hawthorne would say. She never stayed long. She pretended she'd rather be home with him. . . . She'd stopped pretending. She'd lied, to get away from him. Suddenly he saw her eyes looking right at him and they were hazel. They used to have laughter in them. They were sober.

"Doctor Jones," a voice said, "you're wanted on the telephone. It seems to be urgent."

He felt the urgency all through him. Gwen was going to tell him she was sorry. She hadn't gone, after all. She would be there when he came in for lunch, just as always.

But it wasn't Gwen.

"I've got them, Doctor Jones," a voice said. "At last. How soon could you be ready?" It was Doctor Lorenz, his eye doctor.

"Got what?" he answered.

"Eyes. They've got to me on the waiting list at last. Could you get down to the hospital this afternoon? We'd start in the morning."

Doctor Lorenz had talked of this graft before, but he had said nothing for two years now.

"Yes," Rhys Jones said and hung up.

"Anything wrong, Jones?"

"No. But I should like to take some leave. Could MacLean take over?"

"I think it could be arranged."

He didn't so much as wait to talk with MacLean. He walked down the stairs, out of the building, home. "Gwen!" he called tentatively. She did not answer. He went up to his room and stood there, confused. Where was his bag? What should he take? But he found the bag, put a few things in it, went down and ordered a taxi.

He then went to the blackboard in the hall, fumbled for the chalk and wrote "Hospital" on it. He stood there by the door, waiting for the taxi, waiting for something else that did not come. . . .

He was in a bed and Doctor Lorenz stood beside him.

"This is by no means sure," Doctor Lorenz said. "But we can hope. And I think you should take the chance."

"Naturally, I'll take it," Rhys Jones said.

Later that night Gwen said softly, "Are you asleep, Rhys?"

"No."

"Oh, it's so wonderful! I'm so glad!"

"I dare say. Naturally," he said. "Did you enjoy yourself with the Craiks?"

"Yes." The excitement went out of her voice with the word.

"Well, if all goes well, you can be free to run around as much as you like."

"Yes," she said again. Then, "I must go now. Good luck, Rhys." And she was gone.

She had come. She had made her gesture as always. He had seen her first down on the shore. Yes, he could see then. That was before the accident, before the wind, and the branch scraping across his eyes. The sea had been gray and the sky gray, too, but he had liked the grayness and the loneliness. She had come up behind him and said, "And what are you doing down here all by yourself?" Her voice had teased him. "I like being by myself. I don't like people much," he'd said. She'd sat down beside him, hugged her knees and said, "I do. Shall I go away? I'm a person." "No, don't go," he'd said. And she'd stayed, laughed and talked, and he had loved her all in a moment and had never let her go again. Then how had it come to this, that she had lied to get away from him? Her eyes were hazel, very truthful, but she had lied.

"How many operations like this have you done?" he had asked the doctor.

"Only one before. But I am competent. If I didn't believe I were, I would call someone else in."

"I know you are competent. I just wondered if I was your first guinea pig."

"My second," the doctor said quietly.

Then he was on the operating table. He could not see the eyes of the doctor through the mask, know whether they were sure. There was nothing sure about it. It might work, it might not. Something cried out inside him, *Oh, let it work. Let me see.*

And then he was in his bed, bandages around his eyes.

"I brought you some chrysanthemums—the last in the garden," Gwen said. He got a whiff of the flowers, pungent, earthy.

"I can't stay long," she told him. "They won't let me."

"Have you seen the doctor?"

"Yes."

"What does he say?"

"Why, he's pleased. Everything went perfectly."

"The operation might go well and still I wouldn't see."

"But you will. I feel absolutely sure, Rhys."

The nurse took her away. And he didn't know where she had been yesterday. He hadn't thanked her for the flowers, but he would see her, really see her, and then he would be able to say things to her. Or would he? . . .

Dean Everett said, "Well, Jones, you might have told us what you were going to go through. Everyone sends best wishes."

"Everyone?"

MacLean, struggling with Chaucer? Clayborne with his cheerful, hopeful little speeches? Craik?

"Everyone," the dean said firmly.

And then there was Craik himself, with his smooth, poetic voice, "Well, this is exciting, Jones! Wonderful, really!"

"That remains to be seen," he said.

"Gwen is sure the miracle has happened."

"Yes, Gwen believes in miracles."

"Good thing she does. We're all apt to be skeptical these days."

"It's safer," he told Craik.

"Safer, but duller. Well, we're all rooting for you, old man."

And Gwen came every day, sat with him, talked. But didn't kiss him. Had they told her not to? No, she was distant.

"We're going to take the bandages off in the morning," the doctor said.

Something cold went through him. "Doctor, I don't suppose you know whose eyes you used for me?" he said.

"As a matter of fact, I do know. But does it matter?"

"No. I just wondered."

"A young man. He'd been in college for a year and stopped to work in the mines for a bit to get a little more money in hand. He was to be a doctor. Had an accident in the mine. A fine young man, they tell me. A pity. But your good fortune."

"You hope."

"Yes, I hope. Don't you?"

"It's better not to hope too much, isn't it?"

"No, Doctor Jones, it isn't."

A fine young man, down in a mine in the dark. Thinking all the world was before him. Thinking he was going to be a doctor. Maybe with a girl somewhere, probably with a girl. Saving up his money for the next year's work. Thinking he had all the time there was. And then, an accident. A fine young man, down in a mine, in the dark, like a blind man. In the dark.

When Gwen came that night, he said, "Well, tomorrow's the day."

"Yes, the doctor told me."

"Craik was here, being hearty as all get out."

"He's shy; it affects his manner. But he's nice," Gwen said.

"Shy? Craik? Gwen!"

"Yes, very shy. He knows his manner is sometimes silly."

"Then why doesn't he change it?"

"Well, you don't, somehow. It's difficult," she said. "They said I could come in the morning."

"I'd rather you didn't."

"Oh, Rhys! I have to!"

"Why? If you don't mind, I'd rather be by myself. If it doesn't pan out, I'd hate to have to bear up in front of people."

"Oh! I'm people? And if it does pan out, what then? You don't want anyone to rejoice with you, either?"

"No, I'm afraid not."

"I see," she said slowly. "As you will, Rhys."

He hardly heard her go, she left so quietly.

He saw. At first everything was a fuzzy blur, and then out of the fuzz came a face, the nurse with her white cap, the doctor, who didn't look at all as he had expected.

"I see you," he said. He was surprised and a little ashamed to have his voice come out in a whisper.

"Good! Wonderful!" the doctor said. "Thought you would. Shall we call your wife?"

"If you want to."

Rhys Jones found himself trembling. He had not let himself believe in the miracle, and the miracle had happened. He felt a strange and terrible yearning to see Gwen—to see her. Then he would know, know what had made her voice distant, know if she had really had to get away

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Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

One thing can be said for the straight and narrow. It's not always under construction to provide for a heavier flow of traffic.

If women run the American home, it must be by remote control.

Anybody who believes possession is nine points of the law never heard of repossession.

A smart bride is one who can open cans without spilling the beans.

The quickest way to get out of the rough is to go golfing by yourself.

You can always tell when a woman's lying about her age. She's talking about it.

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from him at any cost, know if it would ever be again as it had been that day on the shore. These had been terrible years, but if he saw her, he would know what was left to him.

Then there she was, coming through the doorway, coming up to his bed. She put a hand over his and said, tears in her voice, "Oh, Rhys! I am so glad!"

"Of course," he said. "Now you won't have to wipe the egg off any more."

How could he have said that, when he had meant to say, "I love you so!"

"No, now you can wipe it off yourself," she said, and tried to say it lightly. "Oh, it is so wonderful!"

But she didn't kiss him, and she began to grow blurry to his vision, so that he had a sudden sharp fear that the miracle was being canceled out. Then she was clear again, a tall girl, with a very proud lift to her head. Gwen, his wife.

"Odd," he said. "You're thinner, aren't you?"

"You mean you don't know me?" she said with light mockery.

"Yes, I know you. But you're thinner."

"I like being thin."

Queer conversation, for their first. Then he saw the big vase of chrysanthemums on the bureau, yellow and white and bronze.

The nurse brought in lunch, and Gwen said, "Can I help you?"

"I can help myself," he said.

"I see," Gwen said. Then, "See you this afternoon, Rhys. It is wonderful."

As a matter of fact, he had been flat on his back and the nurse had had to feed him, and might still have to. But not Gwen again, never should Gwen help him cut his steak, arrange his food for him, put cream in his coffee. Never again. He was done with all that.

He didn't want to waste time sleeping, but he slept. He dreamed he was down in a dark hole, like a mine, and he couldn't see a thing. He kept feeling the walls with his hands, hunting for an opening. He found none.

"What is it, Doctor Jones? What is it?"

"Nothing. Nothing. I had a bad dream," he said.

It was December when he went home, walking up his own walk beside Gwen, no cane in hand, seeing the house they had been so proud of when they'd bought it, seeing the blue door with the knocker, a little drift of brown leaves beside the steps. He went into the house, and the familiar table was there that he always touched for books or other belongings each morning. There was nothing on the table but a small wooden statue that Gwen had bought when she was still a student. It hadn't been on the table in years. In fact, there hadn't been many knickknacks about for him to knock over. Now he saw little things here and there, on sills and shelves, the luster pitcher, the tea set on the table before the hearth.

"Well, I see all the bric-a-brac is out again," he said.

Gwen turned and looked at him. "Yes," she said.

He walked over and sat down on the sofa, and looked around with a faint smile.

"Well, here we are," he said.

Was this all, after the long despair, the darkness? Was this what he had begged for? This familiar room, things that were solid, more than something to touch? But in the darkness he had seen Gwen, eyes laughing, mouth tender. Gwen was not laughing at all.

"Yes, here we are," Gwen said. "And perhaps you ought to go to bed for a little while—till dinner, anyway."

"I believe I do feel a little tired," he said.

It was strange to see the carpeting on the stairs, to see his own bed with the white tufted counterpane, to see the Renoir print on the wall, with its coolness, its sea and women. Gwen turned the counterpane back, turned the covers down.

"I'll call you at dinnertime," she said. "Sleep, if you can."

But he couldn't sleep. *It would be queer,* he thought, *if I saw with the young man's eyes from here on,* but he knew that was a ridiculous thought. Yet when he came downstairs later, went out to the dining room and sat down across from Gwen, the fancy was still with him. He looked at Gwen as if he were the young man, and saw her, young, yet old in the eyes, with the charm that intelligence gives, good clothes, hair a little shaggy, but a nice color—a woman who would encourage him to work in a mine to save his money toward the great goal, to hope and to believe in miracles.

"What is that look for?" Gwen said. "You looked at me as if I were a stranger."

"Yes, I know," he said. "But you might let me stare for a bit."

Her face grew suddenly gentler, and he had this instant of seeing her kneeling in that dark place with the young man's head against her. He had a wild desire to be the young man, his head against Gwen's heart, loving her, being loved in the old way.

They came from the college—MacLean, the dean and Mrs. Everett—saying, "We're so happy for you." And Craik, and Clayborne, who made a sentimental little speech.

"Well, I trust that's all the delegation," he said.

"You didn't want to see them?" Gwen said. "But they've been so kind, all of them."

"Kind?"

But what had he wanted them to do? Not make gestures, that was all.

The days went by, but where was the great joy, the triumph, after all the years of bitterness and blackness? It was strange, but nothing seemed changed, when all should have been new and exciting.

Then suddenly it was the day he was to go back to class. Not in darkness, not feeling his way, but seeing the faces of the students in front of him, talking to specific people, not to a room full of black and little rustling sounds. He walked into his classroom and there they were—Allison, Baker, Braithwaite, Calkins, Decker—with faces instead of voices.

Their eyes were all on him, with curiosity, interest, friendship, but he made no speeches. "We will begin where I left off," he said. "I know you have gone on from there, but I would like to summarize a bit." He began to lecture. But he did not find the words coming quite so easily as once. Could it be that it was easier, he thought, shocked, not to have real people before you? Then the class was over and the students began to come, some shyly, up to him, to tell him how happy they were for him.

"Yes, I'm pleased, too," he said, "but let's not make an occasion of our pleasure, if you don't mind."

The Rains girl—he had thought she was a plain, anxious little girl, a bookworm—she was extraordinarily pretty, with black, curly hair and a pointed face. And the boy who knew all the answers, Decker—he looked like a prize fighter, low forehead, heavy, forward-thrusting face.

MacLean came and said, "Hope you're not getting too tired, Jones. Feel up to your next class?"

"Of course. I feel fine."

But he didn't feel fine. He felt frightened. Yes, it was easier talking to blackness, not seeing the faces. He felt people pushing at him in a way he remembered from boyhood when he had never wanted to go to the fair or to big parties or football games. It was strange, but blindness had been a high, safe wall, keeping him from people. Now the wall was down. To one who had believed his whole being longed for sight, it was a terrible, shaming thought.

The room was filling up again. *I don't know whether I can go through this,* he said suddenly to himself. And when all the faces were there again and it was time to begin speaking, he suddenly remembered the young man in the mine. Hoping, never believing he would die, willing his eyes to strangers, but never believing that will would be put into effect now, while he was still young, before he had reached his goal, before he had even become a doctor. His voice went on mechanically, but he did not know what he was saying. "I will never be humble"—that had been his credo for years. Nor had he been. He had held his head up and refused pity. Was that so wrong? Then he seemed to see Gwen sitting beside him on the sofa, reading to him. Hours on end she had read to him, and he had had her make notes and then he had learned his lectures. . . . "I will never be humble." . . .

She hadn't kissed him yet. There was a darkness so dark that no operation would ever bring light. And what had he wanted to see, if not Gwen?

That class was over. Now he could go home and have lunch. There was supposed to be a forum that afternoon, but they had told him he didn't need to attend if he didn't feel up to it. He went home.

Gwen was sitting by the window that looked over the terrace into the garden. She wasn't getting lunch, just sitting there quietly. She turned slowly, no eagerness in her.

"No lunch?" he said.

"It's in the oven. Almost ready," she said. Then she stood up and came toward him. "Sit down, Rhys. I want to talk with you," she said.

"Oh? What about?" He sat down, but she didn't. She stood there with her hand on the back of the tall chair and said, "About us. I want to leave you, Rhys."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"I just don't want to live with you any longer, Rhys. I can't. And now you can manage by yourself, it isn't necessary, is it?"

He shut his eyes to shut her out.

"So you have stayed with me just because I was blind?" he said. His voice sounded bitter and ugly even to himself.

"Yes, partly," she said.

"How noble of you!" he said.

"No, just human," she said, but her voice had a deadness. He saw her hand moving nervously along the top of the chair. "I'm sorry, Rhys. Even making all the allowances in the world, I can't seem to live with hate any longer."

"Hate? Aren't you being melodramatic?" he said.

"No. I don't think so. I did hope against hope that when you had your sight back there would be some other miracle, that you were cruel just because you hated blindness so. But it isn't true, is it? It's your nature to hate, and sight has nothing to do with it. In love you have to give and take. You could never take, and now you can't give either. I loved you Rhys; I loved you terribly much. I didn't think my love would ever die. It's died."

Queer, he was abruptly in the mine again. He was the young man beating, beating on the walls, and no one coming to save him. He rose abruptly.

"I see," he said at last. "Well, don't let me keep you."

"No, nothing can keep me now," she said.

She reached up an arm and rubbed it across her eyes childishly; then she turned toward the kitchen. After a moment—or was it an hour?—she said, "Lunch is ready."

Automatically he reached for his cane, and there was no cane there, nor one necessary. He moved toward the table and sat down.

"You didn't go to town with the Craiks," he said. Queer, he knew, to bother with that now.

"No," she admitted. "I went to the country alone, and walked. And thought of what I had to do."

"Did you need to lie to me?"

"It seemed so. I don't suppose I did. I lied badly, didn't I?"

"Yes. The trouble with you is that you've never understood what it was to be blind, Gwen. But it doesn't matter now."

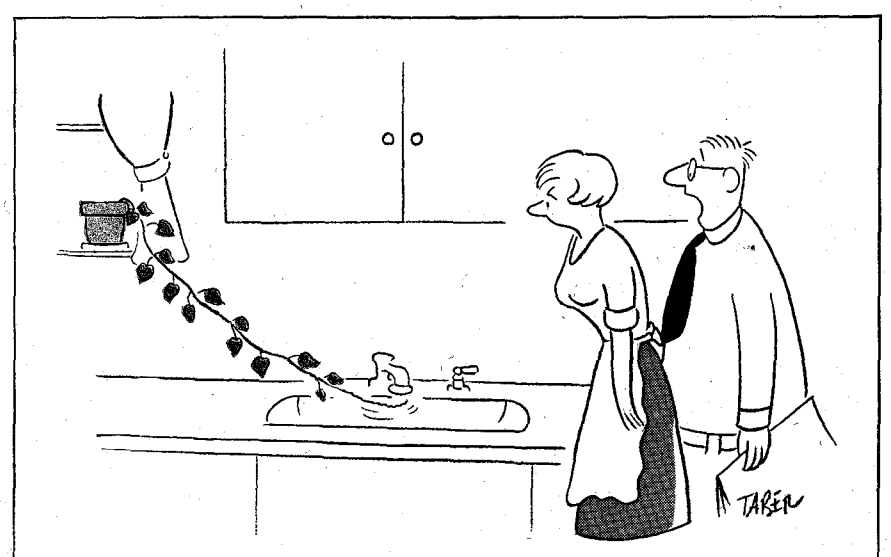
"Of course I have never understood. How could I? I've tried to imagine, though. But you are not blind now, and you are no different."

"As you observed before, it is difficult to change one's manners."

"I know. But not that difficult, not with someone who loves you. Or loved you. With his wife, Mr. Craik is not shy or silly. If that is what you meant. But there is no use talking about it; let's not talk of it any more. It does no good. I'm finished, and that's all."

"You've made it very clear," he said.

Then he could not eat his lunch. He got up and walked away from the table.



"I think it's trying to tell you something."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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He felt cold; he felt lost and frightened as he had never been frightened in his life. He felt a terrible necessity to show Gwen that she was wrong, that he loved her and could not live without her. He wanted to tell her that she had been the difference between life and death, that he didn't know how to be any other than he was. But he had no words for telling her that. She was going to leave him. Nor was he going to stop her. Her love was dead. That at least was true. And that truth was the coldness that went through him now. But he did not know the words; he was too used to a certain kind of arrogant, cutting language. He knew no other. Had he ever? Wasn't she right, that blindness had nothing to do with it?

He remembered with shame his instant of feeling that he was unsafe without the wall of blindness around him. But it was not in his nature to show shame. He stood staring into the garden, that now showed no flower at all, but was dead and brown.

He heard Gwen coming toward him.

"If you want her, Mrs. Bacon will keep house for you for a while," she said.

"You need make no arrangements for me," he said.

"Very well. Make whatever arrangements you like. I will go now, then."

"Now?" The word came out sharply, incredulously.

"Yes. Is there any reason to wait?"

"No. Since you no longer love me, none."

"I'm sorry."

She was sorry, but that changed nothing.

"All right. Go!"

But she didn't go. She said, "Please, Rhys. Please don't end it like that. You're not a child, nor am I. But I've got to the place where I cannot help you any more. You have to help yourself. Everyone has been incredibly kind. Please let them be kind, Rhys. Oh, I know it is useless to talk. I know it—I am so used to hoping. But it's useless."

He said quite calmly, "Yes, I suppose it is useless. I am in the mine and there is no way out."

"In the mine?"

"In the mine. That's where he worked, the young man who gave me his eyes. He died down there in the dark."

"Oh." Her voice was a whisper.

"You can beat on the walls forever; there is no way out. You're quite right. It is useless. It is appalling to say it, but it was easier being blind. I have been afraid of people all my life."

How strange it was to say that, to put it into words.

"Rhys." Still a whisper, her voice.

"Yes," he said, "since I was a child I have hated people in the mass. Or been afraid of them. It was easier being blind—at least you didn't have to see all the hypocritical faces. I thought blindness was the final horror—it wasn't. I thought pity was the unforgivable sin—there are worse ones. I did love you. I think I loved you. Perhaps you are right, and I have never loved anyone. Are you satisfied?" She did not answer. He wanted to turn, but could not. When he went on, his voice was tight with harsh pain. "But you," he said, "I did want to see you. And then you were too thin and you didn't love me any more. Now I don't even want to look at you. In fact, I can't bear to look at you. So, go and get it over with."

There was such a long silence. Then she said, "I can't. I can't, if there is any hope. I find I can't."

"There isn't any hope," he said. "Be quite free. There is no hope."

"Rhys, look at me."

He couldn't.

"Rhys, look at me and say it. You aren't blind now—look at me."

He turned slowly. He was so cold he shook. She was looking straight at him, and some of the deadness seemed gone from her eyes. They did not pity him and yet they were anxious, searching.

"I—I would get you out of the mine—out of anywhere, if I could," she said. "Even now, if you'd let me. You've never let me even come near. I know about that kind of darkness; I do, Rhys."

He turned from her, dropped to the window seat and put his head down against the sill. He was down there in the darkness, beating, but he heard a sound from somewhere—the sound of rescuers.

"Help me! Oh, help me!" he said.

Her hands were touching him; she was drawing his head up against her breast; her hands were on his forehead.

"Oh, Rhys, I'm here! I'll help you, darling!" she said.

In the morning he stood in front of his class. He said very quietly, "Before I take up today's work, I would like to say something to you. You have, up to now, been merely voices to me. Not people at all. I want to say to you, it is wonderful to see you. . . . And now this morning ——"

There they were, the young, unformed faces, with only the hope of character in them, some earnest, some thoughtless, but all with some eagerness. The young, who would go on and be teachers or doctors or lawyers or engineers—who hoped to go on without accidents in mines or anything to stop their dreams. It was, quite literally, wonderful to walk in light, unafraid. THE END

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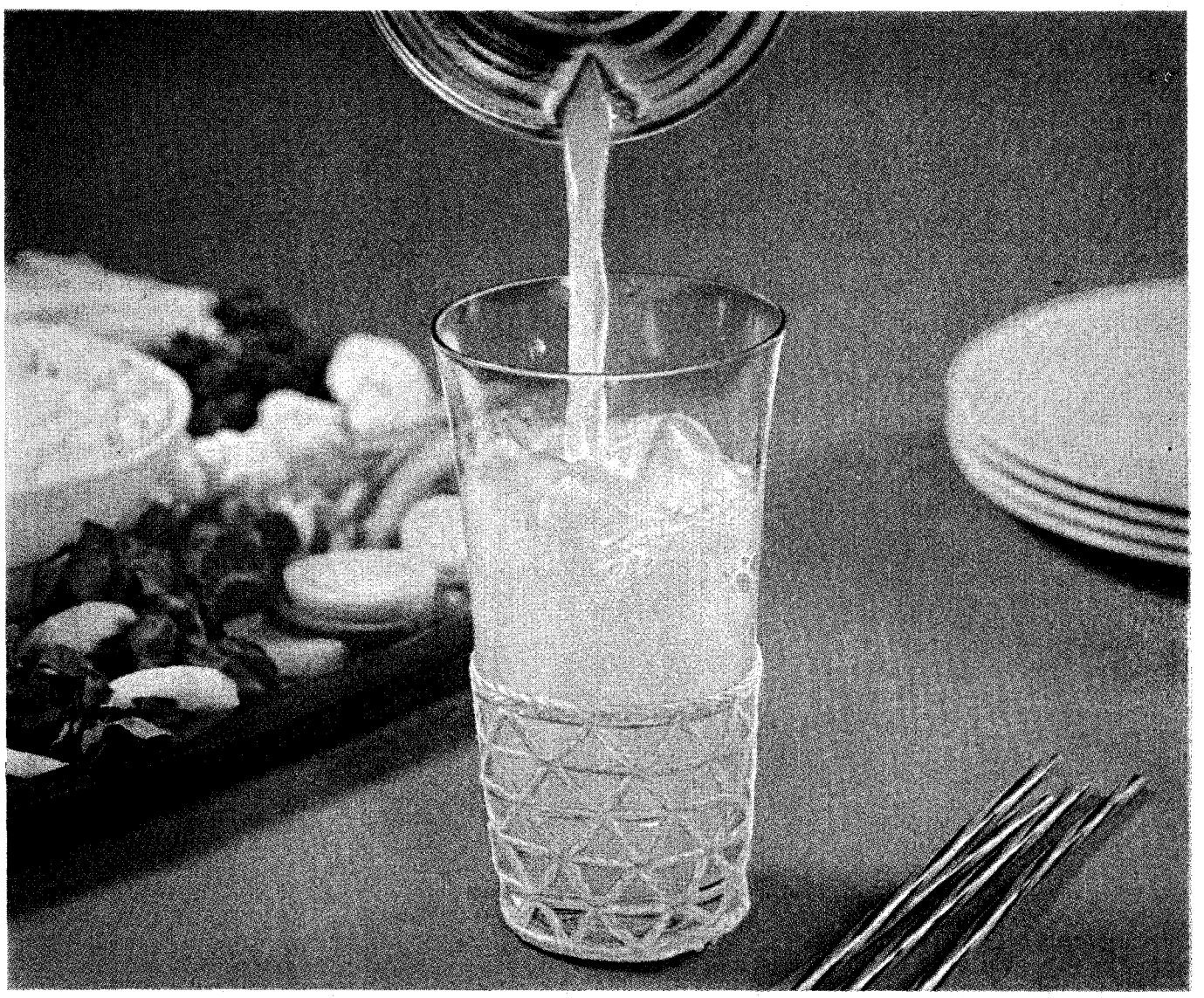

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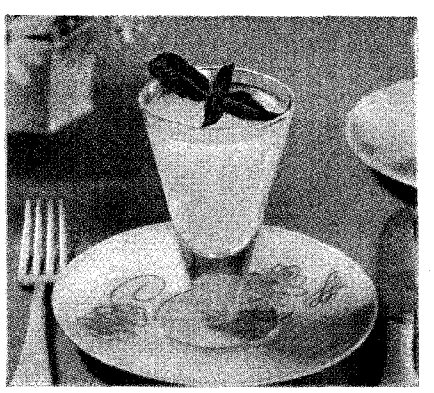

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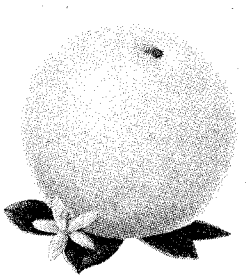

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Hungary's Terrible Ordeal

(Continued from Page 27)

radio was booming the speech of Ernö Gerö, Matyás Rákosi's tough Stalinist colleague. Backed by Moscow, Gerö was still the most powerful man in the Hungarian communist regime. He had just returned from a visit to Marshal Tito in Belgrade. Gerö extolled friendship with Soviet Russia. He stressed how much Hungary owed to the Soviet Union. He praised the achievements of communism. He demanded order and discipline to carry on the construction of the state of workers and peasants, and so on. In other words, he championed all the things to which the students objected most violently. A wave of anger swept over them as they heard these statements.

"Down with Gerö."

"The impudence of Gerö."

"We won't tolerate this."

"This is too much."

They shouted angrily. During a lull in the noise, someone screamed over the loud-speaker: "Let's go to the Radio—they must broadcast our demands—we must answer Gerö!"

"That's right! Let's go!" Everyone shouted agreement.

The students poured out of the building. The immortal sixteen points, written in big block letters on white cardboard, were carried by the twelve-year-old sister of one of the students. For the second time Professor Pribéky drove three students in his Topolino, his little Italian car, to the Radio. His car could scarcely proceed because masses of people were crowding the streets. Some were streaming toward Parliament Square to tear down the flags with the communist coat-of-arms. Others charged toward Stalin Square to knock down the Stalin statue, the symbol of Hungary's enslavement.

"We've heard Gerö; we're going to show him," was on everyone's lips.

Professor Pribéky dropped the three students outside the Radio Building and then drove to Stalin Square. Workers, with steel ropes and sledge hammers, had chipped off the head and arms of the Stone Man of Steel, but they could not move the body. Eventually, they had to blast the steel girders which had been placed inside it.

Thousands of people thronged the square. The jokes they yelled about Stalin's anatomy were coarse but funny. No vengeful curses against the communists, no oaths against the Russians were bandied about. The people only wanted the Russians to leave Hungary "at once," and their stooges to go with them "at once."

Suddenly, a young man grabbed Professor Pribéky's arm. "Professor—professor! Come quick! AVO (secret police) men are murdering students!"

"Where? How?"

"They're shooting them at the Radio Building!"

Pribéky and the young man leaped into the Topolino. As the professor drove into the narrow street in which the Radio Building was situated, an AVO man fired at him, but only damaged the fender of his car. While he and the student elbowed their way through the crowd, they heard what had happened. When the students with their sixteen points, carried by the little girl, had tried to enter the Radio Building, the secret police banged the heavy front door in their faces. There was a scuffle and the AVO man in command ordered the students to disperse. They refused. The AVO commander threatened to shoot at them, but the students still would not budge. The AVO man gave the signal to fire. AVO machine guns killed three students and the little girl who carried the sixteen points. Many others were wounded. With these shots, the Soviet-trained Hungarian secret police transformed leaderless resistance of the population into leaderless revolution. It was nine P.M., October 23, 1956.

The cold-blooded murder of their colleagues aroused the students to a blind fury. They caught the AVO men who had fired the shots and wrenched the machine guns from their hands. They literally tore them limb from limb. Then they began to throw themselves *en masse* against the front door of the Radio Building. It creaked—it gave way. The students stormed through it and went for the rest of the AVO men. The machine guns they captured from them were the first weapons of the Hungarian patriots. . . .

At this moment, the people in the street heard the rhythmical steps of soldiers marching from the direction of the National Museum. Sent from the Radeczky Barracks, they came along with a colonel walking at their head. At the sight of the soldiers, the crowd tried to retreat. But where to? Then they heard the colonel shout in a stentorian voice, "Don't be afraid! We won't shoot at you!"

The colonel shouted again, "Tell me, people, what's happening?"

"AVO men are murdering our boys!" came the anguished answer.

"We'll deal with the AVO men!" roared the colonel. "To the Radio Building!" he commanded his men.

An indescribable scene followed. The soldiers fraternized with the crowd and shared their weapons with the students. Soldiers and students both rushed into the Radio Building and finished off the AVO men. Fifty in all were killed that night.

When Ernö Gerö and his fellow Stalinists in the Nagy government heard of the "Radio insurrection," they held an emergency meeting. At three A.M., October 24th, 1956, Gerö telephoned Moscow to ask for Soviet military aid to punish the insurgents. Thus did Moscow's Hungarian puppets reveal to the world that only Soviet armed might kept them in power.

If there was anything which could have incensed the Hungarian people more than the murder of the students, it was Gerö's appeal for Soviet military intervention. On Wednesday, October twenty-fourth, throngs gathered in Parliament Square because the people wanted to persuade Premier Imre Nagy, who was in the Parliament Building, to form "a really democratic, all-party government," "to get rid of the Russians," "to hold genuinely free elections" and "to dissolve the secret police." Soviet tanks had appeared in the streets, but their crews, who had been in Hungary for some time, did not seem hostile at this point. Two Soviet tanks rumbled into Parliament Square, with students standing on them and the Soviet soldiers inside them grinning as though only amused.

Around 360 students were standing by a side entrance to Parliament, waiting to see Premier Nagy to protest against the murder of their colleagues and hand him their sixteen demands. Armed conflict might still have been avoided had not an AVO officer ordered the Hungarian secret police to fire upon the Soviet tanks whose crews were fraternizing with the students at this point.

The Russian soldiers returned the fire. The air was rent by shots, then screams and moans. AVO men turned their machine guns on the 360 students and killed every one of them. At least 250 others in the crowd in the square also were slaughtered. Maria, a Budapest nurse whom I interviewed in Eisenstadt near the Austro-Hungarian border on November fifth, told me that she personally had handled sixty dead in Parliament Square.

"I cannot get one woman out of my mind," she said, white-faced and exhausted. "The shot had carried away the woman's head and her arms. Her body was still wrapped in a fur coat, and her three children, miraculously alive, were crying pitifully."

After the massacre in Parliament Square, a fight to the bitter end between the Hungarian patriots and the Soviets backed by Hungarian Stalinists, was inevitable. But how were the Hungarian people to get arms? How were they to be trained to use them? How was the country to be organized?

Between October twenty-fourth and November third, the Hungarian patriots defeated the three Soviet armored divisions stationed in Hungary. Every Hungarian Stalinist was killed, wounded or fleeing for his life. The Hungarian patriots organized every town, factory and office through democratically elected councils. During these ten days the Hungarian revolution was gloriously victorious.

After the massacre in Parliament Square, the students and the young people of Budapest made for the various military barracks. This is how one freedom fighter described to me what happened: "We went to the barracks in Böszörmenyi Street and demanded arms. The officers knew what had happened; they sympathized with us. But they said that they could not give us arms. 'But we cannot prevent you from stealing them,' they added, and showed us where the arms were. We took them. When we asked them to show us how to use the rifles and machine guns, they replied, 'We can't do that, but if you watch us demonstrate their use to our men, we can do nothing about that.' So we watched them and then put into practice what we saw."

Other officers went much further than those of the Böszörmenyi Street barracks. Gen. Paul Maleter, in command of the Kilian Barracks—formerly the Maria Theresa Barracks—trained young people in batches of 300 in the rudiments of street fighting. A boy of fifteen told me of what he had learned, "Maleter explained to us that a tank could neither see nor shoot within a radius of eight meters. Therefore, if we managed to get close to a tank, we were safe. We were to jump on it, and then quickly black out its lookout window with soap, or jam, or mud. Then we were to throw a bottle filled with gasoline (a Molotov Cocktail) into the space where the tank breathes. If we had no bottle, we were to dip a rag into gasoline, rub soap on a piece of string and tie both to a stick. We had to set a match to the string before pushing the stick into the tank's breathing space. Either way, there would be an explosion—the Russian crew would have to come out. Then we could pick off the Russians one by one. Many Russians came out with their arms over their heads and begged for their lives. We did not kill them if one of them offered to drive the tank for us."

In Szena ter—a square in the hilly part of the Hungarian capital on the Buda side of the Danube—youngsters were being trained by a Greek. One of his pupils, a seventeen-year-old student, told me, "This Greek had fought on the communist side in the Greek civil war, and was sent to Hungary to recuperate. After what he had experienced of communism, the Greek wanted to do everything he could to enable us to defeat the Russians and their Hungarian stooges."

All over Hungary, young patriots obtained arms and training in similar manner. They applied their quickly acquired knowledge courageously. They were so effective that half of one Soviet division actually surrendered to the patriots. The patriots then used the captured Soviet tanks to fight the rest of the Soviet forces. On October twenty-fifth, near the Pest end of the Chain Bridge, eight tanks with Hungarian crews engaged in a battle with twenty-two Soviet tanks. Every one of these tanks on both sides was destroyed. The patriots regarded this as the greatest victory for the revolution.

Yet even during the victorious phase of the Hungarian revolution, the Russians really used no kid gloves. Late in the evening of November seventh, on the road from Nickelsdorf to Hegyeshalom, I nearly fell over two little figures in the darkness, rain and strong wind. The older of the two I encountered was a boy about fifteen years old, wearing some sort of uniform. It turned out that he had been a pupil of the Varpalota Mining School. This is what Stephen S. told me:

"There were four hundred and sixty students at the school. On the first day of the revolution, all of us decided that we would fight; we were all between fourteen and sixteen years old. The soldiers in the Varpalota Barracks gave us arms and showed us how to use them. On October twenty-fifth, the Russians demolished our school with their guns. Many of us were killed, more were wounded. Then the teachers told us to scatter—to get back to our families.

"I was caught by a Russian, gun in hand. He took me and three other boys to Hajmásker and locked us up in the camp there. Next day I escaped. Then I walked to Levél—you know, the village beyond Hegyeshalom, about five kilometers from here."

I asked him what he had done about food and shelter.

"Peasants fed me and put me up at night—how else could I have walked the hundred and eighty-five kilometers to Levél? They also told me how and where to avoid the Russians. In Levél, my friend Pista"—he pointed to his thirteen-year-old, red-headed companion—"joined me. He, too, can't bear life in Hungary under the Russians, but he could have stayed on. I had to get out, for I would have been either shot or deported. The Russians got my name when they caught me with my gun."

On October twenty-fourth Premier Imre Nagy was freed from his AVO guards. He promptly formed a new government, made

Waking City

By John D. Engle, Jr.

Before the day dawns,
The waking city yawns,
Moves with creaking joints
At a dozen points,
Flings off smoggy sheets,
Brushes up its streets
And runs a comb of air
Through its sooty hair.
The rising sun supplies
It with a thousand eyes;
Then Clang! Jolt! Jerk!
It rushes off to work.

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up of National Communists, Smallholders (Peasant Party) and Social Democrats. Bela Kovacs, the courageous Smallholder, who had been in Soviet prisons for eight years, became Minister of Agriculture. Zoltan Tildy, another former Smallholder leader, Minister of State; Anna Kéthly, the veteran Social Democrat only recently released from prison, the Nagy government's representative at the U.N. But by the time she arrived in New York, Premier Nagy had sought refuge in the Yugoslav Embassy, and she could never take her seat at the U.N.

On October twenty-fourth, Premier Nagy promised to hold free and secret elections, to dissolve the secret police and to withdraw from the Moscow-sponsored Warsaw Pact. As for the Russians, he not only demanded immediate withdrawal of their troops from Hungary, but he appealed for the protection of the United Nations. (Between October twenty-fifth and November fourth, when Soviet might overwhelmed the Nagy government, the U.N. did nothing to help Hungary, in my judgment.)

The Hungarian people responded to Nagy's promises by promptly organizing themselves in a democratic fashion. In all towns in patriot hands, councils were elected with National Communists permitted to sit with members of parties the communists had previously outlawed. Most of them put in a young patriot as chairman, one dedicated to create "a free, democratic and happy Hungary."

In Budapest, the officers who had gone over openly to the revolution elected as chairman of the Revolutionary Military Council a writer called Attila Szigethy. He is a man of about fifty-five, a member of the Petofi Circle. Szigethy's election was telling proof of the alliance between the "Party-member intelligentsia" and the young fighting men.

In Miskolc, the new City Council elected as its chairman twenty-seven-year-old Miska Földvári, previously secretary of the local Communist Party. He did an excellent job. Miskolc had its own radio transmitter, which criticized the Nagy government freely. Later, it became an eloquent freedom station—one of the last to be silenced.

A man named Janos Boross, from a small town called Mór, who escaped to Austria on November seventh, told me what had happened there: "In Mór, we had a permanent Soviet garrison with tanks. When the revolution began, the Russians dragged some light artillery pieces up a hill opposite Mór and trained them on our town. Yet, under the very snouts of these guns, we arrested the entire secret police and locked them up. Then the people went to the local Communist Party headquarters and threw out of the windows every document they could lay hands on. Someone boxed the ears of the local Communist Party chairman, who said that he understood the situation quite clearly, and that he would be glad to leave immediately with the other comrades. They left with the Russians, complete with tanks and guns.

"All the people forgathered in the main square of Mór and elected my brother-in-law, Márton Abele, as chairman of the new City Council. Then they elected the most respected citizens as members of the council."

Janos Boross had tears in his eyes as he went on. "But on November fourth the Russians returned—different Russians—they looked like Mongolians, and I now hear they are. The thugs are in power again. I wasn't going to stay to be deported—for, believe me, the Russians will deport every able-bodied patriotic Hungarian."

Between October twenty-fourth and November third there was a spirit of courtesy and tolerance abroad in Hungary the like of which had never been experienced before. In Budapest and other liberated towns, students and youngsters in their teens did police duty. A red-white-green arm band was their "uniform" and a rifle their equipment. They were polite, a little exuberant, and some had red-flaked eyes for want of sleep. When they asked someone for his identity card or reminded him of some rule, they did this quietly, with good humor. The most popular saying in Hungary at this time was: "Why check on the under-eighteens? All of them are reliable." So much for the results of Marxist education.

During the ten days of the victorious revolution, there was no disorder, no thieving, no looting in Hungary, so far as I have been able to learn. At street corners in Budapest, boxes were set out for contributions for the revolution. People put money, jewels and other valuables in them. As far as I know, not a single individual took advantage of these gifts for personal ends. I know that is hard to believe, but I have not been able to find any evidence to the contrary.

As soon as the patriots were in control of Western Hungary, they threw open the border—the first time since Hungary had been conquered by the Russians in 1945. There were touching scenes among Hungarian patriots and Austrian frontier guards. At last, all visitors from the west were welcome.

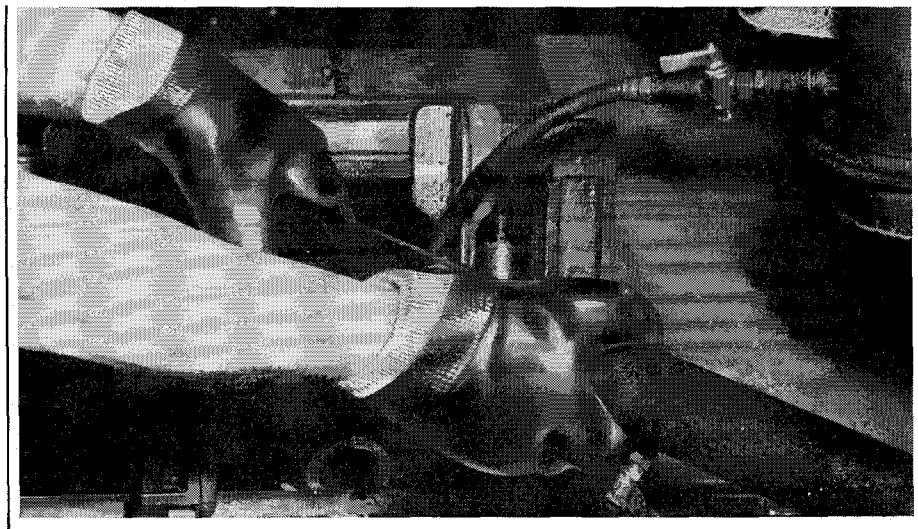
In all factories, workshops and offices, workers' councils were formed. These had the support of technicians and foremen. Men, women and children were prepared to work as never before, so that they could make good the promise of creating a free, democratic and happy Hungary.

The most sketchy account of the Hungarian revolution of 1956 would be incomplete without mentioning the part played by Hungarian schoolgirls. Two twelve-year-olds already have become legends, as you know. On October twenty-sixth, Professor Pribéky went to the South Station of Budapest, "to do social work"—a communist expression meaning unpaid work. Pribéky genuinely wanted to contribute his services this time, for he was helping a group of men and women in erecting a barricade across the square outside the station. They pushed cattle trucks into the square and arranged them in a line across it. Suddenly, a Soviet tank rumbled up and began shooting at the crowd. Men and women looked for shelter. On one side was the station, an easy target. On the other was a large field, called the Bloody Meadow because executions had taken place there in the Middle Ages. While the crowd stared at the approaching tank, horror-struck and not knowing which way to turn, a little girl of twelve, her golden hair in two plaits, her blue eyes glowing, ran forward waving a tiny Hungarian flag.

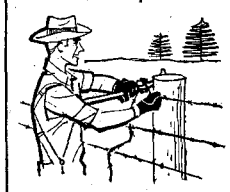
"How dare you shoot at me!" she cried in her high-pitched, childish voice.

The Soviet tank turned tail and made off. The little girl was nearly smothered to death, as everyone pressed forward to kiss her.

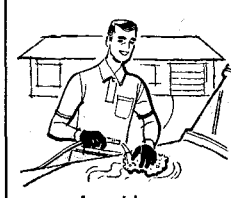
The other little girl had brown curls. A Hungarian friend of mine, a tough-minded man not easily given to emotion, told me about her, his voice breaking, "I was standing with a lot of people in Baross Street when we saw a tank drive up. There was no side street into which we could have escaped. People screamed; they did not know how or where to take cover from its murderous fire. A little girl next to me asked my companion, 'Uncle,



On the job



On the farm



Around home

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could you lend me a hand grenade?' 'Here's one,' he replied, and gave her one. The little girl took it firmly in her hands. Then she rushed forward and threw herself before the tank. It passed over her and took her life, but the grenade exploded and we were saved. The child had given her life that we might be saved."

On November third the Russians realized that their three divisions in Hungary had been beaten and that their stooges were in full flight. To defeat the victorious Hungarian revolution, they had to gain time to bring in overwhelming military reinforcements. So they faked a willingness to negotiate the withdrawal of their troops, through deliberate lies, and applied one of their vile ruses. It was a trick similar to the one they had played on the Polish underground government in 1945. They asked Premier Nagy to send military delegates to discuss terms and they made a show of pulling out of Hungary what was left of their three demoralized divisions.

The rest is history. Gen. Paul Maleter and his two aides, Kiraly and Szucs, were kidnaped on their arrival at the Soviet-rigged parley. Premier Nagy escaped arrest only by taking asylum in the Yugoslav Embassy. [Imre Nagy was slow to learn that the men in the Kremlin and their stooges are incurable addicts of the double cross. On last November twenty-first, the Kadar government solemnly agreed to allow Nagy and fifty-six other Hungarians to leave the Yugoslav Embassy and Budapest without being molested; they were guaranteed safe conduct. As soon as they stepped out of the Yugoslav Embassy, Nagy and the others were seized by Russians, and they are now prisoners of the Russians—The Editors.]

During the night of November third and fourth, the Soviets poured 5000 tanks and fifteen divisions—mostly savage Mongolians—into Hungary. Around Budapest they threw a steel ring of 1000 tanks. General Maleter had concentrated the bulk of his forces in the barracks of Budaörs, including his sixty tanks. (Budaörs is about ten miles from the Buda end of the Hungarian capital.) At four A.M. on November fourth, overwhelming Soviet forces and tanks surrounded the Budaörs barracks. The alarm was sounded at 4:15, but only a few Hungarian soldiers managed to get away. Those who surrendered were shot. All the war material of the patriots fell into Soviet hands.

This was the greatest single blow suffered by the freedom fighters. With the kidnaping of Maleter, in his way a military genius, and finding themselves left with only light arms and without radio communications between resistance centers, the patriots were in a hopeless situation. Yet they fought on with matchless courage, in many places. In Budapest, the two centers which held out longest against the Soviet battering were the Officer Cadet School—all its pupils were of "workers' blood," between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two—and the Military School. The boys of the Military School, between the ages of ten and eighteen, also were to become professional soldiers.

In Budapest, by November seventh, the Soviets were in control of all the main streets. Along these drove Soviet tanks, each one provided with a "guide" in civilian clothes. He was a member of the Hungarian secret police, for the crews of the tanks had no idea of where they were. Some Mongolians appear to have thought that they were in Germany, fighting the Americans, I was told by Hungarian refugees who had heard these tank crews trying to ask questions in pidgin German.

In the main thoroughfares of Budapest, many houses bore big notices: "*Ruszkik ki!*" (Russians get out!) All these houses were fired upon by Soviet tanks until their fronts collapsed. Then machine guns were turned on the rubble, to make quite sure that no single person survived.

Another Soviet tactic was to shoot people "who formed a crowd." The puppet government of Janos Kadar issued an order that only one person from each family could go out—alone—to buy essential food. But, as there were few bakeries, and these bakeries had little bread, these single persons had to queue up. Many times people in bread lines were shot up by the Russians "for forming a crowd."

Thanks to the foreign journalists in Hungary, the world has learned all about the atrocities perpetrated by the Soviets and their Hungarian AVO aides. Let me add three incidents which I can substantiate.

"Any time, Lindbergh."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On November ninth, in Budapest, Leslie Gordon, a Hungarian-born Canadian, saw at the corner of Vaci Street and Fürst Avenue, six young patriots surrender. Headed by a girl of sixteen, they came out of a house, threw down their arms and put up their hands. All six were shot and killed by Soviet soldiers. Mr. Gordon found out the girl's name and informed her parents of her death. He has a photograph of her body, covered with a Hungarian flag.

On November eleventh, early in the morning, an Austrian journalist—Laetitia Dickerhoff—went up to Buda. She saw a group of about twenty patriots come out of a cellar and surrender—arms thrown on the pavement, hands up. All were mowed down by Soviet machine guns.

On November fifth, on the Hungarian border, I spoke to a Hungarian whom I cannot identify, because he has returned to Hungary. He could not bear to leave his wife and two children to their fate. On November fourth, the day of the all-out Soviet attack, he saw Soviet soldiers march a group of disarmed patriots to the East Station of Budapest, and there push them into cattle trucks. This means that the deportation of patriots began on Sunday, November 4, 1956.

Since then, in Budapest, Soviet soldiers guided by AVO men have searched houses systematically and arrested all people under twenty-five years of age, regardless of whether or not they had participated in the fighting. With the arrival in Budapest of Gen. Ivan A. Serov, Stalin's highly decorated expert in genocide, it seems that the prediction of many Hungarian patriots will come true: "The Russians intend to deport all our young people. Not for two generations will we be able to make up for this terrible loss."

General Serov's Hungarian assistant in this crime against humanity is Maj. Gen. Laszlo Piros, former Minister of the Interior. He is the man who reluctantly agreed, on October twenty-third, to the insistent demand of Professor Pribéky and the three representatives of the engineering university, that the students hold a "silent demonstration" before the Bem statue. No wonder that, on instructions from Piros, AVO men are trying to exterminate all students of the engineering university.

The appeals for surrender the puppet Kadar government put out to the patriots were sheer mockery. Those who surrendered were either killed or deported. That is why the Hungarian workers staged a general strike which, at the moment of writing, is still going on sporadically.

And the reason why the Hungarian workers could hold out so long is that, for the first time in history, the Hungarian peasants are giving them food—literally they are feeding them free. They supply them with milk, meat and even poultry and honey. In starving Hungary, they could get fabulous money for this food. In view of the close-fisted nature of the Hungarian peasants, this is one of the most remarkable features of the Hungarian revolution. Its explanation lies in the fact that the young patriots whom the Russians are either murdering or deporting are the sons and daughters of workers and peasants.

When the Soviet onslaught began on November fourth, the patriots sent out pathetic radio appeals for aid from the West. They took it for granted that the Westerners, who had for so long broadcast their sympathy for the plight of the East European peoples, would help them. And when no help came, and when, on November seventh, the U.N. "postponed" the debate on Hungary, the bitterness and resentment of the Hungarian freedom fighters were unbounded.

All the ones I talked to said things like this:

"The West has betrayed us. . . . All you gave us were words, but not a rifle, not a machine gun, not a cartridge. . . . God will punish the West for this—we fought for you as well as for ourselves."

As for the U.N., the harsh statements made by some Hungarian patriots about "that talking shop," would not bear printing. To one Hungarian patriot I tried to explain the difference between what the West could do in wartime, for the anti-Hitler resistance, and what it could not do for the anti-Soviet resistance in East Europe in peacetime. "If the Western governments, because of their diplomatic relations with Moscow and its puppets, cannot help us," he demanded, "why didn't they say so before? Why didn't they tell us through their radios that they couldn't and wouldn't help us if we fought the Soviets?"

He went on, "Had we fought for the communists, we would have received all the arms we needed; they wouldn't have worried about diplomatic relations and neutralities. But you in the West, you couldn't even organize any private gunrunning for us. You wait; the day will come when the West will need us, but by then we will not be here."

The revolution of Hungarian Youth has been drowned in blood. Devoid of leaders, of arms, of organization and of communications, it never had a chance against the military might of the Soviet Union. The miracle is that it lasted twenty days. The double miracle is that the workers, by their strikes, are still carrying on. And some of the freedom fighters, with their small arms, are still holding out in the hills as this is written.

It is too soon to evaluate the place of the Hungarian revolution in history. Milovan Djilas, Marshal Tito's erstwhile friend and now his prisoner, whose knowledge of communism cannot be doubted, said in The New Leader of November 19, 1956: "The Hungarian revolution blazed a path which sooner or later other communist countries must follow. The wound which the Hungarian revolution inflicted in communism, can never be completely healed."

My own assessment is that the Hungarian revolution of 1956 is historically as important as the Battle of Britain was in 1940. In 1940, the British proved to the world that Hitler's conquests could be halted. In 1956, the Hungarians proved to the world that the spirit of man cannot be broken. That is why the sacrifices shouldered by the Hungarians, and the sufferings inflicted on them, will not have been in vain.

In old days, a Hungarian cavalry regiment had the motto: "God, if you do not help us, at least look at us." O God, at least look at the Hungarian patriots, especially at the youngsters now being driven in cattle trucks to Soviet slave-labor camps.

Editors' Note—This is the second of two articles by Judith Listowel.

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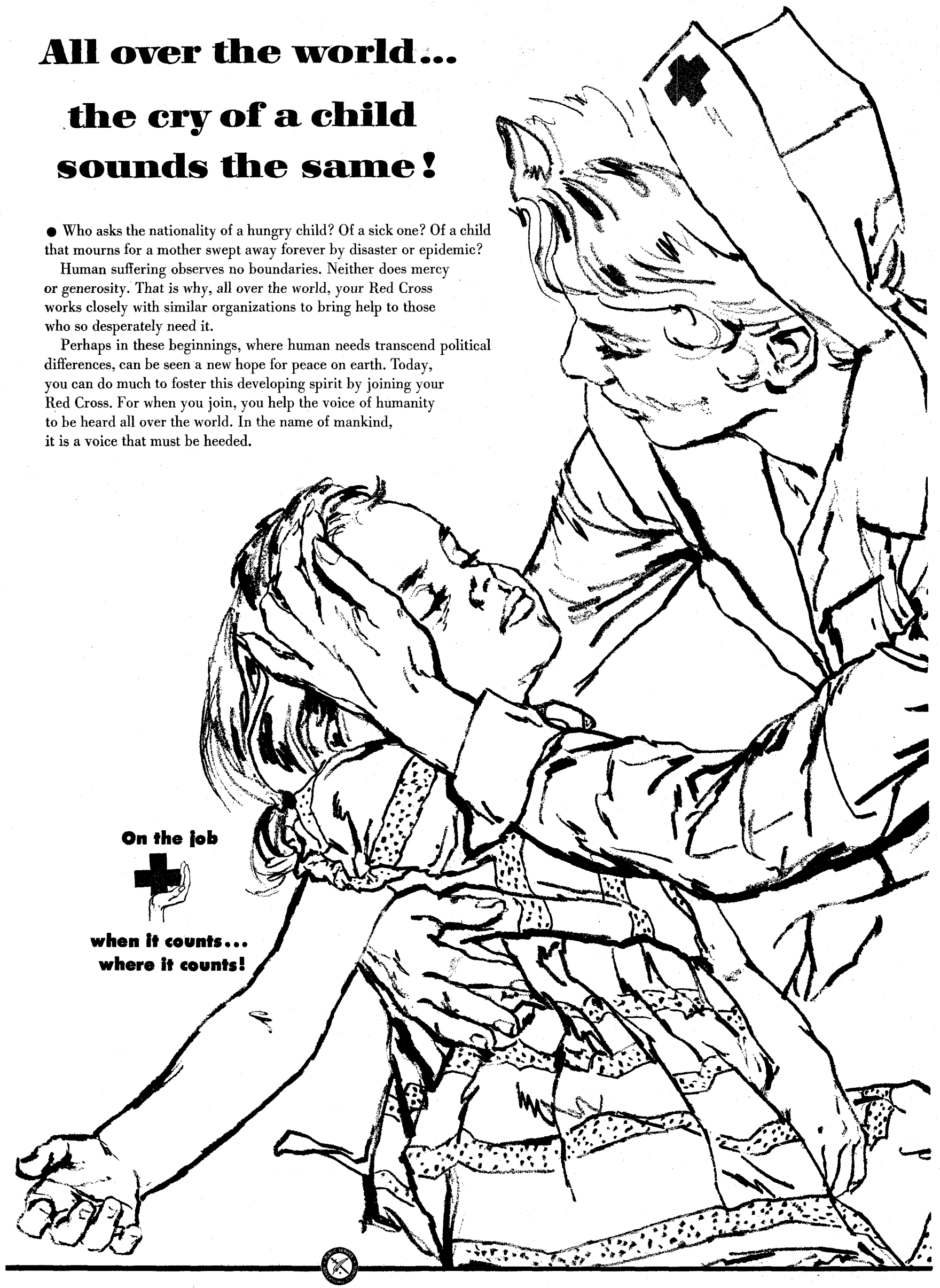
the cry of a child sounds the same!

● Who asks the nationality of a hungry child? Of a sick one? Of a child that mourns for a mother swept away forever by disaster or epidemic?

Human suffering observes no boundaries. Neither does mercy or generosity. That is why, all over the world, your Red Cross works closely with similar organizations to bring help to those who so desperately need it.

Perhaps in these beginnings, where human needs transcend political differences, can be seen a new hope for peace on earth. Today, you can do much to foster this developing spirit by joining your Red Cross. For when you join, you help the voice of humanity to be heard all over the world. In the name of mankind, it is a voice that must be heeded.



On the job

when it counts...
where it counts!

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QUESTION OF THE MONTH

What is your most important reason for toothbrushing?

Mrs. John Hickey, housewife, Denmark, Wisconsin—Because I like to have my mouth fresh and clean and my teeth clean. It isn't good to have food particles in your teeth, and brushing is the easiest and the very best way you can remove them.

Joseph Sklover, comptroller, Silver Spring, Maryland—To keep my teeth clean and to conform to a habit that has become part of my life. I guess I'm conditioned to toothbrushing. I'm used to the taste of tooth paste every morning of the year.

Mrs. Henry Bach, agency executive, New York, New York—To keep my mouth clean. For hygienic purposes. And, of course, it is well known that clean teeth do not decay as fast as those which contain food particles. That's why I brush my teeth regularly.

Phemie Marchuk, bacteriologist, Columbus Laboratories, Chicago, Illinois—The most important reason for brushing, authorities tell us, is to prevent decay. Teeth should be brushed three times a day, immediately after eating. Choose a toothbrush that fits the dental arch, and one you're sure is sanitary. The safest, cleanest toothbrush you can buy is a Dr. West's Germ-Fighter. For up to 4 months in use the Germ-Fighter inhibits or destroys germs that lodge on it and hold to it, whether these germs are picked up while brushing or fall on it while the brush hangs in your bathroom.

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Keeping Posted

Tugboat Annie Has a Nostalgic Meeting

Raine and Gilpatric when they were collaborating.

Two of the most captivating characters who ever lived in Post fiction are Colin Glencannon, who used to negotiate the seas and their ports with the creative help of the late Guy Gilpatric, and Tugboat Annie, who goes right along being a salt-water sailoress (though that mild noun scarcely encompasses the hardy lass) with the thoughtful needling of author Norman Reilly Raine. In 1950, Glencannon and Annie, at the suggestion of Associate Editor Erd Brandt and with the hearty cooperation of their brain parents, Gilpatric and Raine, had quite a time together in the same Post serial. Then the sensitive humor of the Glencannon tales ended; shortly before the serial was published, Guy Gilpatric died.

On page 28 Tugboat Annie begins a new adventure by being on the bridge of the immortal ship, Inchcliffe Castle, fanning the breeze with Glencannon's old skipper, Captain Ball. But Norman Reilly Raine wants to be very sure that, as he brings these two seafolk together again momentarily, "readers will not think I am trying to usurp, or carry on, what only Guy Gilpatric could do in perfection." Raine says that perhaps his opening episode may not only bring a nostalgic pleasure but also be a tribute to Guy himself. "Guy might like to know that his sea-battered old bucket and the superb ship's company he created, so rich in human warmth and humor, still roam the sea lanes, if only in such fashion as this—and that the name Gilpatric endures in the affectionate remembrance of his countless friends." It endures all right, and this will enrich the memory.

It's Only Fair to Check Up on a Prophet

Thoreau: prophet with honor.

Weeks before the Olympic Games (September 22 Post), H. D. Thoreau gave you out-on-the-limb predictions of the results, after studying upwards of 5000 entrants, many of them dwellers beyond the Iron Curtain. Want to check quickly on how he performed?

Men's track and field (predicted down through six places in each division): 10 winners in 22 events; in 4 others, first and second men reversed; 3 others, No. 2 or 3 choice finished first; top 4 choices, 48 out of 88; top 5, 54 of 110; top 6, 67 of 132. Point prediction, U.S. 245, Russia 95; result, U.S. 232, R. 96. Considering that shortly before the Games several world stars either withdrew, changed to other events, got sick or never showed up, that's nice prophesying.

Thumbnail checks of a few other departments. Women's track and field: "We won't seriously challenge Russia's Amazons," and Thoreau said that Australian and English girls would shine. Correct. Basketball: U.S. to win in a walk—it won in a run. Boxing: Russia better than in 1952 games, U.S. weaker. Right. Rowing: he somewhat underestimated U.S. strength. Only specific prediction, Yale to win eight-oar race—correct. Weightlifting: U.S. still strong, Russia improving. Yes again. Swimming, diving: "Difficult for U.S. to equal its great 1952 display." We didn't—ah, those Aussie freestylers!

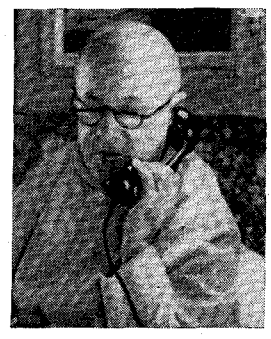
As for the unofficial point results, Thoreau correctly named the teams that comprised the top ten, but he predicted the U.S. 632 points, Russia 596, whereas that came out Russia 722, U.S. 593. In his analysis of the so-called "fringe" sports, he viewed with alarm the gold mine the Reds would encounter in gymnastics and wrestling, and there they certainly reaped gold medals. Also silver and bronze.

By the way, have you been predicting that H. D. Thoreau is a namesake of the immortal author of Walden Pond fame? Correct. This young ex-newspaperman, now executive secretary of the California Olympic Commission concerned with the 1960 Winter Games at Squaw Valley, explains, "I'm a direct descendant of Thoreau's grandfather who came to America long before the days of Charley Paddock and Paavo Nurmi."

NEXT WEEK'S POST

"He Digs Hollywood Gold"

Tiny Irving Lazar, a man with few talents of his own, makes millions off the talents of Cole Porter, Maxwell Anderson and others. Want to know how he does it?



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